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THE CIVIL WAR

20 pages of rare pictures
text by Wallace Stegner

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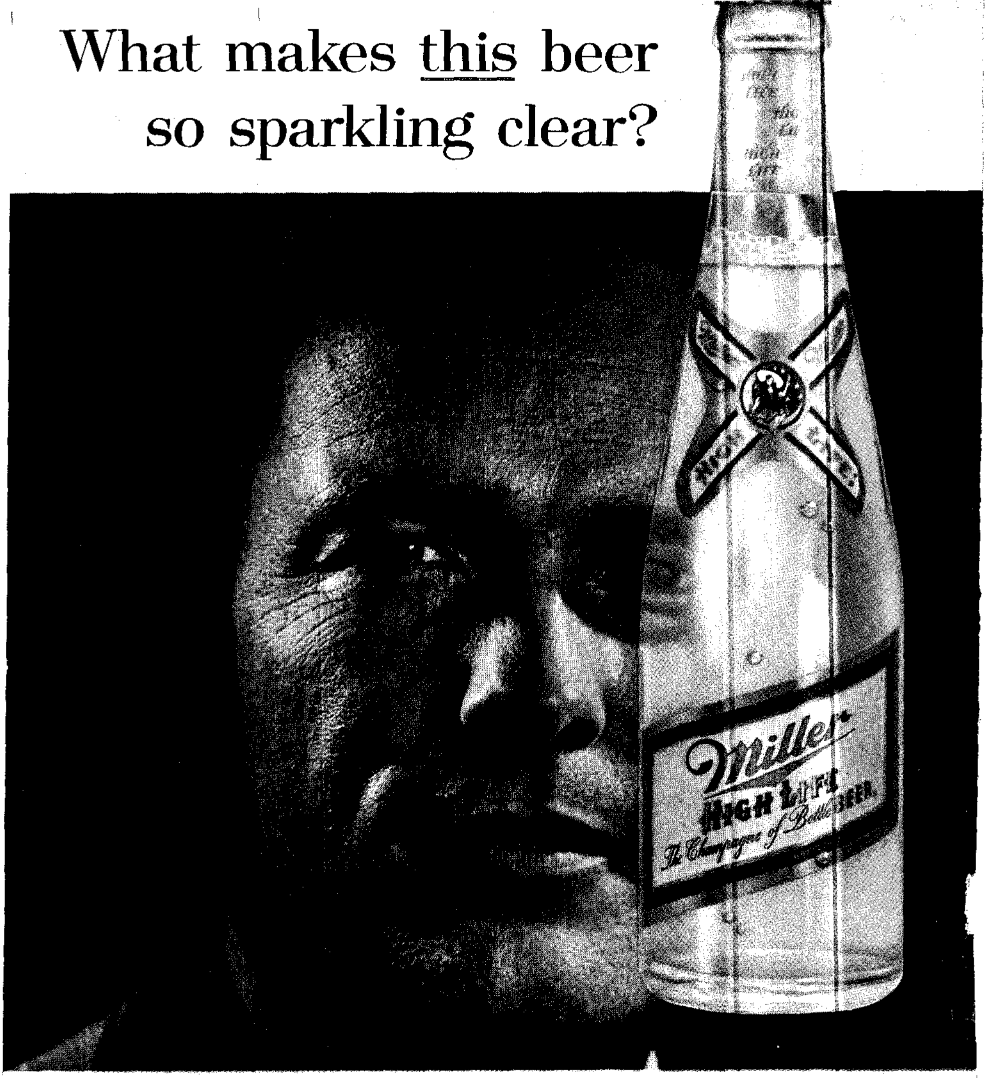

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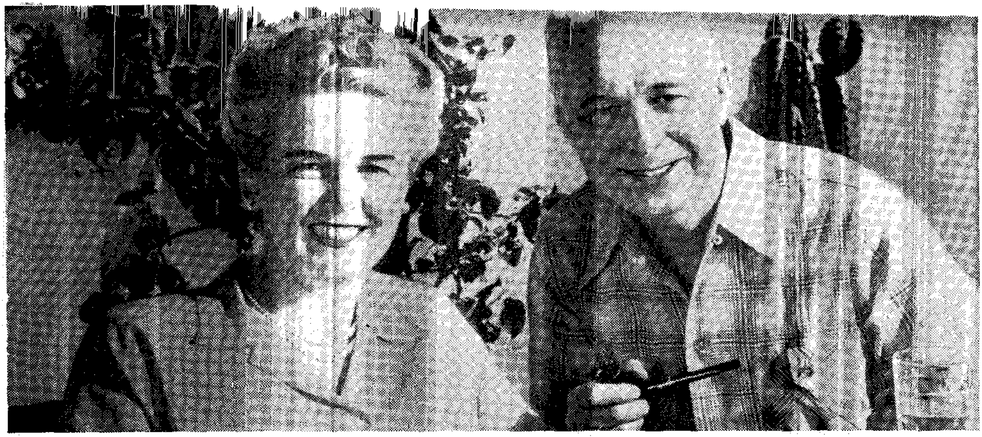

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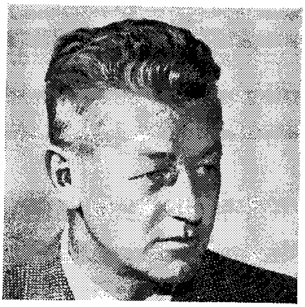
Stegner: ancestor in Andersonville.

IN THE DICTIONARY OF *Twentieth Century Authors*, Wallace Stegner's listing falls between the great muckraker Lincoln Steffens, to the left, and Gertrude Stein, way out to the right, leaving elbowroom for his own style, which a critic has called "solid, intelligent, interesting." As his moving text to the Civil War pictures beginning on p. 62 demonstrates, these qualities are graced by a poetic sense of language. The photographs, selected from thousands in the files of N.B.C.'s *Project 20*, are themselves a unique glimpse of the human side of "Our Saddest War." Stegner brings a Western viewpoint to the struggle between North and South—though his paternal grandfather was a prisoner in Andersonville. Born 52 years ago on an Iowa farm, he spent his boyhood wandering the West. Longest stretches were in Eastend, Saskatchewan, where his father farmed wheat, and Salt Lake City, where he attended high school and college. After adding M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in English at the University of Iowa, he began a teaching career "to be economically free to write." It took him to Wisconsin, Utah, Harvard and, since 1945, Stanford, where he is director of the Creative Writing Center, with a home nearby in the Coast Range foothills at Los Altos, California. Teaching has brought the satisfactions of launching such writers as Eugene Burdick, Dennis Murphy and Robin White. Writing has won Stegner three O. Henry awards, two Guggenheim fellowships, a Ford Foundation Grant and acclaim for novels and biographies in Western settings. His forthcoming novel of life on the San Francisco peninsula, *A Shooting Star*, will be a Literary Guild selection for June. "Living in the country has given me a permanent distaste for cities and city ways," Stegner confesses. When civilization crowds him he grabs an eight-pound sledge hammer and a two-bit axe and, with encouragement from his wife and son, "takes out hostilities" on iron-hard eucalyptus logs. It keeps him amiable.

The Editors

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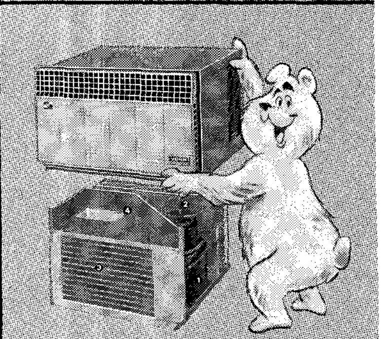

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CORONET

25 Twenty-fifth Anniversary

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Cover ....PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD HALMA

all about you

Teenage confidence; nose-bobbing; "school phobia"; music and mothers

NOSES & NEUROSES

When a woman asks a plastic surgeon to remodel her nose, she often may be subconsciously trying to remodel her life. *Psychosomatic Medicine* reports that a study of 22 women who sought "nose-bobbing" operations revealed many had emotional, rather than cosmetic, motives. "It's not just my nose, it's my disposition," one woman confessed. "I'm so nasty to people and I want to change all that." Others revealed they hoped a new appearance would give them confidence to lead more active lives and escape from the shell of passivity to which they'd withdrawn. Two-thirds of the women felt they had "my father's nose." Most of the women showed "crucial" concern about how their mothers would react to the change. Even married women worried more about what Mother would say than how their husbands would take to the new profile. In many cases relations with the mother improved afterward.

NOTES ON MOTHER LOVE

When Elvis Presley swings "Love Me Tender," he may really be delivering an updated rendition of "My Mammy," according to the findings of a Chicago psychiatrist who has concluded that most popular romantic songs are infantile. The doctor, who studied 1,300 romantic ballads popular between 1900 and 1950, found that only 24 of the songs were about mature love. Nearly always, the study revealed, the themes unconsciously reflected the selfish, demanding, self-pitying emotions of children and a yearning for the security of a mother's enfolding love.

HATE SCHOOL?

Hating school, children will not be surprised to hear, may be a mark of future fame. Dr. Victor Goertzel, president of the National Association for Gifted Children, has found that many great men and women disliked school and were not good

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scholars. Sir Winston Churchill and Mark Twain are two of a group of 77 famous persons studied by Dr. Goertzel, most of whom found school and teachers distasteful. The study also points out that humorists often came from sad home surroundings, while poets and military men were often "sickly, mother-dominated boys." He could establish "no apparent relation between the amount of schooling and future eminence," but reported that most of the subjects undertook much more independent reading and original experiments than children today seem to have time for.

RELUCTANT SCHOLARS

When a child digs his heels in and refuses to go to school he may be suffering from "school phobia"—the exaggerated fear that makes a child refuse to return to classes after a vacation or illness. This has been identified as a serious emotional disorder by British and American psychiatrists. The real trouble, according to the *British Medical Journal,* is not fear of school, but fear of separation from parents. The phobia most often appears in above-average students with overprotective mothers, British doctors have found. Dr. Stuart M. Finch of the University of Michigan's Children's Psychiatric Service suggests the illness may be treated by showing parents the true emotional cause of the trouble; working with teachers to see that the child keeps up with schoolwork, whether he attends class or not; encouraging the child to spend a little time in school each day; and removing TV, games or other attractions the stay-at-home might enjoy by refusing to go to school.

WINNING WAYS

As if there weren't enough arguments in a family with teenagers, now comes a University of Michigan professor of education who wants parents to start some *on purpose*—and let the child win. "If a child is always on the losing side in home battles, he stops battling at home and carries it outside," Prof. William H. Mills explains. "Parents can help by acting as sparring partners." A major problem for parents, Professor Mills believes, is helping teenagers develop confidence and free themselves of fears and inhibitions. "So strong is the teenager's need to be victorious once in a while, it might even be a good idea occasionally to introduce a controversial subject and let him win the argument," he says.

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Melina Mercouri:

Greece's gifted gypsy

Never on Sunday—a comedy about a happy-go-lucky prostitute and an overzealous reformer, filmed in Greece by American producer Jules Dassin—has stirred up world-wide excitement for two major reasons: its zesty, rollicking humor and the astonishingly versatile performance of its leading lady, Melina Mercouri (*left*). This golden girl of Greece combines the passion of Anna Magnani, the poignancy of Simone Signoret and Brigitte Bardot's uninhibited projection of sex. One ecstatic reviewer hailed her as "the greatest gift from Greece since Helen of Troy."

Laughter lives close to the surface in shapely (5′7½″, 110-pounds) Melina Mercouri, yet, paradoxically, her acting roles have been heavily dramatic, and mostly ladies of the evening. It was Dassin—smitten with Melina while directing her in his filmed-abroad dramas, *He Who Must Die* and *Where the Hot Wind Blows*—who recognized her robust comedy potential. He made *Never on Sunday* for $125,000, a big budget in Greece, where the average movie costs $6,000. It won Melina the Best Actress Award at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival.

Sunday has sent thousands of tourists scurrying to Greece, and its grateful government has decorated Dassin. Lines around the block multiplied wherever the picture opened. Melina and Dassin deferred their salaries to make the movie, and are partnered in its profits.

But money has never been a problem to Melina Mercouri: "I spend it as fast as I get it," she says. Born some 35 years ago into one of Greece's most prominent families—her grandfather was Mayor of Athens for 30 years and her father was a Member of Parliament—she married a wealthy real-estate man at 17 to circumvent her family's objections to an acting career. Then Melina—derived from the Greek word for honey, *meli*—enrolled in drama classes and developed into one of Greece's top actresses. Speaking French as fluently as Greek, honey-blonde Melina was soon in demand on the Paris stage. "Since then, I live

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in Paris, mostly," the husky-voiced actress says in a unique mixture of broken English, French and Greek gestures. "But I am a gypsy; I travel everywhere."

Expressing herself with every part of her body, Melina greets enthusiasms with lusty laughter and aversions with flashing hazel-green eyes. Ilya, *Sunday*'s volatile prostitute, combines character traits of Melina, her mother and her good friend Rena Jacobides. "My mother sees everything rosy; if a movie ends badly, she changes it in her mind. And Rena once complained to Jules: 'Before you came along, I enjoyed life without analyzing things too much. Now I'm too sophisticated and I don't enjoy.' From these things, Dassin got the idea for *Sunday*," she says.

Dassin wrote, produced, directed and acted the leading male role in *Sunday*. Intoxicated by Greece's joyous *bouzouki* music, he signed native Manos Hadjidakis to compose its score—and *Sunday*'s mandolin-like tunes have topped record sales around the world.

Sunday's talented partners: Mercouri and Dassin.

The gray-haired, blue-eyed director says that *Sunday* expresses his bewilderment at the European attitude toward Americans: "No people have been so generous and yet so misunderstood or mistrusted. Europeans, brought up on Bismarcks and Machiavellis, suspect the open generosity of Americans. We are a nation of Boy Scouts, loving and giving." The character he plays is an older Boy Scout, eager to help salvage the streetwalker through culture.

The picture's success dispelled the Hollywood blacklist label haunting Dassin since 1951, when a witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee fingered him as a Communist.

Working mostly in Europe since then, he "developed as an artist," he claims. Dassin and Mercouri plan films of *Lysistrata, The Golden Age of Pericles* and *The Last of the Just;* and a musical version of *Sunday* for Broadway. To the inevitable questions about their personal association, they murmur that they must each get divorced first; they duel further questions.

Dassin, 49, has no illusions about his acting in *Sunday*: "Only Melina likes it," he smiles. "But hers is the performance that counts. She seems to say, 'I love you all—love me too, and let's have fun together.' And audiences respond."

Melina explains, "An actress must have heart as well as talent. Beauty fades." She claims she is serious only about acting and men: "It is enough to do two things well."

—MARK NICHOLS

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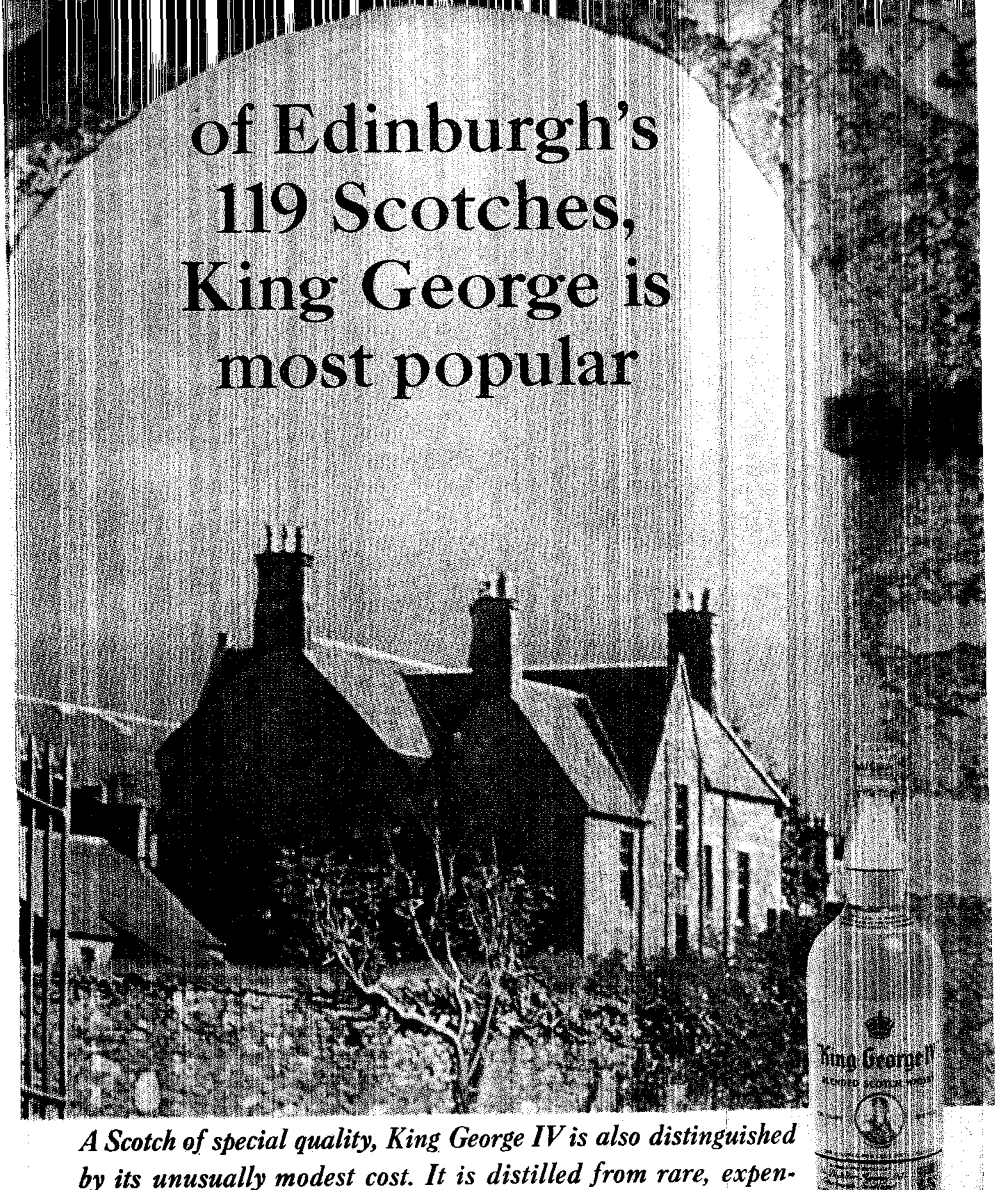

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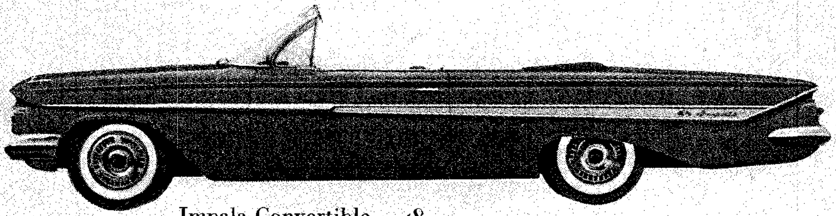

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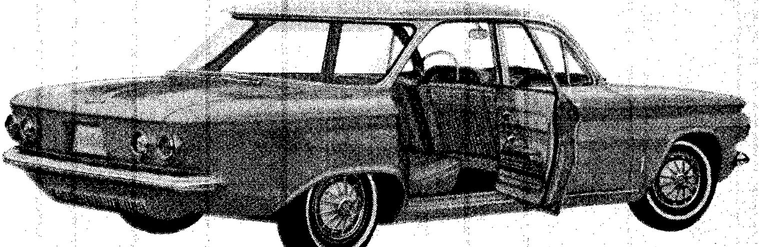

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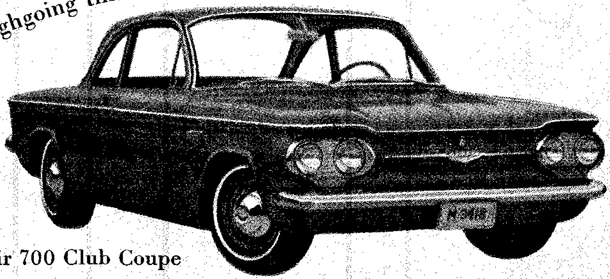

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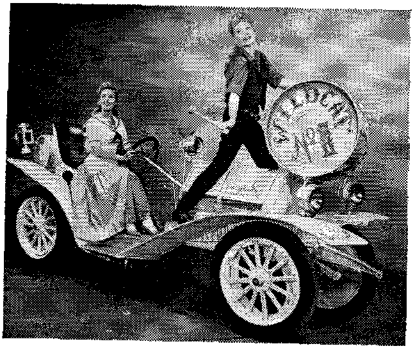
CHEVY CORVAIR



Sisters riding high: Lucille Ball and Paula Stewart.

Wildcat brings Lucille Ball, 49, back to Broadway, where she was fired from four musicals while in rehearsal 34 years ago. She proves she has learned plenty in the interim about pleasing audiences.

After eight years of TV's *I Love Lucy*, filmed before live audiences, Miss Ball is completely at ease on stage. She uses her highly polished sense of timing to bolster a tuneful show with a weak libretto—N. Richard Nash's near-rewrite of his play, *The Rainmaker*.

The *Wildcat* is carrot-topped Miss Ball, a tomboyish girl determined to strike oil in the West of 1912. Reason: to provide security for her slightly crippled sister (Paula Stewart). Love interests for both are provided by a hard-drinking, Irish well-driller (Keith Andes) and his Mexican buddy (Clifford David).

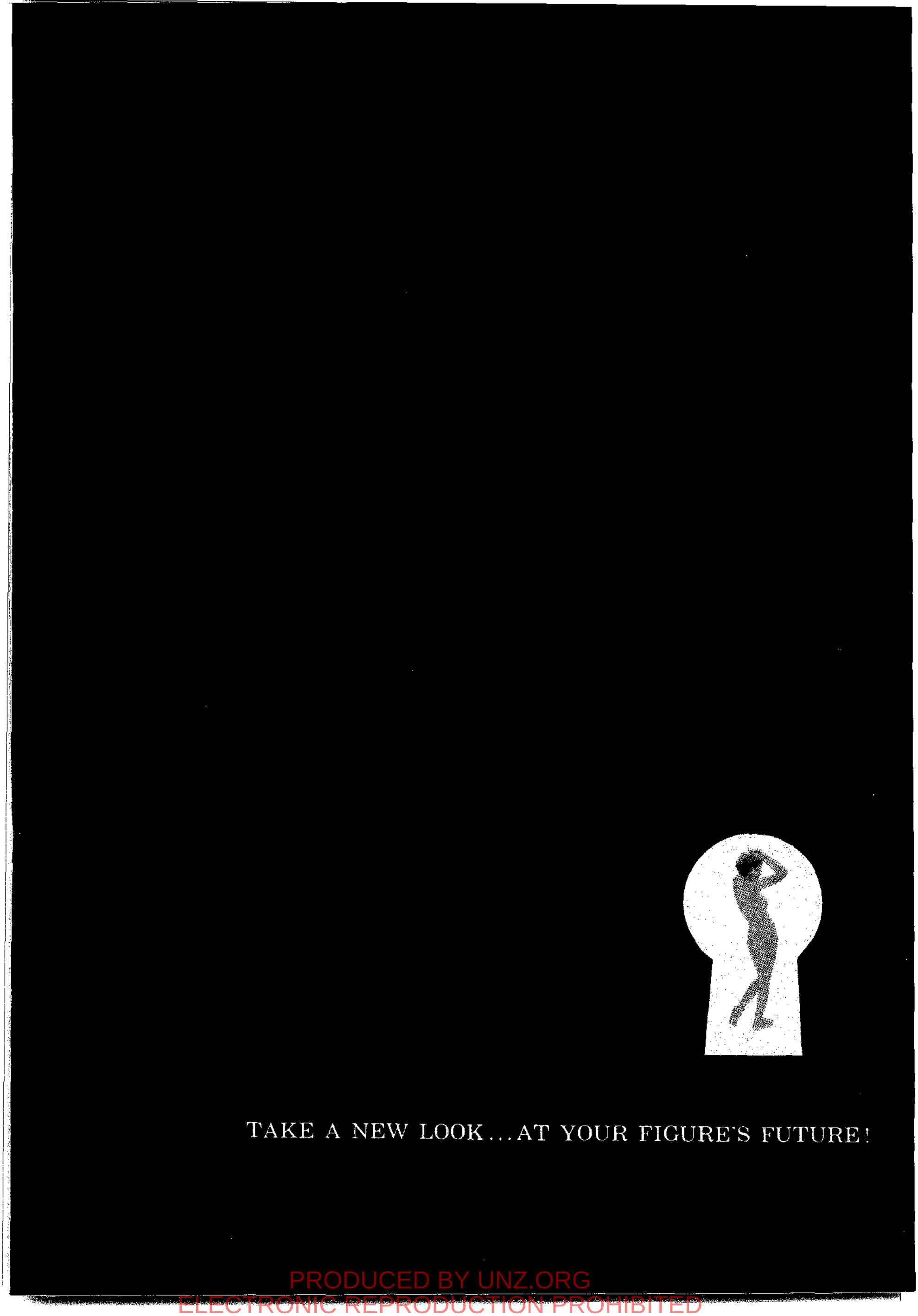
The show's sole star and sole backer, through her Desilu company, Miss Ball manages to make *Wildcat*'s predictable book acceptable. She throws herself vigorously into the dances and songs in an all-American effort to overcome the show's obvious defects. And box-office lines indicate a long run.

Do Re Mi, a brassy musical about the jukebox industry, returns another TV veteran, Phil Silvers, to Broadway after five years of *Sgt. Bilko*. As a small-time finagler with big-time ambitions, his role is only a shade different from the fast-talking con man in uniform.

Its story, somewhat reminiscent of *Guys and Dolls*, deals vaguely with an assorted complement of recording stars and racketeers. But author-director Garson Kanin keeps songs, dances and scenery moving at a feverish pace, to keep everybody's mind off the book.

In his first Broadway show since *Top Banana* in 1951, owl-faced Silvers makes an ideal music man of boundless energy. As his disenchanted, long suffering wife, comedienne Nancy Walker slams the show to a screeching stop with a wild rendition of *Adventure*, a song describing life with a scheming status-seeker. Pert Nancy Dussault and John Reardon, both opera-trained, project most of the bouncy songs, a relief after the recent spate of lyric-talking actors. —M.N.

Headed for Adventure: Silvers and chorus line.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The wonderful secret of Relax-A-cizor is so easy to understand, once you realize that your muscles not only provide movement and posture for your body, but also are the natural foundation for *shaping almost every part of your figure.* Relax-A-cizor exercises and tightens these muscles in the areas selected by you.

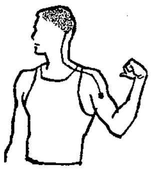
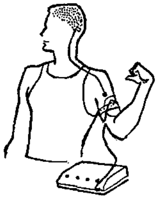
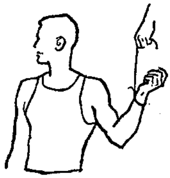
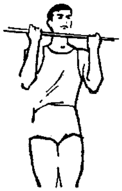
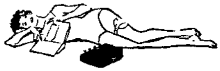
Regular use of Relax-A-cizor will cause measurable size loss where used to the extent that your muscles need exercise. The less the muscle tone, due to lack of exercise...the greater the benefit you enjoy! And Relax-A-cizor accomplishes this firming of muscles so pleasantly...usually without the slightest fatigue!

YOU'RE ON A DIET PROGRAM ...SHOULD YOU USE RELAX-A-CIZOR?

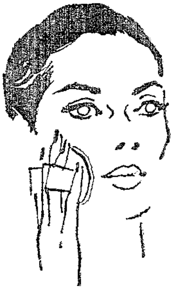
Relax-A-cizor is not a substitute for diet, does not reduce weight but causes size-loss *(in figure areas selected by you)* through exercising and tightening muscles of those areas.

Use of Relax-A-cizor is doubly important to the person on a diet or weight-loss program who needs to *reduce size of specific areas*...and who finds it tiring, even exhausting, to do "setting up" exercises. Use Relax-A-cizor to make muscles firmer...as you lose weight through diet.

Study these three basic types of exercise, illustrated by this COMPARISON CHART.

NATURAL—or Voluntary. Active exercise caused by brain's motor areas to motor nerves of muscles. Causes fatigue, *reduces size.*	**AUTOMATIC**—Relax-A-cizor method. Requires no conscious mental stimulus. Actively stimulates muscle motor nerves while user relaxes. Causes no fatigue. *Reduces size.*	**PASSIVE** — mechanical vibrator, oscillating couch, massage, etc. Does not stimulate muscle motor nerves, performs little or no "toning"; does *not* reduce weight or size.
		
		**OSCILLATION** **MASSAGE** **VIBRATION**

Note especially that Relax-A-cizor provides active, rhythmic exercise of selected muscle areas. You see, as we become older the majority of us don't exercise our form-making muscles enough. Result: in certain body areas muscles become lax, even sag, and unwanted, unsightly bulges at hips, thighs or waistline appear to rob you of a youthful appearance... spoil your attractive silhouette. Relax-A-cizor re-shapes through refirming!



RELAX-A-CIZOR IS A FAMOUS FACIAL TOO!

Included in the easy-to-use, complete set of attractive attachments are two styles of "Facials." One is the Beauty Band which you use daily to tighten and firm those all-important shaping muscles under eyes and chin. The other is the delightful "Fingertip Puff" which imparts an exhilarating tingle-exercise, a youthful skin glow, as part of your daily makeup routine. Recommended time for either: only 5 to 10 minutes, once or twice a day!

START . . .
RIGHT NOW!

NO NEED TO HESITATE . . . THERE'S AN ATTRACTIVE RELAX-A-CIZOR FOR EVERY BUDGET, FOR EVERY FIGURE REQUIREMENT!

Pay as little as $9.50 down . . . easy payment plan varies with model selected.

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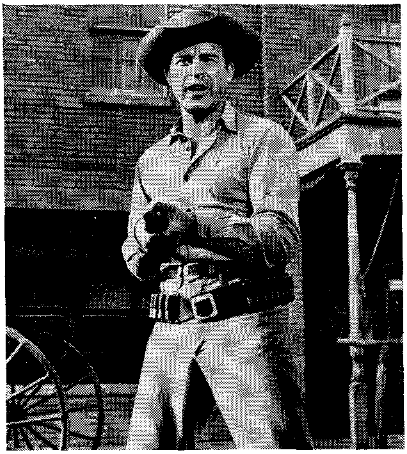


Brady's gimmick as Slade: the over-and-under gun.

Scott Brady, star of the syndicated series, *Shotgun Slade*, smiles broadly at the TV western's success. He owns a 20 percent share of the show, now galloping into its second season, and admits "there's gold in saddles and spurs."

Shotgun Slade also delights bachelor Brady, 37, because each week he is surrounded by luscious-looking women. And like his TV character, Brady feels "staying single has its advantages."

One of them: freedom to pursue his career seriously. He got out of the "B" picture rut by tackling diversified roles in the summer stock productions of *Picnic* and *Detective Story*. Two years ago he starred on Broadway in the hit musical *Destry Rides Again*, before starting *Shotgun Slade*.

This 6′3″, 180-pound detective-on-horseback started life as a subway rider in Brooklyn. "My father was head of the protection division of the Catskill Delaware Aqueduct before he retired," he explains. He's very exact about that billing. He gets mad if anyone calls him anything else—like an Irish cop. Dad handles my fan mail for me now.

Born Gerard Tierney, Brady and his brothers, Lawrence and Ed, are veterans before the camera. Ed acts as Brady's stand-in during Slade's two-day shooting schedule, but devotes the rest of his time to real estate. "We are partners in a building project in Hollywood Hills," says Brady. He took his acting name from the prize fighter he played in his first movie, *Born to Fight*, in 1953.

To keep in shape for his TV role —"I play Slade as a rugged two-fisted guy with a sense of humor," he says—he plays handball and works out in a gym regularly.

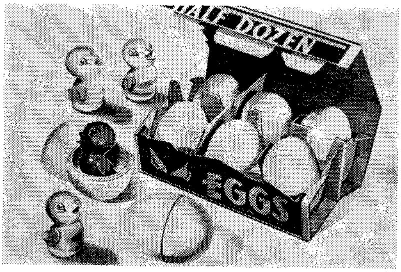
Hard-living Brady studied acting under the G.I. Bill in California after World War II. Discovered in a dramatic school's plays by an agent, he wound up under contract to two movie studios.

What distinguishes his Slade from other TV western heroes? "His gun is over and under," Brady explains. "The underneath part is a shotgun, and the over part is a rifle. Generally someone is trying to get the gun away from him."

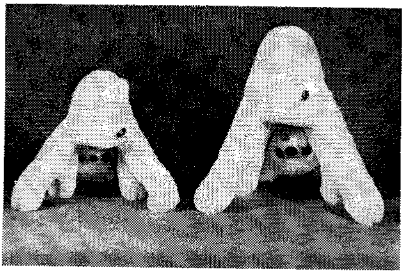
Blond, brown-eyed Brady claims TV is "like an annuity—all those residuals, and I get paid for doing the commercials, as well."—M.N.

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

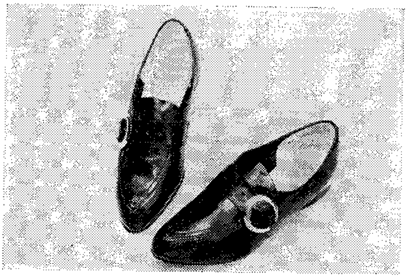
edited by Florence Semon



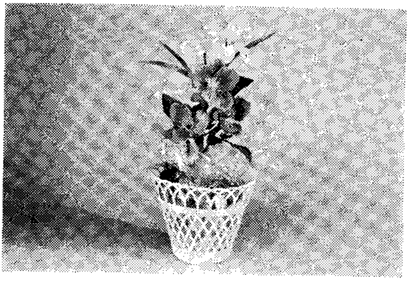
Half-dozen eggs provide Easter fun for small fry. Inside each egg is different colored chick. Eggs snap back together so that they may be opened many times. Chick and egg made of durable, washable polystyrene. $1.15 pp. Bancroft's CM-602. 2170 So. Canalport, Chicago 8, Ill.



Peek-a-boo is a whimsical upside-down doggie looking for a bee. Press his tail and it will squeak. Of plush, filled with washable fluffy foam rubber. In red and white or blue and white. 12″-high size, $4.30; 14″, $6.30 pp. Bonwit Teller, 56th & 5th Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Good-looking walking shoe with gold buckle specially designed in the hard-to-find wide widths. Made of soft, comfortable glove leather in black. Sizes 4 to 11, including half sizes. Widths E to EEE. $6.95 pr. pp. Syd Kushner, Dept. CON, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pa.



Candy garden flowers bloom on a bed of delicious fruit-filled candies. Lifelike plastic flowers in choice of daffodils, lilies of the valley or mountain roses. Stands 13″ high. By Cresca. $2.50 pp. Popper's Delicacies, Dept. COR, 625 8th Ave., New York 18, New York.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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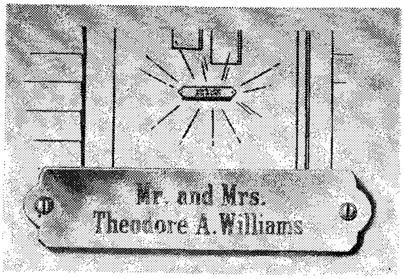
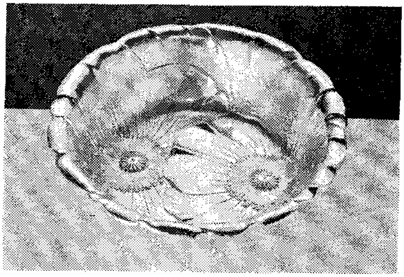
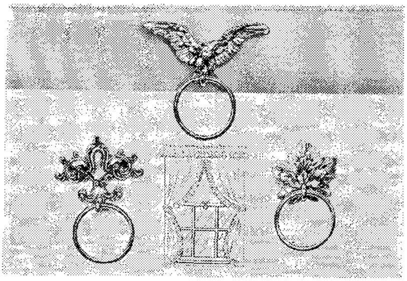


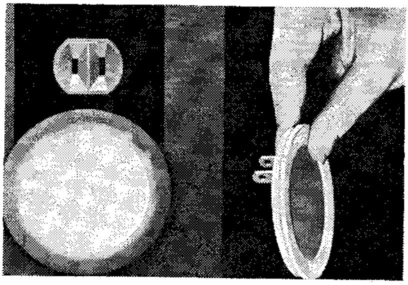
Tag your front door with this solid brass name plate. Engraved on two lines; heavily lacquered to withstand weather. Measures 2½" x ⅝". Brass screws included. State name. Cannot go over 21 spaces on second line. $1.00 pp. Zenith Gifts, 553 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



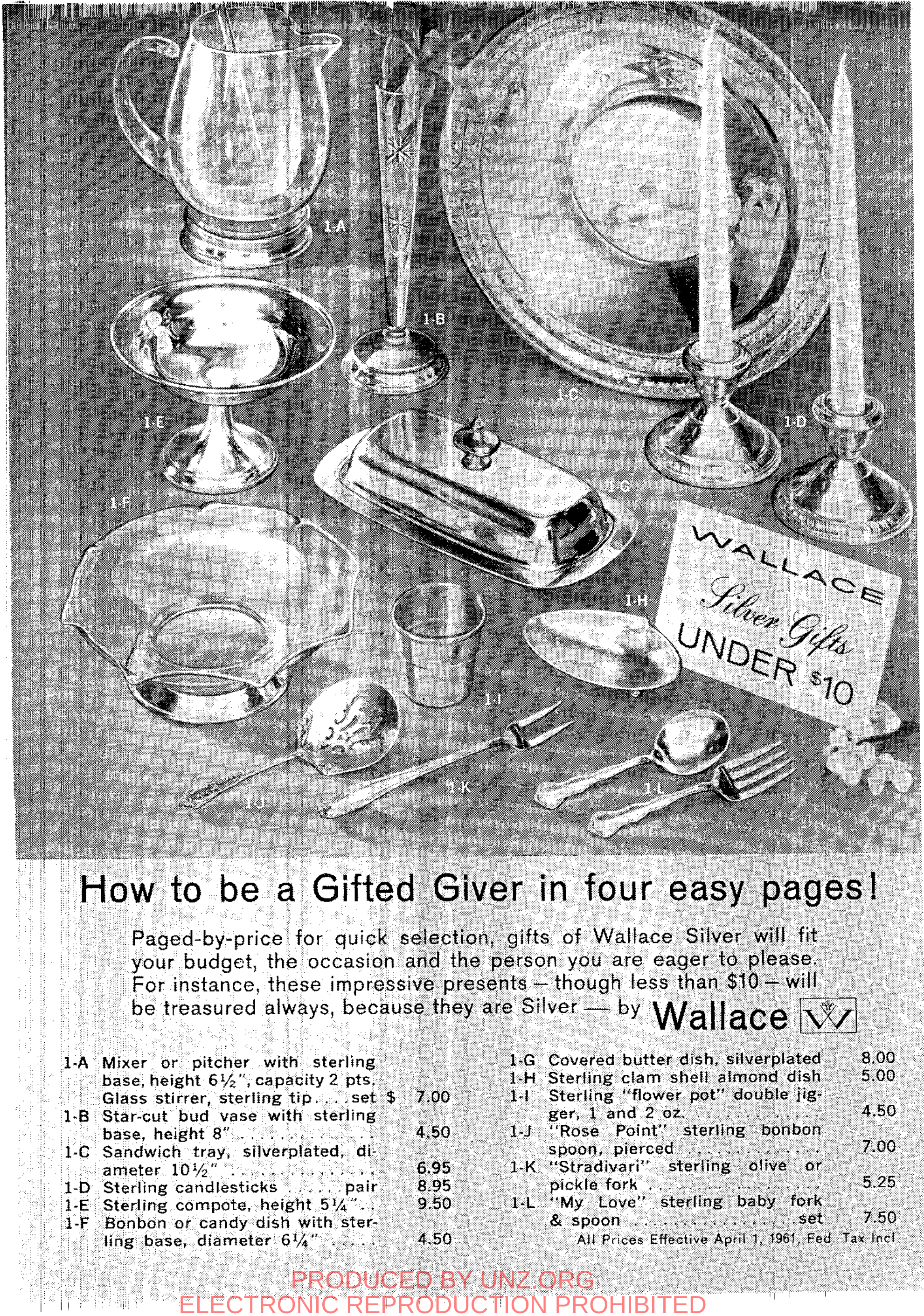
Silver-plated bonbon dish features unusual poppy design on inside of dish. Can be used for candy, nuts or tidbits. Measures 6" in diameter. Created by Wallace Silversmiths. $5.50 pp. Murray Rackoff Jewelers, Dept. COR-1, 1225 Avenue of The Americas, N. Y. 19, N.Y.



Spring is the time to add a decorator touch to plain window shades. Ring shade pulls are 1½" in diameter and come in American Eagle, Maple Leaf or Fleur-de-lis motif. Solid brass with antiqued gold finish. $1.00 pr. pp. Barilen, SP-1, 11 E. 47th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



Everlasting nite lite never has to be turned on or off. Just plug into any wall or baseboard outlet and it gives soft green light whenever room is dark. Each burns over five years. Operates on AC only. $1.19 pp. Walter Drake, CO-15, Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

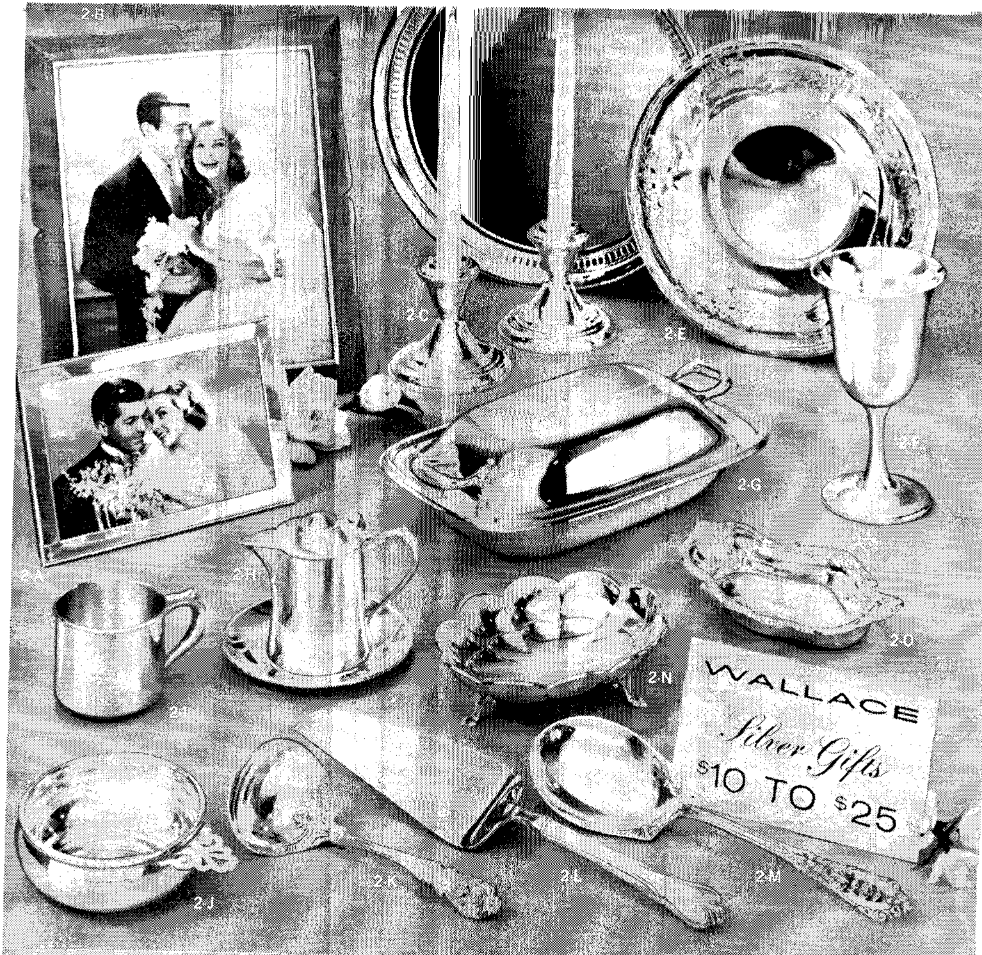


How to be a Gifted Giver in four easy pages!

Paged-by-price for quick selection, gifts of Wallace Silver will fit your budget, the occasion and the person you are eager to please. For instance, these impressive presents — though less than $10 — will be treasured always, because they are Silver — by **Wallace**

1-A	Mixer or pitcher with sterling base, height 6½", capacity 2 pts. Glass stirrer, sterling tip . . . set	$ 7.00
1-B	Star-cut bud vase with sterling base, height 8"	4.50
1-C	Sandwich tray, silverplated, diameter 10½"	6.95
1-D	Sterling candlesticks . . . . . pair	8.95
1-E	Sterling compote, height 5¼" . .	9.50
1-F	Bonbon or candy dish with sterling base, diameter 6¼"	4.50
1-G	Covered butter dish, silverplated	8.00
1-H	Sterling clam shell almond dish	5.00
1-I	Sterling "flower pot" double jigger, 1 and 2 oz.	4.50
1-J	"Rose Point" sterling bonbon spoon, pierced	7.00
1-K	"Stradivari" sterling olive or pickle fork	5.25
1-L	"My Love" sterling baby fork & spoon . . . . set	7.50

All Prices Effective April 1, 1961, Fed. Tax Incl



SHEER LUXURY! Yours to give, or to enjoy—for less than $25—in glamorous **Wallace Silver**

2-A	Sterling picture frame, 3¼" x 4¼" (Other sizes to 11" x 14")	$ 10.00
2-B	Colonial scallop picture frame exclusive wood & sterling design, 8" x 10". (Also other sizes)	12.75
2-C	Sterling candlesticks . . . . pair	10.95
2-D	"Modernique" sterling cocktail tray, black Formica center, diameter 12"	20.00
2-E	"Larkspur" sterling sandwich tray, diameter 10⅛"	22.00
2-F	Sterling goblet, height 6⅝"	17.50
2-G	"Contempo," silverplated double vegetable dish, length 10⅜"	22.50

2-H	Syrup or sauce pitcher, attached tray, silverplated, cap. 6 oz.	10.95
2-I	*Sterling child's cup, height 2⅜"*	10.50
2-J	Sterling porringer, diameter 4"	10.95
2-K	"Sir Christopher" sterling gravy ladle	15.00
2-L	"Grand Colonial" sterling pie server	12.50
2-M	"Rose Point" sterling berry spoon	20.00
2-N	Sterling footed bonbon dish	19.95
2-O	Sterling bonbon or candy dish, diameter 6½"	10.00

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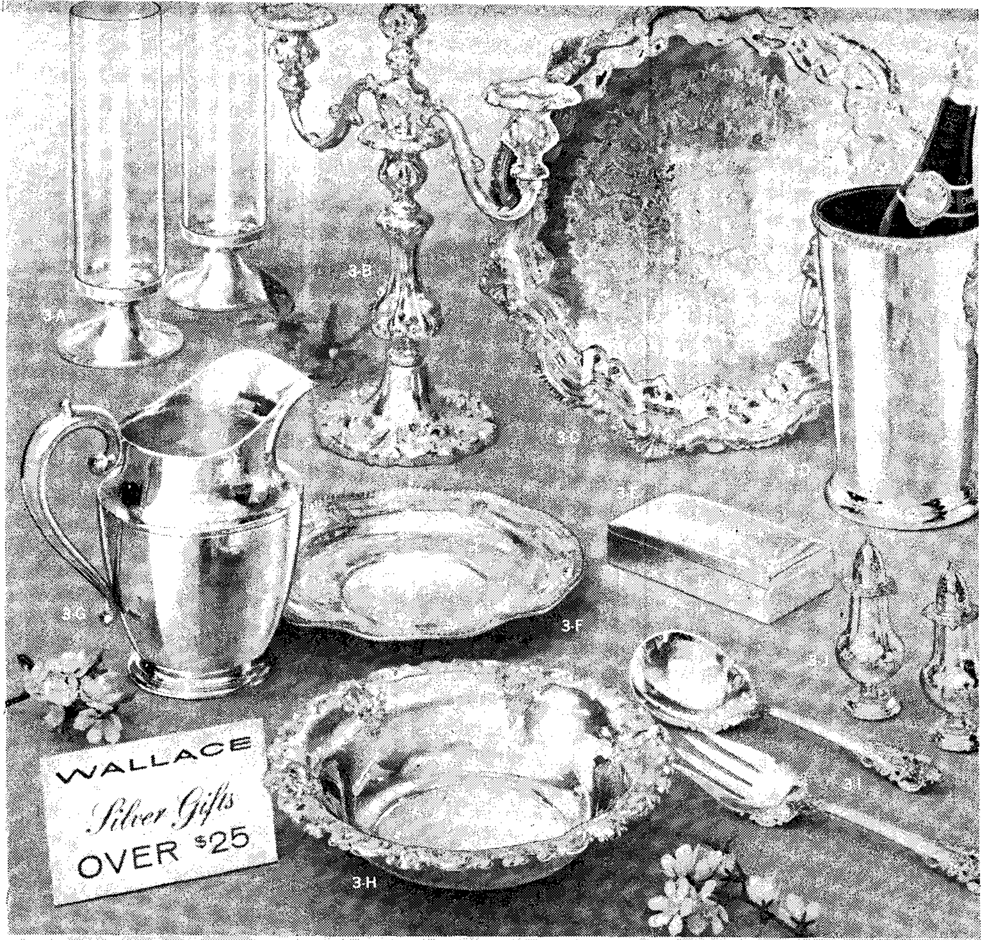

PRICELESS GIFTS! *At any price, Silver is lavish, but not* extravagant, considering the ever-after pleasures of **Wallace**

3-A	Sterling hurricane lamps, height 13½" . . . . pair	$ 30.00
3-B	Three-light candelabra, silverplated, 17" high, 17" wide . . pair	150.00
3-C	Footed "Chippendale" waiter, silverplated, diameter 17". (Also 13" and 15" sizes)	28.50
3-D	Wine cooler, silverplated, with removable glass liner. Height 10", capacity 2 qts.	32.50
3-E	Sterling cigarette box holds regular and king size. 6¼" x 3¼" x 1½". (Also in other sizes)	42.00
3-F	"Rose Point" sterling sandwich tray, diameter 10¼"	30.00
3-G	Sterling water pitcher, height 9", capacity 4½" pts.	85.00
3-H	"Grande Baroque" pierced sterling bowl, diameter 10"	55.00
3-I	"Grande Baroque" sterling salad fork and spoon . . . . set	50.00
3-J	"Grande Baroque" sterling salt & pepper, height, 5⅛" . . . pair	37.50

Wallace Silversmiths
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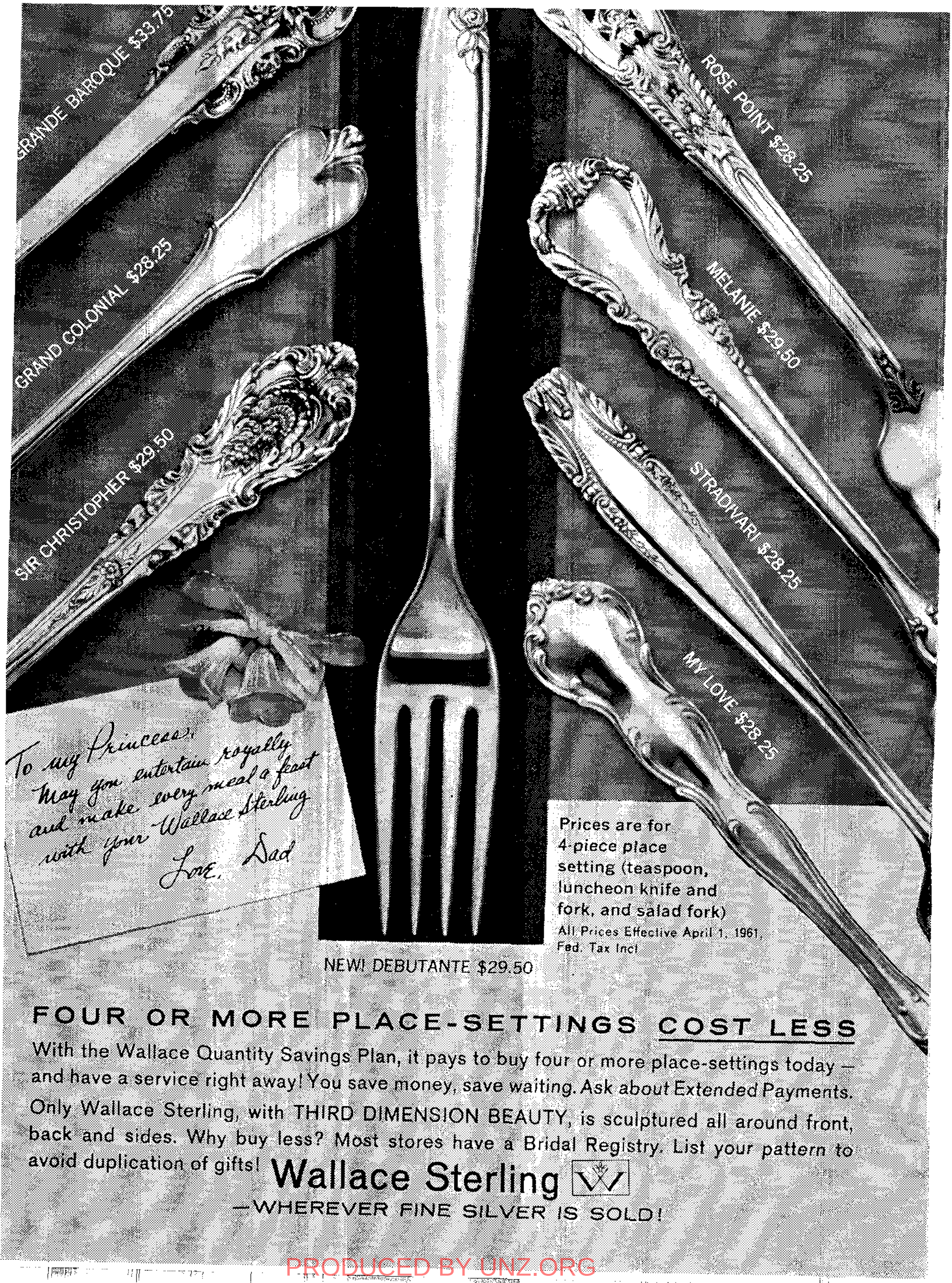
GRANDE BAROQUE $33.75
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To my Princess,
May you entertain royally
and make every meal a feast
with your Wallace Sterling
Love, Dad

Prices are for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, luncheon knife and fork, and salad fork)

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With the Wallace Quantity Savings Plan, it pays to buy four or more place-settings today — and have a service right away! You save money, save waiting. Ask about Extended Payments. Only Wallace Sterling, with THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY, is sculptured all around front, back and sides. Why buy less? Most stores have a Bridal Registry. List your pattern to avoid duplication of gifts!

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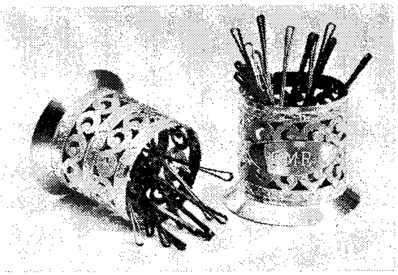
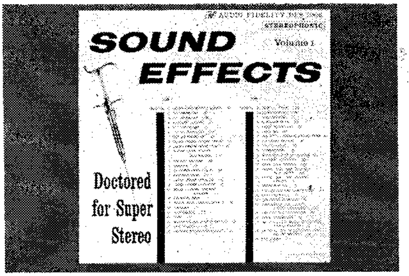
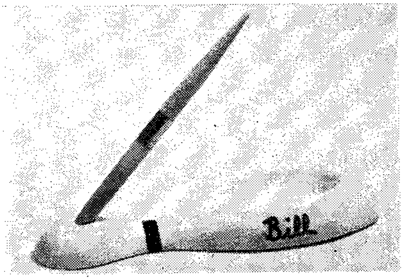


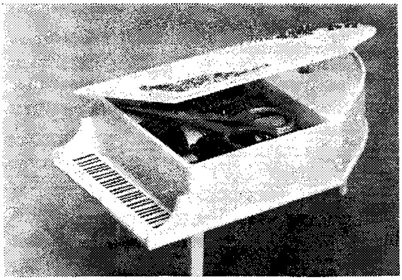
Keep your dressing table in order with this magnetic bobby pin cup. Magnetized so that pins are held securely and neatly in place. Gold-plated Florentine holder is personalized with your choice of 2 or 3 initials. $1.00 pp. Hollis, D, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.



Exciting sounds of the world in action are captured on this unusual record. Included are lions roaring, pistol shots, racing cars, train sounds, heartbeats and many others. Monaural, $4.98; stereo, $5.98 pp. Sabra Records, Dept. C, P.O. Box 628, Radio City Station, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

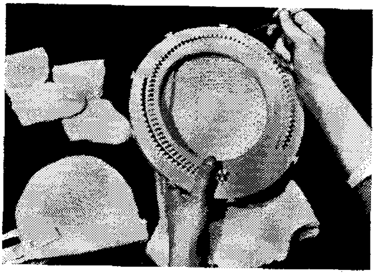


Bowler's desk set is ideal end-of-season gift for teammates. Set is white ceramic with red trim and measures 7½″ long. Comes with ball-point pen; may be personalized with any name. Complete set, $1.20 pp. Stratton Snow, CB, P.O. Box 1898, Delray Beach, Florida



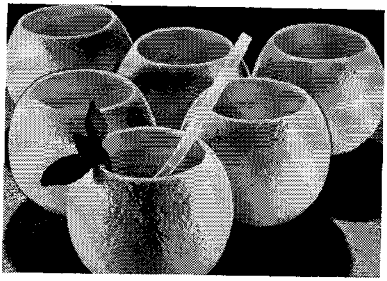
Music to sew by is provided by piano that plays popular tune every time you open it to get needle and thread. Imported Swiss movement. With threads, needles, measuring tape, thimble and scissors. Ivory color. $4.98 pp. Music Makers, 97-07 63rd Rd., Rego Park 74, N.Y.

PRODUCTS ON PARADE

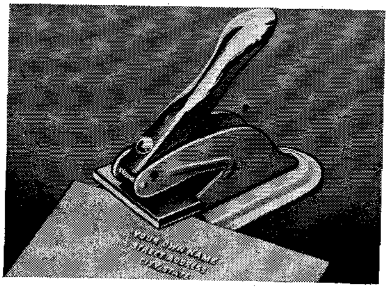


Even a beginner can knit a sweater with this new knitter. Knit any size, pattern or stitch. Can't drop a stitch; equalized tension assures uniform stitching. Complete with instruction book and patterns. $4.98 pp. Blackwood Co., Dept. C, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Believe it or not, it's Persian print terry cloth done up in a beautiful beach jacket. Muted red, blue, gold and green print is outlined in black on beige background. Small (8-10), medium (12-14) or large (16-18). $9.30 pp. Tog Shop, C, Lester Square, Americus 7, Ga.



Orange juice cups are sized, colored and shaped to look like real oranges. Each holds ten ounces and are fine for serving juices, ade drinks, etc. Made of break-resistant plastic. Six in mesh fruit bag, $1.50 pp. Spencer Gifts, Dept. Z, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



De luxe embosser makes rich-looking, raised-letter impressions of your name and address on plain stationery. All-steel 5″ Embosser has easy-press handle and lasts for years. Specify 3-line name and address. $4.98 pp. Sunset House, 64 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

The new "Special K Breakfast" and common sense weight control

It starts your day with important, complete protein—yet supplies fewer than 250 calories. It's quick as instant coffee—and tastes so good you can live with it month after month

The temptation is great, when you are counting calories, to skimp on breakfast—or skip it altogether. This is perhaps the worst thing you can do.

A breakfast of only juice and coffee can sabotage your whole weight control program. It gives you too few calories to carry you through the morning and short-changes you completely on protein. You are so empty before noon that there is usually the compulsion to overeat at lunch and dinner.

Why Breakfast Is Vital

When you wake up in the morning your body is run down. It needs fuel to help it get going.

No matter how low a calorie quota you have set for the day, nutritionists agree that you should get 20 per cent or more of those calories at breakfast. Protein, vitamins and minerals are also required to support body cells and tissues while excess fat is being torn down.

New Special K Breakfast

A breakfast that can satisfy these demands has been worked out by ranking nutritionists at an outstanding university and diet specialists at Kellogg's of Battle Creek.

This breakfast is built around a unique high-protein cereal—Kellogg's Special K.

Special K was "invented" by this same team several years ago. When served with milk, it provides a significant amount of complete protein, as well as other dietary essentials.

The Special K Menu

Half a medium-size grapefruit
—or 4 ounces of orange
or tomato juice

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

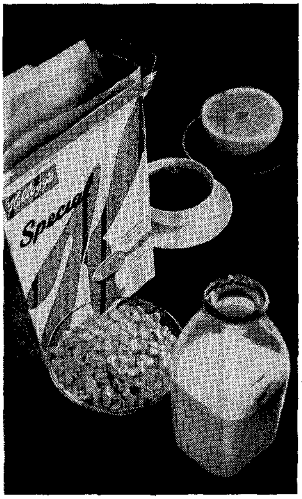
4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

This complete protein breakfast adds up to 240 calories.

A Bonus In Well-Being

The Special K Breakfast is easy to fix. It's ready before your coffee is cool enough to drink. And most folks agree that it is quite delicious, too—one that can be enjoyed month after month.



© 1960 by Kellogg Company

And because Special K with milk gives you complete high-quality protein, you have a feeling of well-being. Your body has been pleasantly nourished so you aren't plagued by hunger an hour or two later.

Moderation Is the Answer

With sensible watching of the foods you eat at other meals—cutting down instead of cutting out—there is no reason why the Special K Breakfast can't help you reach the weight you want—and keep it.

Isn't that important enough to make you want to give the new Special K Breakfast a good try? If you have any questions on weight control, your doctor of course is your best source of information.

From Kellogg's of Battle Creek

BY JEANNETTE FRANK

What everyone on a salt-free diet should know

At last: A Seasoned Salt Substitute from Adolph's Research Kitchens, bringing new eating enjoyment and convenience to millions who must restrict their intake of salt.

Millions have used and acclaimed Adolph's Salt Substitute for years, but have long asked for a *seasoned* salt substitute that would give them the flavor and convenience of regular seasoned salt. Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute is the answer. Introduced just a few months ago after years of research, Adolph's gives ordinary, low-sodium meals an exciting, appetizing new flavor lift.

How is Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute different?

Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute is an entirely new, completely different low-sodium product. It is a chef's blend of zestful, sodium-controlled pure herbs and spices, containing amazing mono-potassium glutamate to enhance natural food flavors. Its fresh new gourmet taste and delightful, spicy aroma and color make unseasoned foods more appetizing, delicious, and palatable.

How is Adolph's used?

Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute is ideal for use both at the table and in cooking. Simply sprinkle from the convenient shaker-top jar. Use with meat, vegetables, soups, gravies, sauces, salads. Important: Adolph's retains its distinctive flavor in cooking and freezing.

Is Adolph's dietetically sodium free?

Yes. While it is impossible to make a Seasoned Salt Substitute that is 100% free of sodium, doctors approve Adolph's for all low-sodium diets since it is laboratory controlled to contain less than 1 mg. sodium per teaspoon which is considered by them to be dietetically sodium free. New Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute provides the supplemental potassium so often needed by dieters, and belongs beside Adolph's regular Salt Substitute on the kitchen shelf of all those who must restrict their intake of sodium.

NEW
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Adolph's
SEASONED SALT SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOW SODIUM DIETS

Use Adolph's Seasoned Salt Substitute as you would seasoned salt. Use Adolph's regular Salt Substitute as you would salt. Both are available in food stores throughout the United States and Canada.

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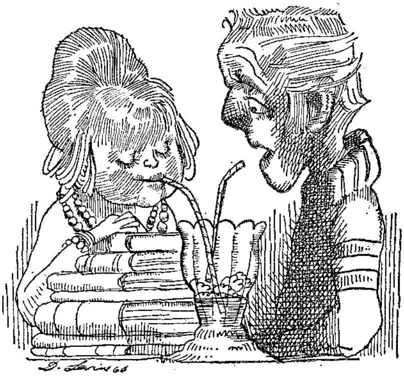


GRIN AND SHARE IT

A HUSBAND AND WIFE were both catching up with their letter writing, but suddenly the husband stopped writing and looked up with a frown.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

"Gee, I had it right on the tip of my tongue and it's gone," he replied.

"Never mind," she said. "It's bound to come back to you."

"Not this," he said. "It was a four-cent stamp." *MRS. ADOLPH HICKS*

THE TWO GOLFERS had reached the last green in the competition final and, as the excited onlookers stood in hushed silence, the first player shaped up to putt. Just as the putter blade was moving nicely toward the ball, a spectator sneezed violently. The unfortunate golfer was startled and struck the ball with a jerky and indeterminate jab. The ball hit the back of the cup, rose a good four inches into the air and dropped into the hole.

When the applause died down, the second player advanced to his ball and just before he was about to stroke, he turned his head toward the fellow who had sneezed.

"I wonder," he said politely. "Could you possibly manage another sneeze?" —MATTHEW FISCHER

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, father of Sir Winston, was a man of impeccable courtesy, who never interrupted a speaker, no matter how tedious the recitation.

One night at his club, he was cornered by a bore who began to recount a dull story. After some minutes, Lord Randolph could stand it no longer. Excusing himself, he walked over to one of the attendants and said: "Will you please listen to him until he has finished? I have to leave." —E. E. EDGAR

A LARGE ADVERTISING corporation had just taken on the son of a wealthy friend of the boss to teach him the business. At the first executive meeting, the proper time spot for a new summer TV show came under discussion.

"I would suggest," said one ad man, "three o'clock on Sundays seems a good spot for it."

"Three o'clock Sundays!" cried the budding executive. "That's impossible—everyone is out playing polo!" —MRS. S. LEE

E.F. SMITH Jr. a supervisor in the collection department of the Dallas Texas Water Co., got a phone call and a lecture at the office from Mrs. Smith. It seems he failed to make proper water bill payment and the water supply was cut off at the Smith home. —HAROLD HELFER

A POST OFFICE WORKER at a Dallas, Texas, substation, reports that two women came to his window and one bought a money order. Then she turned to her companion and said:

"I don't see a stamp machine anywhere. I guess I'll have to stop by the drugstore." —MRS. JAMES GEESE

THE PLUMBER WORKED and the helper stood helplessly looking on. He was learning the business. This was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handing it to the helper, he said witheringly, "Here—if you gotta be so conscientious, blow that out!" —GEORGE DUNCAN

"YOUR BILL is outrageous," the accident victim complained to his lawyer. "You are taking three-fifths of my damages. Why, I never heard of such extortion."

"Well, I furnished the skill, the eloquence and the necessary legal learning for your case," replied the lawyer calmly.

"Yeah," agreed the client, "but I furnished the case itself."

"So what?" retorted the lawyer. "Anybody could fall down a coal chute." —LAWRENCE BELL

A PANHANDLER APPROACHED a passer-by at a busy intersection. "Mister," he said, "I haven't tasted food in four days!"

The passer-by offered this comment: "You haven't missed a thing, Bud. Tastes the same as it always did." —MRS. DOROTHY J. ROSE

THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD was relating a dream he had the night before to his mother. "It was terrible. I dreamed lots and lots of Indians were riding around and around our house, shooting arrows into it and hollering and screeching."

"Where was Daddy?" asked his mother. "Wasn't he home?"

"Oh, yes," said the little boy. "He was in the house and he ran out on the porch and yelled at the Indians to *get their horses off his front lawn*!" —RIP COLLINS

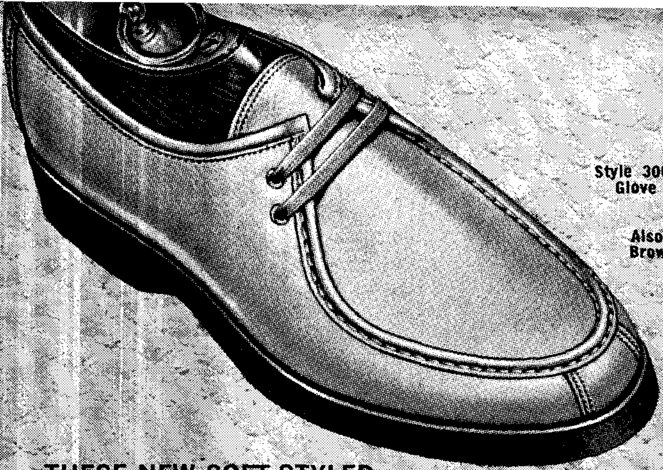
AS THE WIFE unwrapped her anniversary gift from her husband, he told her affectionately, "When the salesgirl showed me that bathrobe, I could see you in it."

"You should," she said with a resigned sigh, "I've been wearing one just like it for the last three years." —CORINNE Y. NASH

THE PATIENT telephoned her dentist for an emergency appointment. "I'm in agony," she said. "I've got to get relief or go crazy."

Said the obliging dentist, "If you are having such pain, we could work you in this afternoon."

"Make it tomorrow," said the lady. "I'm going to a bridge game this afternoon." —MRS. DEANE BINDER



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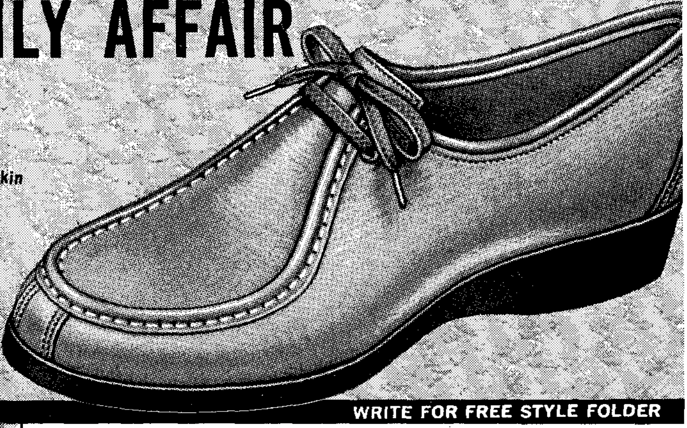

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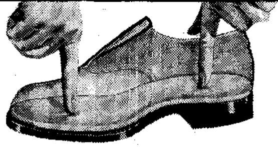

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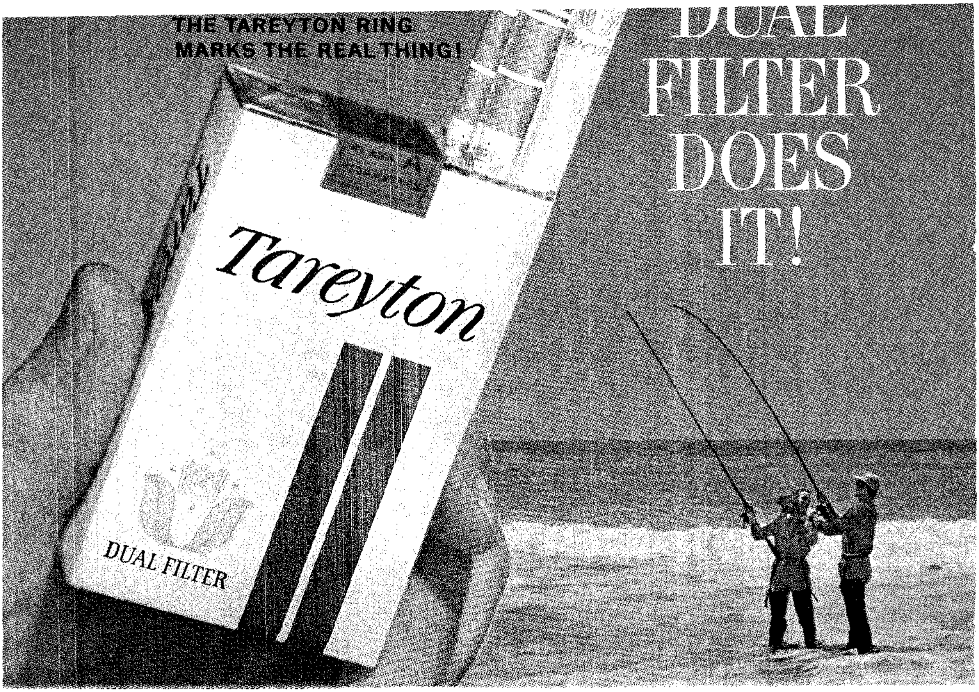
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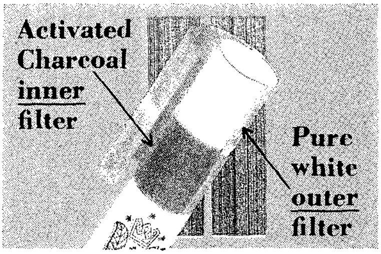
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CORONET

BY BILLY C. CLARK

The fiddle and the fruit jar

Dad's best medicine
was a squeaky instrument in a
secondhand store. And
Mom had a secret way to get it back

DAD'S FIDDLE HUNG IN ITS CASE from a rusted nail on the wall of the bedroom. This had been its resting place since the day he and Mom had first gone to housekeeping in the valley of the Big Sandy. And through these years it had remained the only competition that my mother ever had. I say competition because it was often declared here by the hill folk that a fiddle player had a wanderer's foot. You could not change the ways of a fiddle player. Mom knew this. And so as a young bride she allowed the fiddle to become a part of their marriage. In all of Dad's travels over the valley the sweet music of his fiddle would be loved the most at home. Mom presented him with eight children, more than a good set for a square dance, and in all the years of our growing up I am sure that the fiddle never caused her a jealous moment.

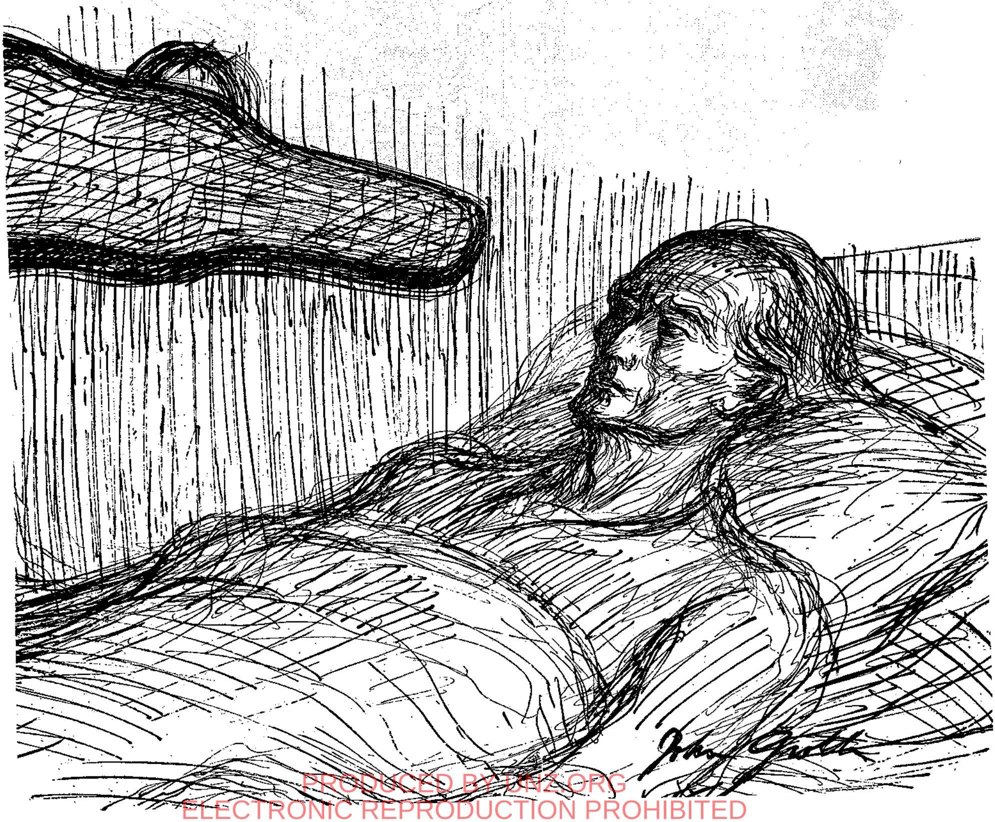
After Dad came home from work at his small cobbler's shop we used to gather in the center of the floor and wait for the music of his lonesome fiddle. We learned early that there was a story in each of his ballads. We could not afford books, but we learned to read each pull of his bow as if it were a printed page.

Each night ended the same way, with the eight of us quarreling for Dad to play a different ballad. And always Mom would scold and threaten to have Dad put the fiddle back in the battered case. Afraid he might, we quietened as Dad pat-patted his foot and struck up an old familiar song . . . Mom's favorite. He was sure to play this song as soon as a frown touched Mom's face. He grinned now and brought a smile to her face.

The song was a ballad of love, so bold that it made my older brothers and sisters blush. I was too young to understand love. I liked to hear Dad play it simply because it brought such smiles to Mom's face, and gave me courage again to argue for my favorite song.

By the time I was old enough to really know my father he had fiddled his hair white, matching the

Lying in bed, weak and helpless, Dad dreamed of the sweet ballads his old fiddle used to play for Mom and the eight of us.



white pine rosin dust that his bow had left under the strings. The fiddle had traveled with him over every foot of the Big Sandy country; to square dances where feet flew into the air like brown leaves in an autumn wind; to funerals, where his fiddle hummed of death; to holy baptizings in the waters of the Big Sandy River. There had been ballads for all occasions. Dad had gained the reputation of being the greatest of the "old-time fiddlers" among the hills of Kentucky.

But now white-haired Dad was farther away from his fiddle than he had ever been. Only his dreams could touch it as it hung inside the battered case on the wall. He was bedfast from a stroke, the third within the year. He lay quarreling over the doctor bills coming, saying Mom needed the meager amount of money to buy food for the table.

The doctor had not given much promise. Either of the first two strokes had been great enough to have killed Dad. But he had proven by two recoveries that he was as stubborn and tough as the hills around him. This was the best encouragement the doctor could give.

But Mom had caught something in Dad's eyes that the doctor could not see. It was not the paralyzing of his body she saw there, but the paralyzing of his mind and spirit.

In the days that followed Mom rested her eyes often on the battered fiddle case. She attributed untold powers to it, believing that if she could coax Dad to find courage to take it from the wall the pull of the bow over the strings would strengthen and mend his body. But Mom had less time now for coaxing. She left the house early to find housework. She scrubbed floors on her hands and knees, and stretched her little body to wash down walls. Of the evenings she brought home baskets of clothes and washed them with her hands into the late night. These hours of labor brought us food. And she sat on the edge of Dad's bed and fed him as she would have a small child, knowing that each bite he took reminded him of his helplessness and paralyzed him a little more.

IT WAS NOT EASY for Dad to remain flat on his back. He had worked hard all his life. He had begun in the small belly mines of the mountain country, then found his craft as a shoe cobbler. He had learned to work miracles with his hands. Weaving the needle in and out of leather that he had softened by hand, he built shoes for club-footed children and covered scars and afflictions that couldn't be shod by machine-made shoes.

It shamed me to see an old man such as Dad have tears in his eyes as Mom fed him. Never once did it occur to me that he might have been looking at the red hands of my mother, cracked until they bled over the rough washboard. Or that he might have been thinking it was a man's place to bring food to the table. I knew only that he had told me over the years that I should feel ashamed for crying. A *man* never cried.

One evening Mom came home

from work and found the fiddle gone. She trembled as she spoke to Dad: "Where is the fiddle?"

Dad fought to raise his hand and Mom reached to take it in hers. And when they met Dad slipped something to her. She unfolded the wrinkled dollar bills and they fell to the floor.

"You . . . you had no right to do it," she sobbed. "I am no better to provide than you have been doing all these years." And she could not say more.

Dad never was much of a talker. "A talking man never hears," he had always taught us kids. And without practice himself he failed miserably on this night. He could not convince Mom that he would remain paralyzed forever. She cried softly, believing that the only medicine to cure him was now gathering dust in the corner of the secondhand store—sold for a little more than she could have earned with a few washings. Yet this pitiful sum had made Dad believe he had lightened Mom's burden. His eyes, wandering to rest on the rusted nail, sadly told us that what he had done had not been easy.

Often of the evenings I would go to meet Mom and help her carry the washings home. I was the smallest of four boys and the only one too young to be ashamed of being seen carrying them, telling all within sight that we were as poor as the red clay hills around us.

Each day Mom stopped at the secondhand store. She left me outside guarding the clothes. This was one of Mom's queer new ways I could not understand. For instance, a few days earlier I had seen her stuffing something inside an empty fruit jar in the basement and then hiding the jar. After she had gone I sneaked the jar into the open and saw money in it. I just could not understand why she would be hiding money from us when there was so little to eat.

I sneaked each evening to see the jar until she finally caught me. She said: "What little money there is inside the jar would not fill your tooth. It's the love tucked around it that fills the jar."

It just didn't make sense. I did not know that old people had love. I thought it belonged only to the young, like my brother who was sparking a girl who lived nearby.

I went with Mom the morning she took the money from the jar. After we had picked up a heaping basket of clothes to be washed we stopped at the secondhand store. I stood guarding the basket and she went inside. When she came out she had the battered fiddle case under her arm. She tucked it under the clothes, and warned me not to speak of it when we reached home.

That night Dad quarreled at Mom for spending her hard-earned money to bring the fiddle back to just gather dust on the wall. But his tired old eyes had changed and they lied on him this time. There was tenderness inside them that we all recognized as we peeked around the door.

Mom scolded us back to bed and we cocked our ears hoping to hear the fiddle again. But no sound of music came. Since I was the smallest and the lightest on foot I was chosen to sneak again to the door and tell what I saw.

Here is what I told them: I saw my father lift his arm by his own strength and brush tears from my mother's eyes.

He tried to play his fiddle. He tried to play Mom's favorite . . . the one he always used to put her in a happy mood . . . the song he had first played many years ago when he had come to court her. And although we heard nothing but the squeak of a bow held by a crippled hand, I think that to them it was the softest, sweetest ballad he had ever played.

In the years that followed Dad teased Mom about her pulling him from the grave just to listen to his fiddle. Mom always blushed. She had little time for "foolishness." She was always too busy spreading her love among us . . . the same sort of love she had tucked around the money inside the fruit jar.

MONEY MATTERS

ONE HOPEFUL NOTE on hidden taxes is that there can't be many more places to hide them. —MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

A FOOL AND his money are soon parted. After all, he's no better than the rest of us. —*Wall Street Journal*

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human comedy

VICTOR BORGE once told a friend that he could tell time by his piano. His friend was incredulous so Borge volunteered to demonstrate. He pounded out a crashing march. Immediately there came a banging on the hotel room wall and a shrill voice then screamed, "Stop that noise. Don't you know it's 1:30 in the morning?" —RON BUTLER

WHILE CAMPAIGNING in a rural section of the Midwest for a Congressional seat, a politician ran into an unfriendly crowd at one stop. Halfway through his speech he was suddenly pelted with tomatoes and overripe fruit. His presence of mind, however, did not fail him. His next remark, as he wiped the missiles off his face and shirt front, turned boos into cheers.

"My critics," he said jauntily, "may not think I know much about farm problems—but they'll have to admit I'm being a big help with the farm surplus!" —MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

DURING A CIVIL trial, an adverse witness preceded each answer with "*I think . . .*"

The distraught lawyer demanded for the third time that the witness tell the court and jury "what you know, and not what you think."

The witness quietly replied, "I'm not a lawyer; I can't talk without thinking." —CHARLES WOODSON

A VISITOR IN the back areas of New England stopped at an antique shop and was amazed at the collection of snuffboxes. "I've never seen so many snuffboxes," he said.

"Yes," the proprietor replied, "they were handed down to me from my grandmother."

"Oh, your grandmother took snuff?" the visitor asked.

"No, just snuffboxes." —*Family Weekly*

AFTER dining and wining rather too well a gentleman was meandering home very late when he spotted a strange and disconcerting luminous something in a small pond beside the road. A policeman was standing nearby, so the reveler called to him: "Tell me, officer, what is that peculiar light in the pond?"

The policeman looked. "Why, that's the moon," he said.

"The moon?" cried the man. "What am I doing up here?"

—A. E. DOWNEY

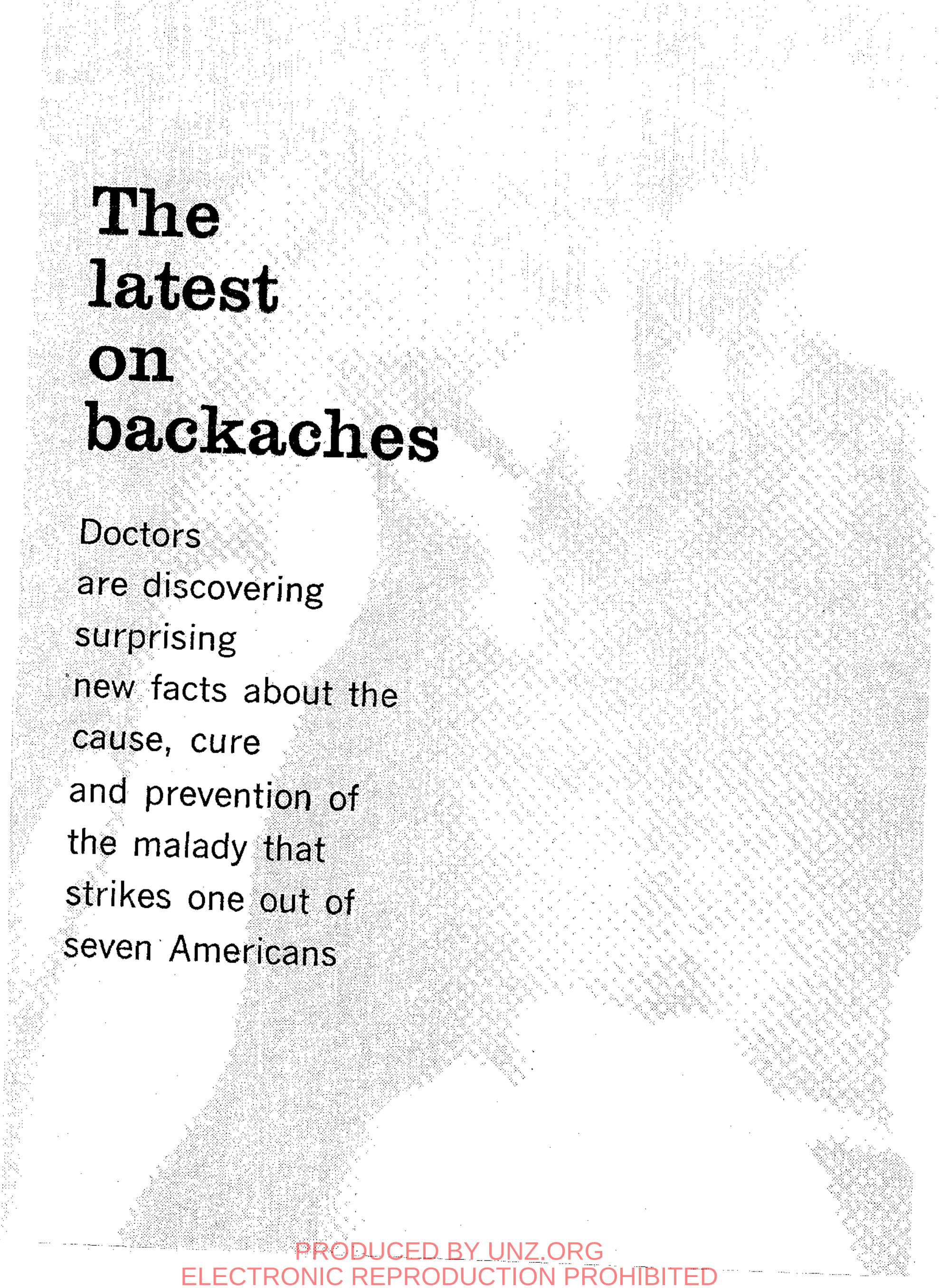
A FARMER WHO was much annoyed by fast drivers who sped past his place, endangering his family and livestock, erected a large sign near his farm which slowed them down to a crawl immediately. It read: "NUDIST CAMP CROSSING."

—MRS. DEANE BINDER

BY LESTER DAVID

The latest on backaches

Doctors are discovering surprising new facts about the cause, cure and prevention of the malady that strikes one out of seven Americans



WHAT'S NEW ABOUT BACKACHES? Plenty! Scientists studying this ailment—one of mankind's oldest and trickiest—are learning a wide variety of odd and important new facts. Here are just a few: Contrary to popular belief, your sacroiliac rarely causes backaches. Merely by examining your hand, a skilled physician may tell if your backache is caused by arthritis. Television-viewing is steadily increasing the number of American backaches by contributing a new malady known as "TV bottom." Your boss, job or any psychological annoyance actually can produce a backache. ■ Last, but certainly not least, new medications and treatment techniques—some of which offer dramatic relief—are emerging as science continues its battle against the backache. According to *Modern Medicine Topics,* a monthly report to doctors, roughly 24,000,000 Americans are now affected with backaches, 20,000,000 seriously enough to consult a physician. Often, these backaches have emotional origins. Experts point out that about 2,500,000 aching U. S. backs are mainly caused by psychological stresses. For example, U. S. Army doctors examining a large number of soldiers who complained of back disorders discovered that 40 percent were related to emotional problems. ■ How can mental stress affect your back? Many of our major muscles are attached to the spine, and extreme nervous tension can cause painful cramping and contractions of these muscles. Sometimes this pain is self-inflicted, as the individual uses physical pain to cover up a feeling he finds even harder to bear. Frequently, psychiatrists can trace the backaches of their women patients to fear or dislike of sexual relations. ■ The close cause-and-effect relationship between the mind and the back was explored recently at a special symposium of the New York Academy of Medicine. Noted neurologist Dr. Samuel F. Thomas of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons reported that individuals suffering from emotional backaches betray themselves in these ways: they complain constantly of weakness and fatigue; they insist that they have always had "a weak back." They offer vague complaints about their arms, legs, backs and "whole side" and discuss their symptoms with an attitude of eagerness.

According to Dr. Thomas, the following signs often indicate that a backache has emotional origins: if the pain seems to radiate upward; if ordinary treatment brings no relief; if the patient makes vigorous, writhing motions; and if his back is unusually sensitive to the touch.

Despite the increased attention now given to them, backaches have afflicted man ever since he first stood upright. Researchers have discovered fossilized prehistoric bones in Western Europe and the Middle East that reveal evidence of back disease, including arthritis. And several kinds of backbone disease have been found in Egyptian mummies. Dr. John R. Mote, an authority on back pain, asserts that backaches are often mentioned in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and later in Greek and Latin writings.

We may have entered the space age, but the same four kinds of backache Nero probably knew in Rome are still with us. Besides the emotional backache, they are:

1. Telegraphed Backaches. An imposing number of bodily disorders can show up first as backaches. Pains can be "telegraphed" to the back by the pancreas, stomach, liver, lungs, esophagus, gall bladder, spleen, prostate, kidneys and heart. Acute infections, such as influenza, polio and meningitis, send signals to the spine; food poisoning may deposit bacteria there.

Many women who complain of low back pain are found to have a gynecological disorder. Dr. Albert H. Aldridge, consultant in obstetrics and gynecology at the Woman's Hospital in New York City, states that back pain in women may be caused by anything from menstrual difficulties to tumors and cysts of the ovaries. According to his statistics, 80 to 90 percent of women treated for pelvic disorders had low back pains among their symptoms.

2. Traumatic Backaches. These are caused by back disease or physical injury. Accidents can twist or tear the elaborate muscles and cartilages of the back. One of the most common and certainly most painful is the "whiplash" injury. Recent statistics reveal that this type of injury occurs in 28 percent of all automobile accidents.

Fibrositis and myositis are common back diseases which attack the connective tissues and muscles respectively. The aches generally last for days or weeks and are always worse in the morning—especially in damp and cold weather.

Arthritis, in its many forms, also can attack the spinal joints. In fact, the type of arthritis present in a patient's back may actually be seen in his hands. Dr. L. Maxwell Lockie, head of the department of therapeutics of the University of Buffalo School of Medicine, discloses that, when an arthritic backache strikes, the joints of the hands and wrists show a characteristic thickening and swelling that a doctor can "read" in many cases. If it's rheumatoid arthritis—the most crippling form of joint inflammation—the knuckles will be painfully affected. If it's osteoarthritis, the first joints of all the fingers will be swollen. If it's rheumatoid arthritis, the wrist or joint beneath the little finger will be swollen. If it's osteoarthritis, the pain will lodge below the thumb.

3. Non-traumatic Backaches. These include all backaches stemming from fatigue or strain. Most likely your backache falls into this category. Paradoxically, we suffer from these pains because we learned to stand upright. Man's main support is his spinal column, a curved structure consisting of many individual vertebrae—seven in the neck, 12 in the mid or dorsal region, and five lower down in the lumbar area. Attached to the lumbar area is the sacrum—a bone consisting of five fused vertebrae—and at the base of the spinal column is a small bone called the coccyx.

On this framework must hang muscles and ligaments. To it must be moored the rib cage which encloses the heart, lungs and most of the digestive apparatus. On top, it must support a heavy head. Below that, the collar bone and shoulder blades must be held firmly to the sides of the chest.

Much of the burden falls on the sacrum, which is no bigger than a human hand. This bone, with its attached muscles, does surprisingly well under normal operating conditions. But unhappily, it does weaken under abuse—meaning insufficient exercise or overexercise, poor posture or poor sleeping habits, overweight or overwork, standing too much, bending too often or stretching too far.

Then, all of a sudden, you wince and groan, "Oh, my aching back!"

It can ache because the muscles are tired or go into spasms. It can ache because extra strain is put on the back muscles by such malformations as spinal curvature (when the backbone is placed a little forward of the sacrum instead of resting squarely upon it). And it can ache because too much sitting before the TV set can bring on a condition called coccygodynia or, more colloquially, "TV bottom."

Dr. Wilford L. Cooper of Lexington, Kentucky, not long ago explained this form of backache to the International College of Surgeons. Too much sitting, and the wrong kind, he said, presses on the sciatic nerve, causing pain in the hip, leg and seat. Dr. Cooper claims that most TV watchers sit awkwardly—slumped in their chairs with the lower portion of their backs arching away from the stomach, instead of inward toward it. This puts undue stress on the sacrum and coccyx.

Your back can also ache because of trouble in the lumbo-sacral region. Put your hands on your hips; the big bone you feel on each side is the ilium. Now run your hand down your spine to a point just below the hipline. That's the sacrum, a wedge-shaped bone set snugly within the ilium and attached to it on both sides. The points at which it's attached are the sacroiliac joints.

For years it was believed strains, sprains and displacements of the sacroiliac joint caused most backaches. but now doctors have found that the sacroiliac is rarely a cause of low back pain.

What, then, *does* cause low back pain? In about 50 percent of all cases, a faulty spinal disc is blamed. Spinal discs are springy shock absorbers between all of the movable vertebrae. They are tough, fibrous and elastic, but sometimes a few small fibers become stretched or pulled beyond their capacity. An ache starts. And when additional strain pulls them still more, the ache becomes worse.

One day, the tough little disc finally gives way. It ruptures and a substance called *nucleus pulposus* is squeezed out. This material irritates and inflames the surrounding area or may press upon a spinal nerve. The pain is intense. This condition is known as a slipped, herniated or ruptured disc.

Generally, low back pain is easy to treat. Doctors use strapping braces, heat and pain-killing drugs. But what can be done about a ruptured disc? Doctors have three alternatives:

1. **Let it heal by itself.** This works for about 50 percent of all patients. It involves rest for several weeks, preferably in a hospital, with traction, heat and drugs speeding recovery along.

2. **Simple disc surgery.** This technique entails removal of the *nucleus pulposus* and part of the disc itself, relying on scar tissue to act as a substitute shock absorber.

3. **Spinal fusion.** This is the most drastic treatment, involving removal of the *nucleus pulposus* and disc, after which the two adjacent vertebrae are linked with metal screws. Naturally, this cuts down the patient's ability to move, since the joint ceases to exist.

Many new, nonsurgical treatments and techniques are now available for backache sufferers.

A new drug called carisoprodol, marketed as Soma and Rela, relieves abnormal tension and spasm of the skeletal muscles. It is obtainable on prescription only. Using carisoprodol on 100 consecutive patients with low back pain, Dr. Otto Kestler of the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York City obtained complete or marked relief of pain in 82 percent of the cases.

Another new muscular relaxant —methocarbamol, or Robaxin— was tested on patients at Bowman Gray School of Medicine in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, by Dr. H. Francis Forsyth. He achieved good results nine out of ten times. Like carisoprodol, this drug halts muscular spasm. But unlike narcotics such as codeine and morphine, it does not block out all pain. And a new, non-narcotic pain-reliever, phenyramidol or Analexin, taken in small doses, also has been reported as effective and safe for back sufferers.

Physical measures to reduce muscle spasm include all forms of heat —baths, packs, compresses, hot water bottles, heating pads, poultices, lamps and diathermy. Another technique, cycloid massage, has been found beneficial by one of the country's leading authorities on physical medicine, Dr. William Bierman, consulting physiatrist at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City. This method entails the use of a device that radiates horizontal, vertical and elliptical vibrations throughout the affected area.

Reporting on this type of three-way vibration, after 18 months of tests on human subjects, Dr. Bierman told the American Congress of Physical Medicine: "We have applied cycloid massage to patients suffering from muscle spasm from various causes. In suitable cases, a definite lessening of the spasm occurred regularly during and immediately after the application."

To avoid low back pain stemming from fatigue or strain, doctors offer six simple rules:

1. **Posture.** Train yourself to stand erect and walk easily. Avoid slouching. By throwing your chest out and allowing the lungs to expand to full capacity, the heart's work is unimpeded, the digestive organs can function without cramping—and chronic backache is reduced to a minimum.

2. **Sitting.** Desk-bound workers should learn to sit with feet flat on the floor, spine straight but not rigid, shoulders directly over the hips. Otherwise backaches may result. Also, shift your position frequently to avoid cramping the muscles, and make sure your chair is neither too low nor too high.

3. **Clothes.** Women's high heels are hard on the back. Sling-pump or open-backed shoes are even worse because the heel slips from side to side as you walk, pounding away at the calf muscles, which in turn transmit jolts to the back and thighs. Girls should be kept off high heels until their feet are fully grown. The feet are easily deformed in early years, laying the groundwork for backache later on. Badly fitting brassieres and overly tight girdles also can slow the circulation and contribute to back pain.

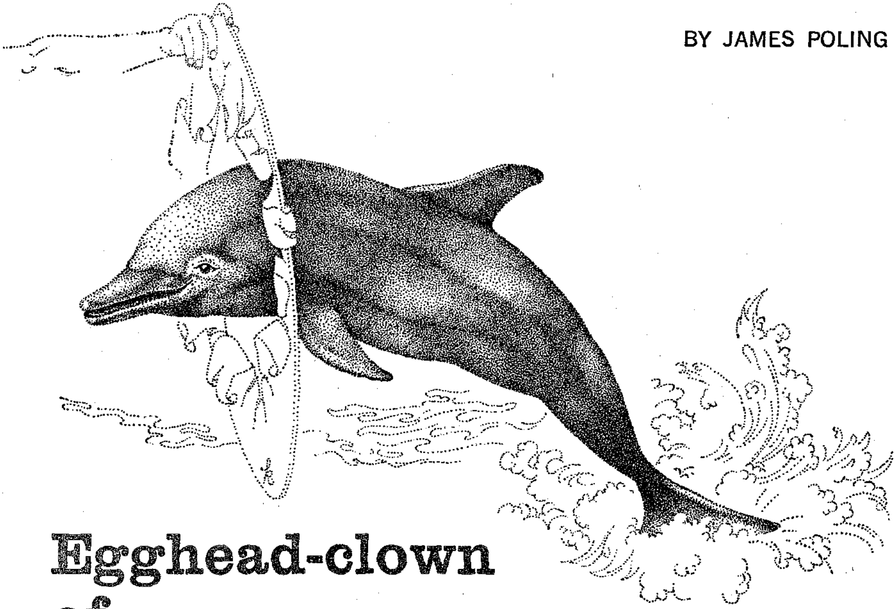
4. **Exercise.** Get enough and get it regularly. In particular, children should get a sufficient variety of exercise to keep their back muscles strong and limber.

5. **Sleeping.** Make sure you get enough sleep on a firm mattress. One with a foxhole in the middle makes the mucles strain all night long in an attempt to keep the skeleton in alignment. Soft mattresses are equally bad.

6. **Lifting.** When you lift a heavy object, bend the knees and squat, keeping the back straight and letting the arms, legs and hips help bear the burden. Bending over from the waist puts all the strain on the lower part of the back.

The backache has pursued mankind this far and doubtless will accompany us down through the years. But man can try to take better care of himself, and doctors—with their growing arsenal of equipment and better understanding of the origin of backache—can take better care of man, should trouble arise. Between the two, backaches can be diminished or even banished—if we really "put our backs to it." ♛

BY JAMES POLING



Egghead-clown of the sea

He looks like a fool,
lives like a king, swims like a fish
and thinks like a man

THE INCREDIBLE DOLPHIN is dubbed the "clown of the sea" with some reason. A playboy at heart, when he isn't just plain loafing, he engages only in making love, feasting, playing practical jokes or frolicking with his companions. He looks a buffoon, with his roly-poly body, twinkling eyes, prodigious nose and mouth forever frozen in a broad grin. While in captivity he delights in zooming up from the depths to spank resting sea birds with his tail fluke; nipping at the fins of sleeping fish;

and turning turtles over with his snout. One of his favorite sports is to swoop in and pluck a feather from the tail of a dozing gull or pelican, and then either try to balance the feather on his nose or use it to initiate a game of tag in which his pals pursue him and try to wrest the trophy. Sometimes he even makes a game of dining—swimming into a school of mullet and tossing the fish aloft with his beak, then catching them in his mouth.

But while he delights in playing the fool, the dolphin (erroneously called porpoise) can be a very rough customer. He snaps his jaws like a crocodile. Even sharks and whales—with the single exception of the killer whale—know better than to attack him. Using his bone-hard snout as a lethal battering ram, a dolphin can easily kill a shark by rupturing its vulnerable liver, or a whale by breaking its jaw. Fishermen have seen a ten-foot, 250-pound dolphin attack a 1,000-pound hammerhead shark. When the chips are down our court jester is the real king of the sea—providing there are no killer whales about.

Furthermore, he has brains. In fact, many scientists regard him as the most intelligent nonhuman beast on earth. Possessing as he does the largest brain in the animal kingdom and as complicated a nervous system as man, he can, they feel, throw important light on the functioning of the human mind.

In captivity, dolphins show a clear understanding of spoken commands. They learn to play catch and to retrieve thrown objects—even to toss them back with surprising accuracy. An attendant who inadvertently throws them a dead fish—they prefer live ones—may get it back smack in the face. They can be taught water polo; to shoot basketballs through baskets; to jump through paper-covered hoops; to ring their own dinner gongs; to tow a surfboard and its rider.

Even more startling than the ease with which they learn is the way in which they seem to reason things out. A zoologist, knowing how dolphins love to have their hides scratched, anchored a few street cleaner's brushes to some underwater rocks. In a matter of days, every dolphin in the tank had recognized their utility and joyfully scratched his back and belly on the brushes.

The dolphin's ability to stay with the prow of a ship churning along at top speed, without making any apparent swimming motions, puzzled scientists for years. Two years ago, Dr. P. F. Scholander, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, discovered that the dolphin does it by hitchhiking. He doesn't race the liner. Instead, he hitches a ride on the vessel's bow wave cleverly letting it shove him over long distances at no expense of energy.

But in order to do this the dolphin must set his tail fluke at a 28-degree angle. If the dolphin were to set his tail at any other angle, the thrust of the water would not be as effective. Somehow he figured this out—and proved himself a cleverer hydrodynamicist than man.

His aquatic skill is all the more remarkable because he is, like man, a mammal, not a fish. As a mammal, he of course has lungs and his graceful leaps from the water are made in order to breathe. A dolphin who can't surface at least once every six minutes, will drown. Dolphins know this, and often rush to the aid of an injured companion.

Several years ago, marine biologists off Mary Ester, Florida, accidentally stunned a dolphin when they exploded a stick of dynamite underwater. Two unhurt dolphins immediately put their heads under the flippers of their unconscious friend and carried him to the surface, exposing his blowhole to the air while theirs remained submerged. When they had to surface, their place was taken by two other dolphins. The whole school stood by until the dazed member was fully recovered.

Dolphins' normal and abnormal erotic behavior parallels man's to an astonishing degree. They engage in masturbation, homosexuality, voyeurism, exhibitionism. There is at least one recorded case of nymphomania. Satyriasis is not uncommon among the bulls.

The male dolphin is the aggressor in the pursuit of the female. Except during the spring mating season, she plays the role of coquette. A single courtship can thus cover several hundred miles of ocean. It ends with the two stroking and caressing each other, very much like people.

Their calf is born a year later; tail first, so that its head is underwater only for the brief time it takes his mother to sever the umbilical cord and nudge him to the surface for his first breath. During birth, the mother is surrounded by a protective group of dolphins, poised to drive off any sharks who may be attracted by her foetal blood. Should a shark appear, one dolphin may feint a frontal attack, while another circles to the rear, takes aim and rams his beak into the shark's soft abdomen with lethal force.

LIVING the carefree life they do, dolphins enjoy longevity. The famous "Pelorus Jack," from 1880, when he was first identified, until 1912 when he disappeared at age 32, acted as the personal escort of every ship that entered Pelorus Sound, Cook Strait, New Zealand. New Zealanders grew so fond of him they asked their government to make him a national pet. And in 1904 a law was passed making it illegal for any person to take this type of dolphin in the waters of Cook Strait. But a few years later, a passenger on the *S.S. Penguin* took a shot at "Pelorus Jack." He was never again seen by passengers or crew on the *S.S. Penguin*'s subsequent voyages.

However, a few years later, at the same spot, the *S.S. Penguin* foundered and sank with a heavy loss of life. Ironically, had Jack been around to pilot the ship on its fatal voyage it might never have gone on the rocks. Dolphins are infallible navigators. They locate underwater obstacles by sending out ultrasonic "beeps" and picking up the echoes like the Navy's sonar detection system. Thus, a dolphin can "see" in the water even in complete darkness.

In a series of experiments in 1958

Dr. W. N. Kellogg, of Florida State University's Marine Laboratories, found that the dolphin's "sonar" was far more sensitive than its man-made counterpart. Dolphins can emit and hear sounds two full octaves above the sound threshold for man. Kellogg's dolphins reacted at once to a single BB pellet tossed into their 55 x 70-foot tank. If an object was quietly lowered into the tank, the dolphins picked it up within ten to 15 seconds.

Thirty-six metal posts and a clear Plexiglas panel, invisible in water, were set up in the tank to form an obstacle course. The dolphins navigated the crowded tank at top speed, even in the dark, without ever colliding with the obstacles. Their sonar was found to be so precise that they could tell through 20 feet of muddy water whether a fish was worth eating.

The dolphins' ultrasonic "beeps," plus a multitude of sounds discernible to the human ear, are produced by one of the most complicated voice boxes in the animal kingdom. Because of it, some scientists think dolphins may be the only creatures other than man capable of transmitting complicated ideas by a kind of speech. Their "language" is made up of chirps, grunts, whimpers, barks, squeals, snorts and clucks. A male uses a distinctive yelp to summon a particular female.

Dr. John C. Lilly, a neurophysiologist, turned to dolphins when he found ordinary laboratory animals too stupid for his needs. He was exploring the brain centers that produce fear, pleasure, pain, etc., to understand their relationship human emotions in health and sic ness. In the course of his work, h planted electrodes in the pleasur centers of several dolphins' brains, and taught them to close a switch that sent a feeble pulse of electricity through the electrodes thus producing a pleasurable sensation. The dolphins learned to close the switch in one to five tries; where it took chimpanzees, probably the brightest nonhuman land animals, dozens of tries to learn the trick.

But what particularly intrigued Dr. Lilly was the way a dolphin who had been pleasurably stimulated would tell him about it with "a large repertory of assorted whistles, Bronx cheers and impolite noises." Yet if the doctor cut off the current, the dolphin would scold him. "Once I talked back to a scolding dolphin," Dr. Lilly says, "and he mimicked my voice so well my wife began to laugh. Then he imitated her laugh."

On another occasion, the electrical equipment with which he was stimulating a dolphin broke down. His tape recorder kept running, however, and when he replayed the tape he heard himself say "three hundred and twenty-three," calling off the footage of the tape. Then, to his astonishment, he heard the dolphin repeat his words in a flat falsetto!

Dr. Lilly is now making an intensive study of the sounds made by the dolphin. He feels that one day it may be possible to teach a dolphin human speech.

To date, Dr. Lilly has captured on tape only one dolphin phrase he can slate, the high-pitched squeal d as an S.O.S. or distress call. en he played the phrase back to s captive dolphins they rushed to he scene in search of a friend in need of help. But when he replayed the recorded S.O.S. they ignored it. Having heard it once, they seemed to know that it was phony.

Dr. Lilly has now put in six years with his dolphins. "In that time," he says, "I've punched holes in their heads, stuck wires in their brains and squirted them with electricity. But they've always treated me with kindness, gentleness, even love."

For that matter, there's no record of dolphins ever mistreating a human being. Living the happy carefree life they do, they can afford to be gentle with us poor problem-ridden humans. They've got it made.

THINK IT OVER

A SINNER IS simply someone who does not believe he has a future—and therefore settles for a past.

—SYDNEY J. HARRIS *(Detroit Free Press)*

NOWADAYS SOME PEOPLE expect the door of opportunity to be opened with an electric eye.

—BILL ROBERTS *(The Houston Post)*

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BY GRAHAM FISHER

huehnergarth

The story of the cockney diamond king

Flamboyant Barney Barnato, acrobat turned tycoon, stood South Africa on its ear

The hole in the yellow South African earth grew steadily deeper as the sweating natives heaved and strained at their picks and shovels. Up top, as the digging progressed, the stocky, red-faced young roughneck impatiently twirled the waxed ends of his mustache.

For Barney Barnato, it was the biggest gamble of his life. Every cent he could scrape together was invested in that hole. If the gamble failed, he was a broken man.

Now the pickaxes rang on blue crystalline rock. Barney called the work to a halt and ordered a sample basket of dirt and rock to be passed up. With unsteady fingers, he washed and sifted the contents—and pitched them aside in dismay. The digging continued, the sun grew hotter and the hole went deeper. More samples were passed up—and flung aside.

Then, suddenly, Barney stiffened. His hands trembled so much he could hardly control them as the sun's rays brought an answering glitter from tiny objects which lay in his roughened palm. They were small—pitifully small—but they were diamonds! "Dig, men," roared Barney in his thick cockney accent. "Dig as you've never dug before."

The hole went deeper; the diamonds got bigger. Five carats . . . ten carats . . . 100 carats . . . 300 carats. . .

"Blimey!" yelled Barney, jumping with delight. "I've done it!" At 23, the impoverished little cockney from London's East End was suddenly on his way to becoming one of the richest men in the world.

Barney Barnato was born Barnett

Isaacs, the son of a Jewish family living in the gray "ghetto" of London's Whitechapel. His upbringing was rough and tough. He was at work by the time he was 13, running errands for a storekeeper. As a side line, he became one of the clowns in a local circus, and later joined up with his brother, Harry, in an acrobatic vaudeville act, the Barnatos. The act flopped. It was around the time of the first big diamond strike at Kimberley, and Harry, hoping for a quick fortune, set sail for Africa. Two years later, in 1873, Barney, then 20, went to join him.

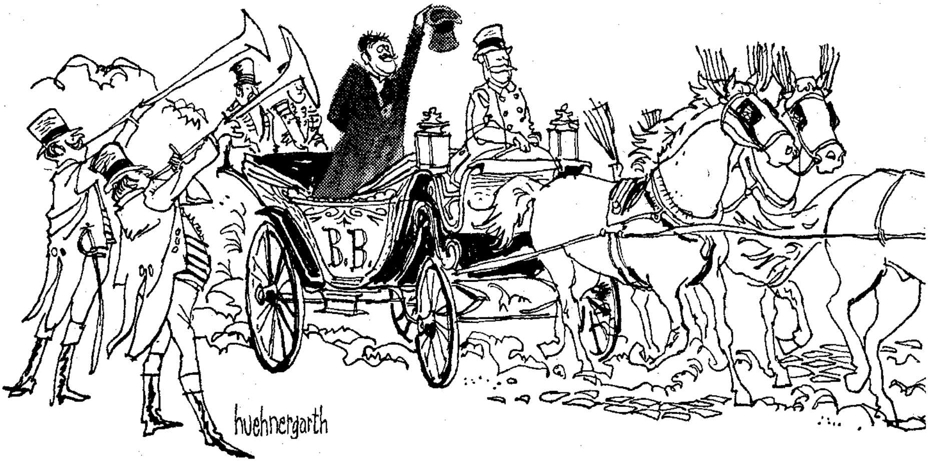
Arriving at Cape Town, he was dismayed to find that the coach trip to the diggings cost $120. Unable to pay, he walked the 600 miles in 60 days, living on oatmeal and sun-dried meat. By the time he reached Kimberley, the big strike had almost petered out. Every inch of the yellow ground of Kimberley had been sifted and sifted again.

But Barney had no money to pay his fare home. So he stayed on, hawking suspenders, pencils and writing paper for a few cents to buy food. He became a diamond peddler, eating, sleeping and working in the rickety, candle-lit hut which served as his office. His dealings brought him very little money, but they taught him a lot about diamonds. He studied mining, rock strata, and came up with a theory (which he kept shrewdly to himself) that there were more diamonds 500 feet down in the blue clay which ran beneath the yellow topsoil.

He saved every cent he could get and bought four discarded claims, hired native Kaffirs and began work on his big hole.

When word spread that Barney had struck pay dirt, Kimberley had its second big diamond rush. Almost overnight it was wilder, rougher,

Trumpets heralded Barney's monogrammed coach in Cape Town's booming streets.



tougher, bawdier than ever before, a free-spending frontier town jam-packed with adventurers from all parts of the world.

It was just the life for the little roughneck from London's East End. He bought up every claim he could acquire, sinking deeper and deeper holes in search of bigger and bigger diamonds. He used part of his new-found wealth to start a race track—and got his money back several times over from the betting setup he controlled. He gave Kimberley its first ramshackle theater, strutting the stage himself in the plays he presented. In London, he founded the firm of Barnato Brothers, Diamond Dealers and Financiers. In Africa, his Barnato Diamond Mining Co.—later renamed Kimberley Central—became almost the richest there was.

But a rival was crossing his path—the stiff, hollow-cheeked, enigmatic figure of Cecil Rhodes, the English parson's son who was secretary, and later chairman, of the De Beers diamond syndicate.

To Rhodes, diamonds were only a means to an end, and the end was a dream of seeing all South Africa (then settled by Dutch farmers) united into one British-dominated nation with unlimited wealth at its command.

In pursuit of his dream, Rhodes was all set to buy up a French diamond concern ranking second only to Barney's giant Kimberley enterprise. His offer of $4,200,000 was on the point of being accepted when Barney intervened with a counter-offer of $5,100,000.

Rhodes rushed to Kimberley for a showdown. "Withdraw your offer and I'll write you a check for whatever you think you're losing."

It was one of Rhodes' few mistakes. Barney was not a man to be bought off. Battle was joined to decide whether the cold, austere Rhodes or the grinning, burly Barney should control Africa's diamond industry. Behind the scenes, Rhodes began buying every share he could get in Kimberley Central. The price of the shares rocketed. When they were 350 percent above their original value, Barney struck back.

He began unloading diamonds by the hundred at knockdown prices. Rhodes knew that De Beers had to do the same to stay in business. Down and down went the value of the precious stones until they reached an all-time low of $3 a carat. Both outfits were facing ruin unless they came to terms. When the two men met again in Barney's crudely built office in Kimberley, Rhodes kept his checkbook firmly in his pocket.

This time his weapon was to be flattery. Implying that his own mines could never match the output of Barney's, he said wistfully that he had never had the opportunity to run his hands through "a whole bucketful" of diamonds.

Barney, unable to resist the temptation to show off, disappeared and returned momentarily dragging the answer to Rhodes' wish—a whole bucketful of diamonds. Rhodes, properly impressed, eagerly fingered the glittering mass of stones. "Only you could produce something like this, Barney," he said. Then pausing, he made the move he had come to make. "If only the two of us could get together." He looked at Barney. "You'd be the biggest shareholder of the biggest diamond combine in the world. There's no reason why you shouldn't be Life Governor. You could have a seat in the Cape Parliament, too. I'll see you're elected."

"I suppose you can't get me elected to the Kimberley Club," said Barney, cynically. For all his wealth, the socially exclusive Kimberley Club had so far kept its doors closed to the onetime circus clown.

"Yes, I can do that, too," Rhodes promised.

That seemed to clinch matters. "You've got yourself a deal," Barney said as he grandly hoisted the bucket of diamonds and swung it toward Rhodes. "Here," he said, "we'll carry it together." And the partnership became a reality as wide-eyed citizens came spilling out of their shacks to watch the two giants of the African diamond industry march down the street lugging the treasure-filled bucket between them.

Barney had come a long way since he first hit Kimberley, hungry and almost penniless. Now, at 35, on amalgamation with Rhodes, he was South Africa's first millionaire, his Kimberley holdings valued at over $14,000,000.

Rhodes kept his word. He got Barney into the snobbish Kimberley Club, helped him get elected to the Cape Parliament. Now the ex-clown had his own private circus. He rode around in a monogrammed coach, accompanied by footmen and postilions in green and gold, flanked by six scarlet-coated huntsmen who heralded his arrival on their hunting horns.

Then came news that gold had been discovered on the Rand. In November 1888, Barney arrived in Johannesburg. By the end of January he owned five gold-mining companies and three big real-estate concerns. He owned the city's water supply and controlled the Johannesburg Stock Market. Architects and builders were at work on the big office block and huge covered market he planned for the city center.

He was now boss of a vast financial empire worth close to $360,000,000. In London, hostesses competed to have the slum boy as their guest. But Barney never pretended to be other than a rough, tough, self-made man. Once a woman asked him at a dinner at the plush Savoy Hotel whether or not he had actually been a clown. Barney, always a man of action, responded typically. He took off his coat, got up and walked around the table on his hands.

He was in London when the abortive Rhodes-backed Jameson Raid failed to overthrow the Boer Government in the Transvaal. The Boers, in retaliation, arrested 63 members of Jameson's Reform Committee, Barney's nephew, Solly Joel, among them. Four were sentenced to death, including John Hays Hammond, the great American engineer Barney had brought to the gold fields. Barney immediately returned to South Africa and went to see the Boers' leader, Paul Kruger.

Barney threatened to ruin the economy of the area by liquidating his properties and firing the more than 100,000 people who were working for him unless Kruger freed his prisoners. Thinking Barnato was bluffing, the Boer leader took no action. Coolly Barney advertised the sale and liquidation of his properties, and the stunned Kruger capitulated, freeing some prisoners and easing the lot of others.

It was too late to do anything about the advertisements, however; and Barney sold his properties at a $9,000,000 loss. Substantial though the loss was, he could stand it better than the thought that men like Rhodes, whom he considered his friends, had plotted the Jameson Raid behind his back.

But Barney was no longer an easygoing youngster who could dismiss such things with a shrug of the shoulder. They stayed in his mind, pin-pricks of worry which grew and grew—the makings of tragedy.

He long had been working himself to death. Drink, the habit of pioneer days, and insomnia, the price of wrath, were doing him in. Barney now began to worry about everything. Most of all, he worried about the future—the widening gulf between the British and the Afrikaners which was so soon to lead to the Boer War.

A heavy drinker by habit he was carrying it to the extreme, consuming bottles at a time and becoming sodden and phlegmatic. He still talked loudly and non-stop, but in such a torrent of words that people had difficulty understanding him.

The final crack-up came quickly. Mental disorder set in. Friends found him searching his rooms feverishly for nonexistent diamonds. Business associates came upon him at his desk, busily counting stacks of money which were there only in his imagination.

He was now half out of his mind, jabbering incoherently, raving about imagined disasters, and running through the streets screaming that he was being pursued.

His physicians counseled rest and relaxation, a long sea voyage. So Barney set sail again for London with the object of attending the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria. He sailed on the *Scot,* in company with Sir Gordon Sprigg, Prime Minister of the Cape Colony. As the days passed, the voyage seemed to benefit him. His health improved, he slept better and he recovered something of his old sense of humor.

A few weeks before his 45th birthday he was lounging on the deck of the *Scot* with his nephew, Solly Joel. It was June 14, 1897. Four more days and they would be in London. It was also, curiously enough, the anniversary of the date on which Solly and the others had been freed by Paul Kruger.

Barney asked what time it was. And when Solly told him it was 13 minutes past three, Barney made a dash for the ship's rail. Solly grabbed him, but his uncle jerked himself free, mounted the rail and plunged over into the sea. A ship's officer dived in after him.

A lifeboat was launched. It returned with two motionless figures lying in the stern. Artificial respiration was tried and the officer came round. But the fabulous Barney Barnato—South Africa's King of Diamonds—was dead, victim of that same feverish, driving energy which had carried him from the London slums to a millionaire's office in Johannesburg.

INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS

THE NIGHT LIFE in Novgorod, Russia, consists of an outdoor pavilion in the Communist Park for Rest and Recreation, where couples dance in their overcoats. While visiting there, a bushy-haired piano player asked me if I could hum some new American tunes. He said he was tired of playing *Over the Rainbow,* memorized from the *Wizard of Oz.* Obligingly, I hummed *God Bless America* while he wrote down the notes. Then off he went to play it—and, presumably, he is playing it still.

—PHILIP CLARKE *(Quote)*

PAT AND MIKE were having a heated argument as to which of them could withstand Dublin's St. Patrick's Day parade the best the following day. Mike eventually bet that he could out-march Pat even with beans in his shoes. So the next day they started out together, Pat watching Mike keep up with him all the way. Half way through the parade he could stand it no longer and asked, "Mike, didn't you put beans in your shoes?" "Sure I did," replied Mike, "but I cooked them first."

—MRS. DORIS E. HORSTMANSHOF

OVER THE STORY of that former schoolteacher who became a strip-teaser, a West Coast paper had this headline: "Teacher's New Line: Reeling and Writhing and Rhythmic Tricks."

—GEORGE A. MAYERCHAK

marital maze

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY was cross-examining the defendant.

"And after you had poisoned the coffee and your husband sat at the breakfast table partaking of the fatal dosage, didn't you feel any qualms? Didn't you feel the slightest pity for him?"

"Yes," she answered. "There was just one moment when I sort of felt sorry for him."

"When was that?"

"When he asked for a second cup!" —W. E. BEAVER

WIFE TO HUSBAND: "You'd think they'd make credit cards of sturdier material—this is the third I've worn out this year."

—LEO GAREL *(Christian Science Monitor)*

THE NOUVEAU RICHE manufacturer and his wife were having difficulty adjusting to a life of elegance. After the first dinner in their new 25-room mansion, the husband turned to his wife and asked, "Shall we have our after-dinner coffee in the library?"

"It's too late," she replied. "The library closes at six." —EVAN HALL

A FELLOW WAS endeavoring to borrow some money from a friend. The friend wanted to know why he didn't use his own money, and the fellow explained that everything he had was in a joint account. "But you can draw money from a joint account," volunteered his friend.

"Not this joint account," explained the financially destitute husband. "Our joint account is in the name of my wife and her mother."

—MARCIA KENNEDY

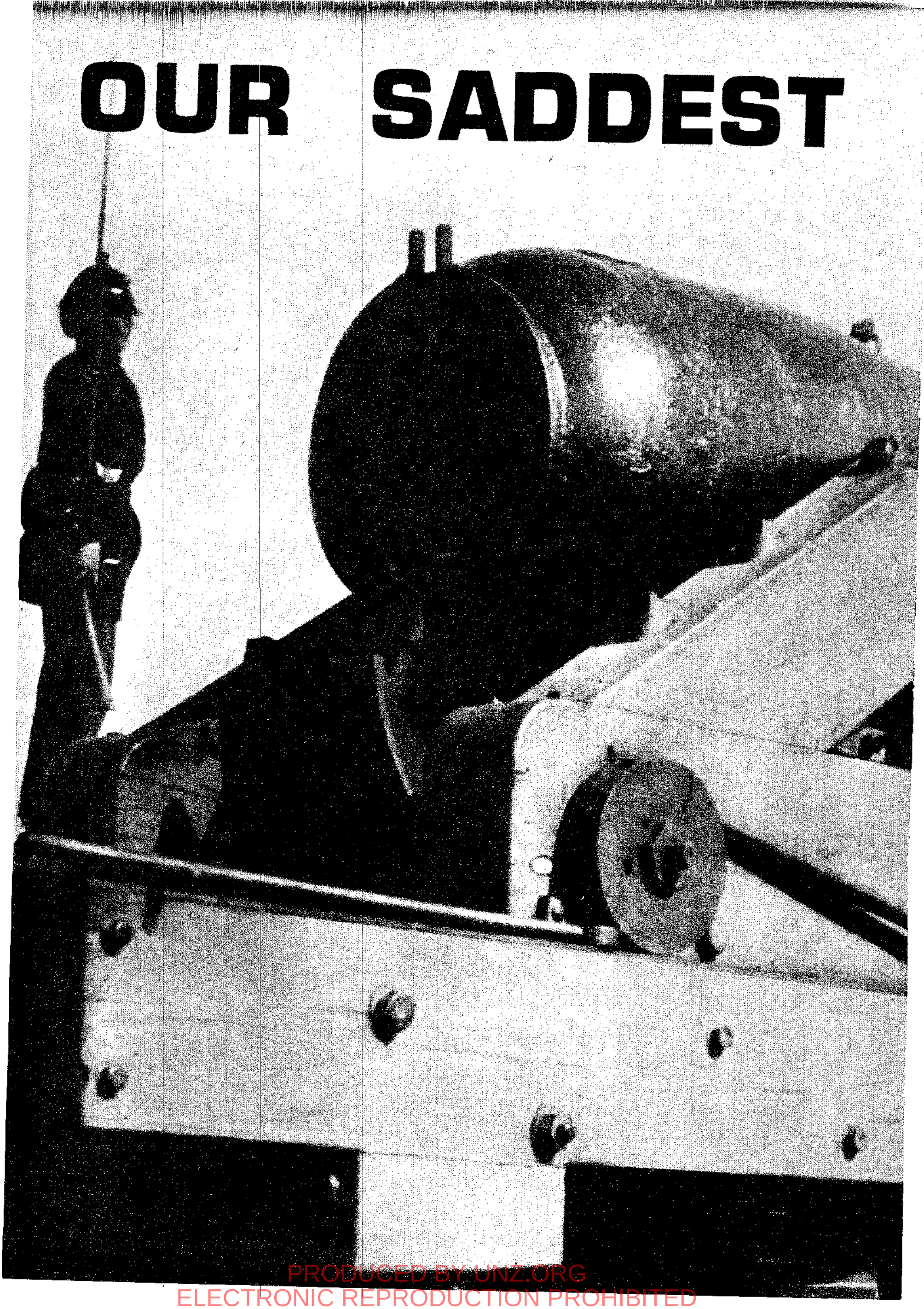
THE ATTORNEY FOR the complainant in the divorce case put his client on the stand. "Now as I understand it," he said sympathetically, "every night when you returned from work, instead of having your wife alone and awaiting you, you found a different man hiding in the closet?"

"Yes. That's right."

"And this, of course, caused you untold anguish and unhappiness, did it not?"

"Of *course* it did," came the hurt reply. "I never had any room to hang up my clothes!" —CYNTHIA BAKER

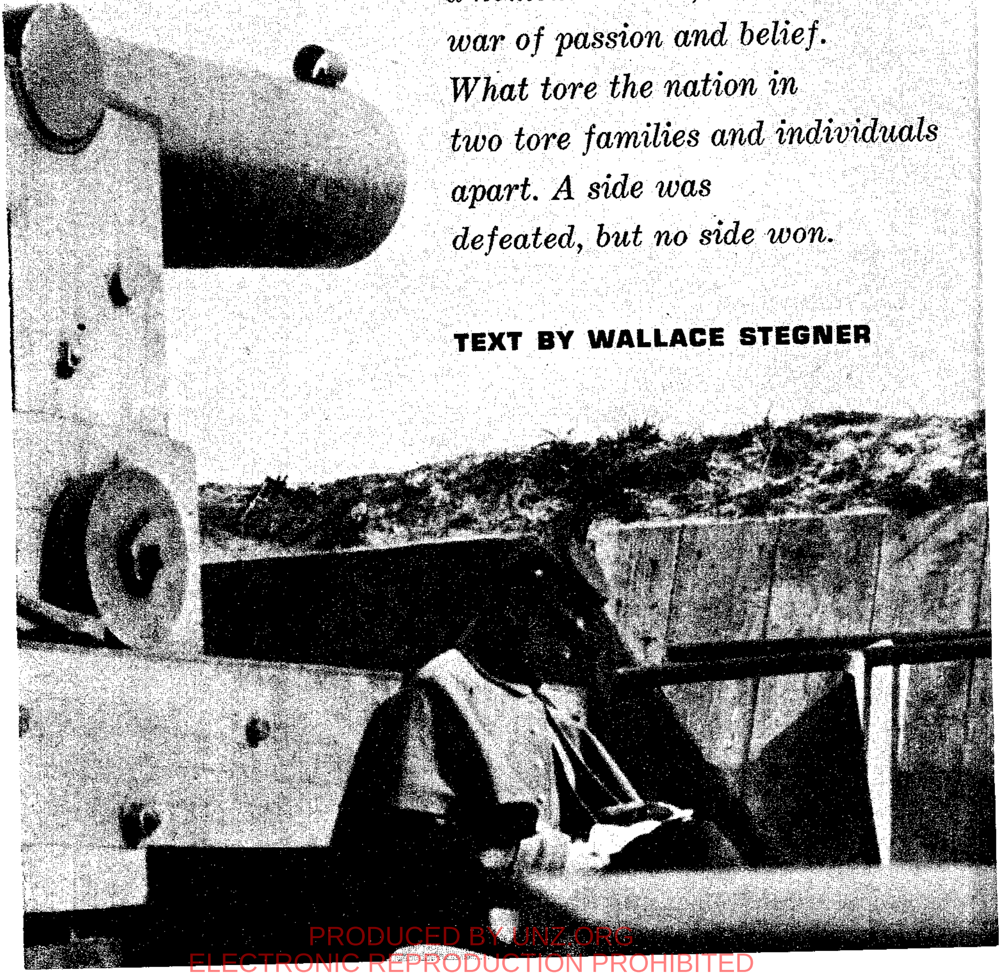
OUR SADDEST

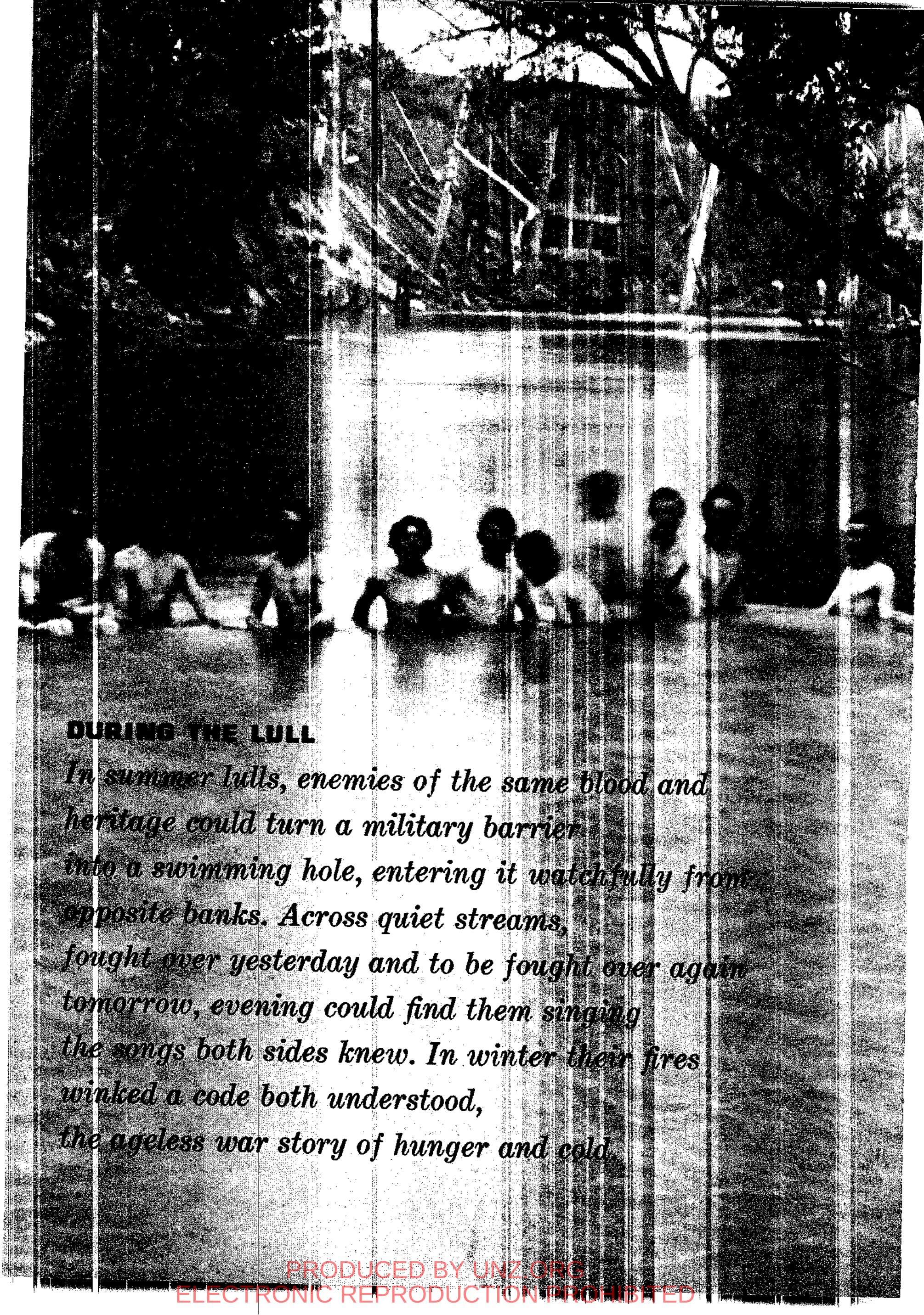


WAR

After a century, our saddest war aches in the nation's memory. Confirming the Union, it fouled the morning dream of the new world with brothers' blood. These pictures show a citizen's war, a homemade war, a war of passion and belief. What tore the nation in two tore families and individuals apart. A side was defeated, but no side won.

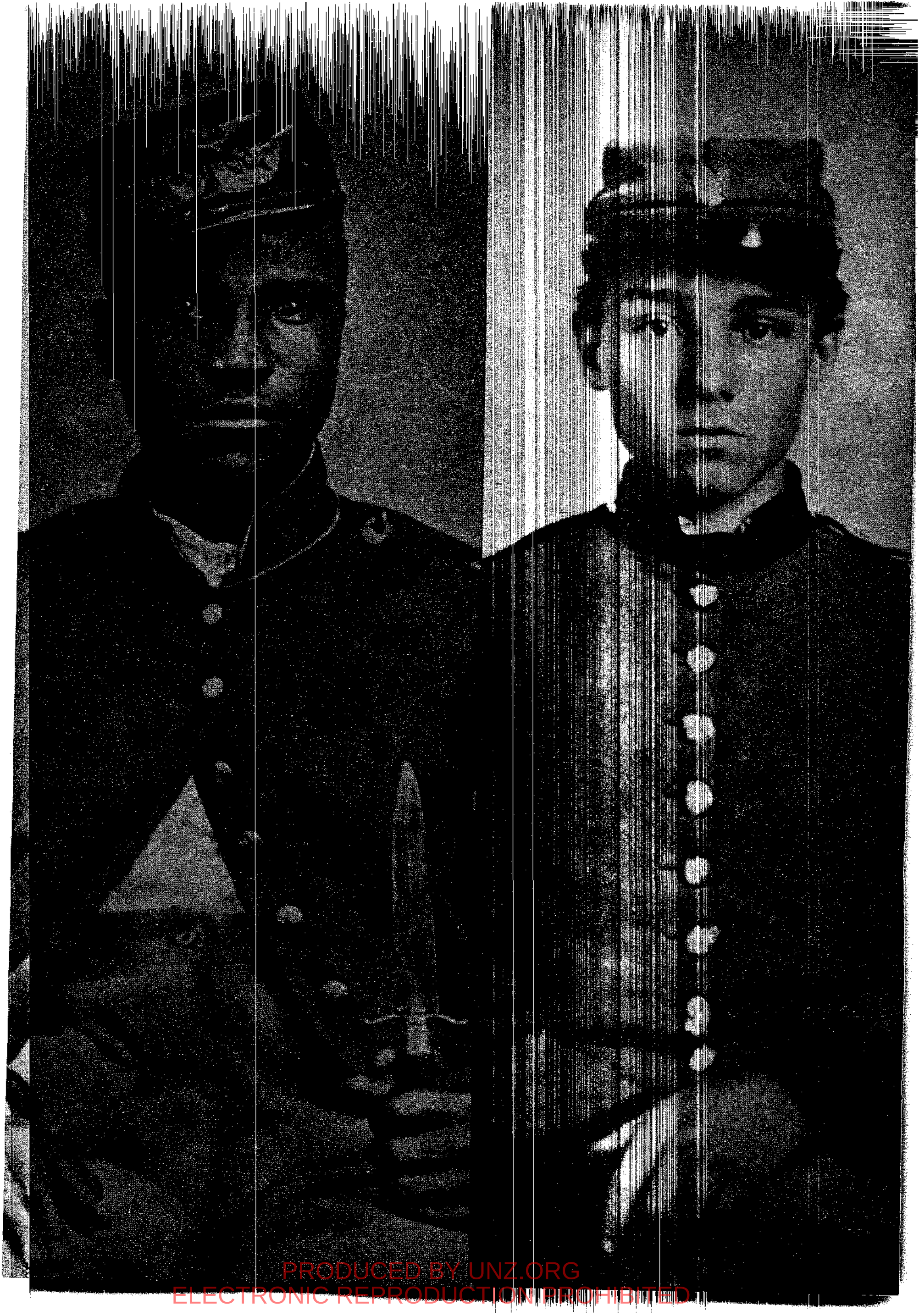
TEXT BY WALLACE STEGNER

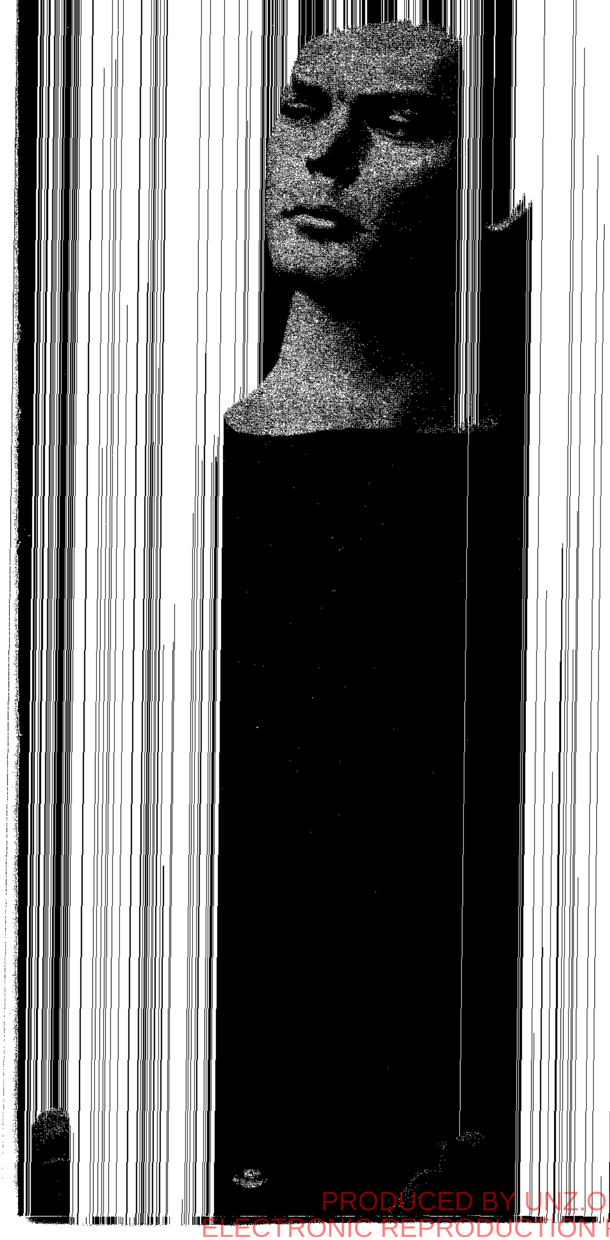




DURING THE LULL

In summer lulls, enemies of the same blood and
heritage could turn a military barrier
into a swimming hole, entering it watchfully from
opposite banks. Across quiet streams,
fought over yesterday and to be fought over again
tomorrow, evening could find them singing
the songs both sides knew. In winter their fires
winked a code both understood,
the ageless war story of hunger and cold.



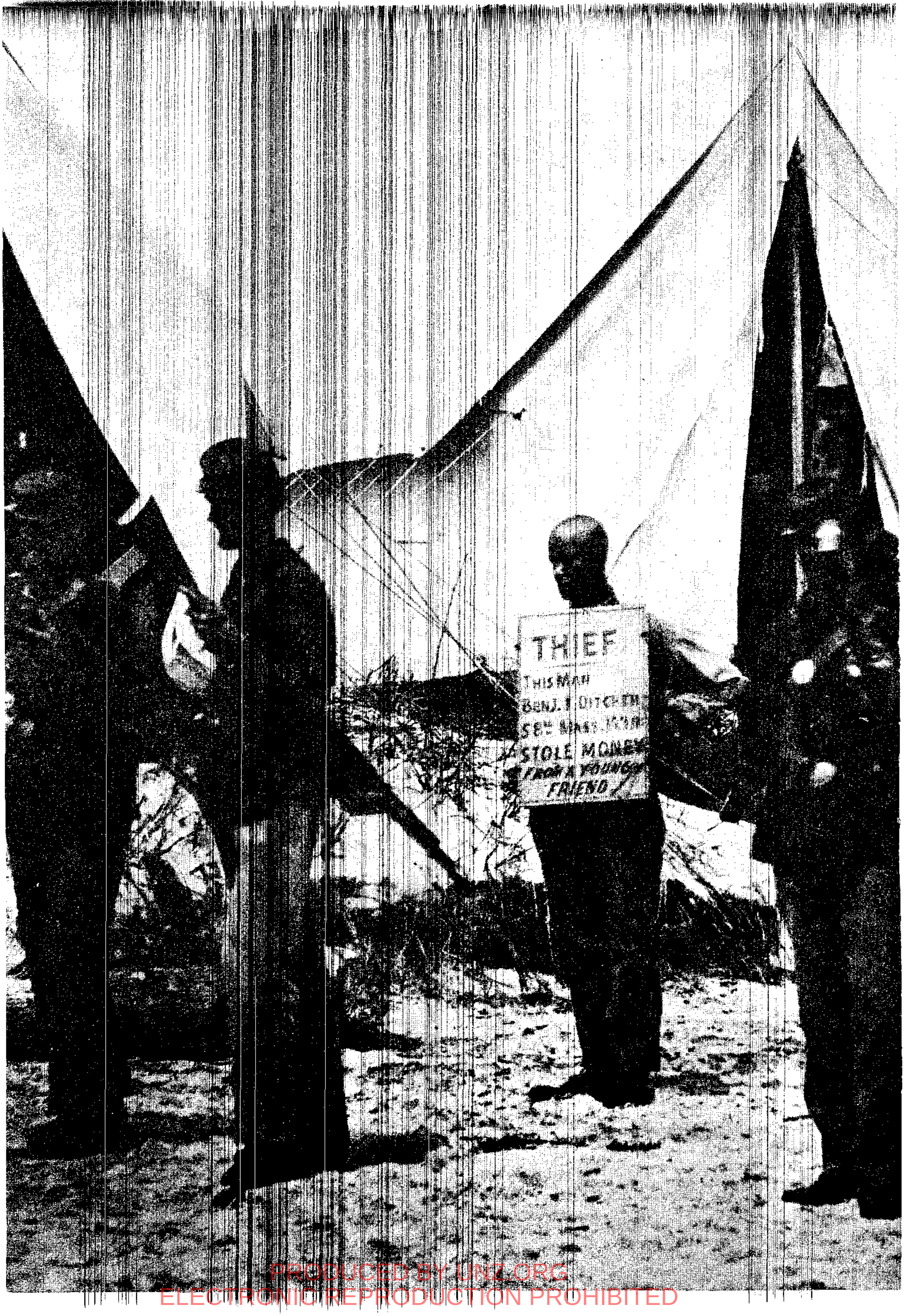


FIGHTERS, PLOTTERS

This was a war fought by volunteer and conscript, black and white, resolute freedman and scared recruit; fought also in mad ways by assassins and plotters such as Lewis Thornton Powell, alias Lewis Payne (right) who terribly battered Secretary Seward and wounded three pursuers while his accomplice, John Wilkes Booth, murdered the greatest man of his generation. Strangers, brothers, enemies, the valiant the fearful, the fanatic: Americans.

THEIR FIRST RIGHT . . .

"If slaves will make good soldiers," said a Southern spokesman, "our whole theory of slavery is wrong." The South armed no slaves until the desperate days of March 1865, a month before Lee's surrender. The North armed freedmen early, and making good soldiers, they disproved the slaveholder's faith. But also, and fatefully, they demonstrated themselves to be inseparably a part of the civilization that had enslaved them: they, too, were American. The first right enjoyed by black men in this society was to join in the terrible grapple of American against American. Emancipated into war, firing through the gray battle smoke of Shiloh or Antietam or Atlanta, they might by fortune kill another black man—some body servant or teamster, cousin or brother, father or friend—and so learn from their masters and emancipators to temper their citizenship in blood.


THIEF
THIS MAN
BENJ. F. DITCHER
58th MASS. VOL.
STOLE MONEY
FROM A YOUNG
FRIEND!

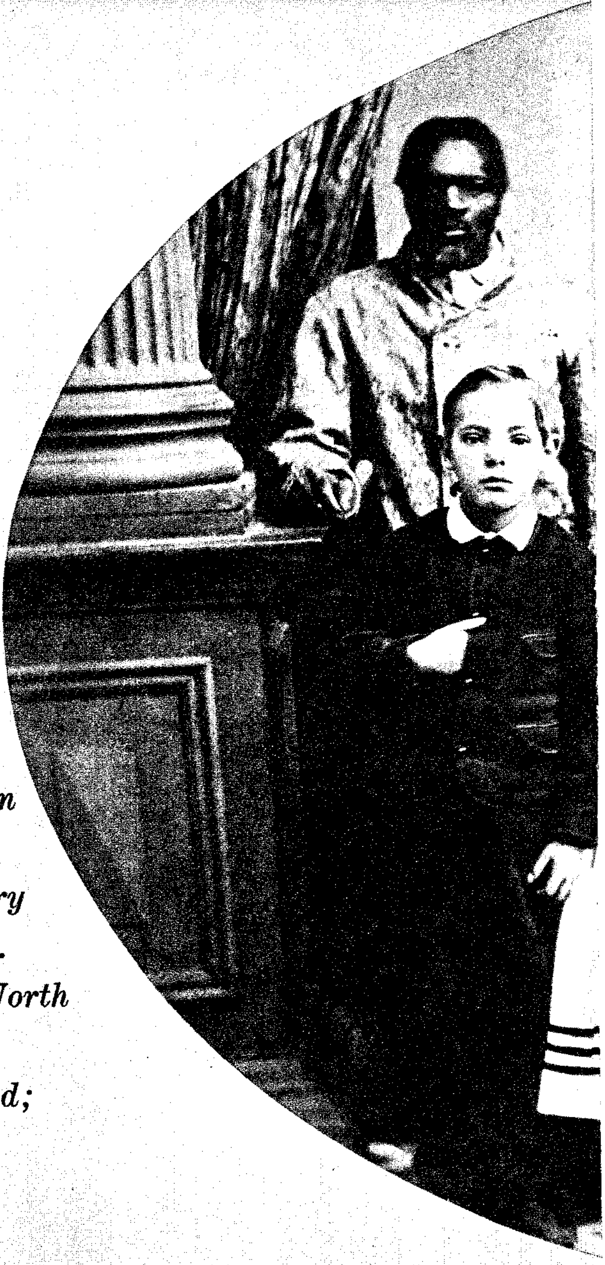
THE NOBLE AND THE VILE

Like all wars, it brought out the full human range from heroic and noble to cowardly and vile. On the fringes of the armies, guerrillas and border ruffians—Quantrills, Jameses. In uniform, a measure of human weakness—the timid, the ambitious and the crooked.

Citizen armies devised harsh punishments for offenders; the shaved head, the shameful sign, the scornful drumming out of camp, the curses or the silence of men who, because they fought a fraternal war, had need to depend on comrades.

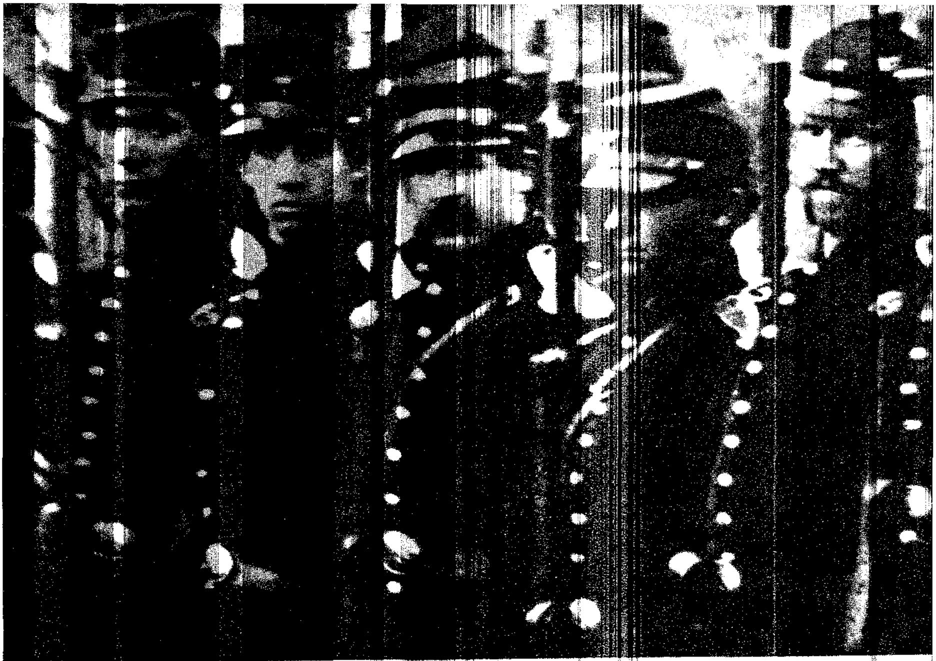
A HOLY CONVICTION

Out of the faces of a
slave family, one
family, but with many
shades of skin,
stares the real cause
of the war. Shall we
speak with scholars
of Union or
secession, industry
or cotton? Then why
that savage tearing
of throats? Rooted in
cherished plantation
soil, close as blood, men
fought to preserve
or destroy black slavery
with a holy conviction.
All else that divided North
and South could
have been compromised;
slavery could not.

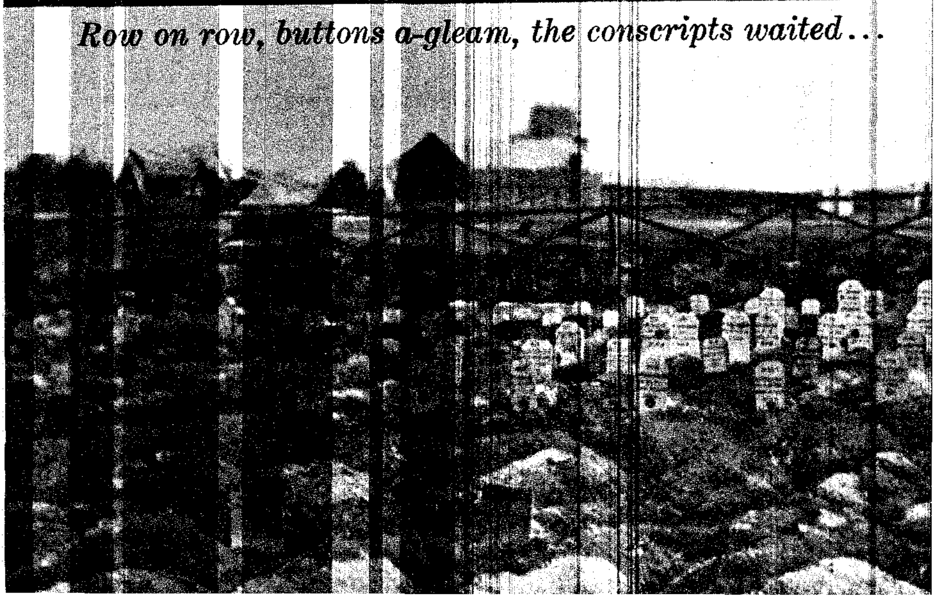


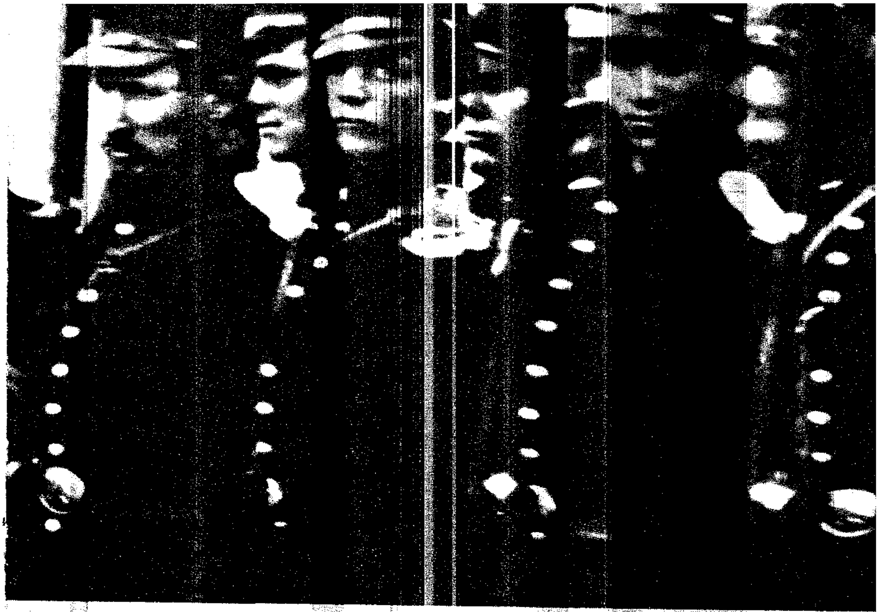
OUTRAGEOUS PARODY

In periods of rest, when
McClellan stalled or Lee
maneuvered, war seemed
an outing with the
boys, an outrageous parody.
The battle fury, the
rush of slanted flags, the
sprawled bodies in
gray or blue among the
ferns or behind stone
walls, the field hospitals
piled with limbs,
the gangrenous prisoners
exchanged from
Libby or Andersonville,
were all a bad dream. Pass
the bottle. What?
All gone? Scoundrel, with
my sword of lath,
I will slice your gizzard!

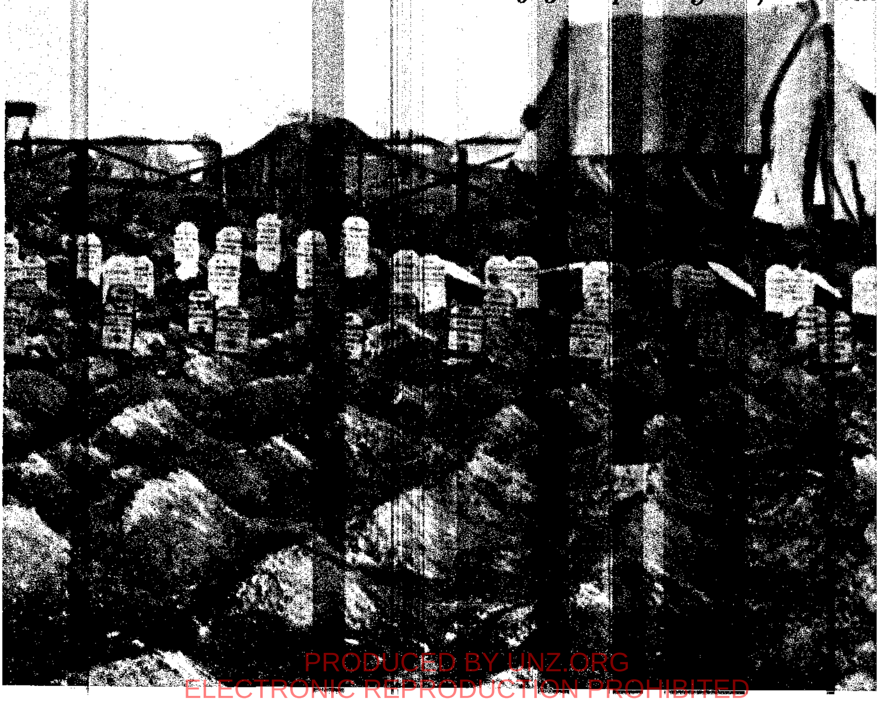


Row on row, buttons a-gleam, the conscripts waited . . .



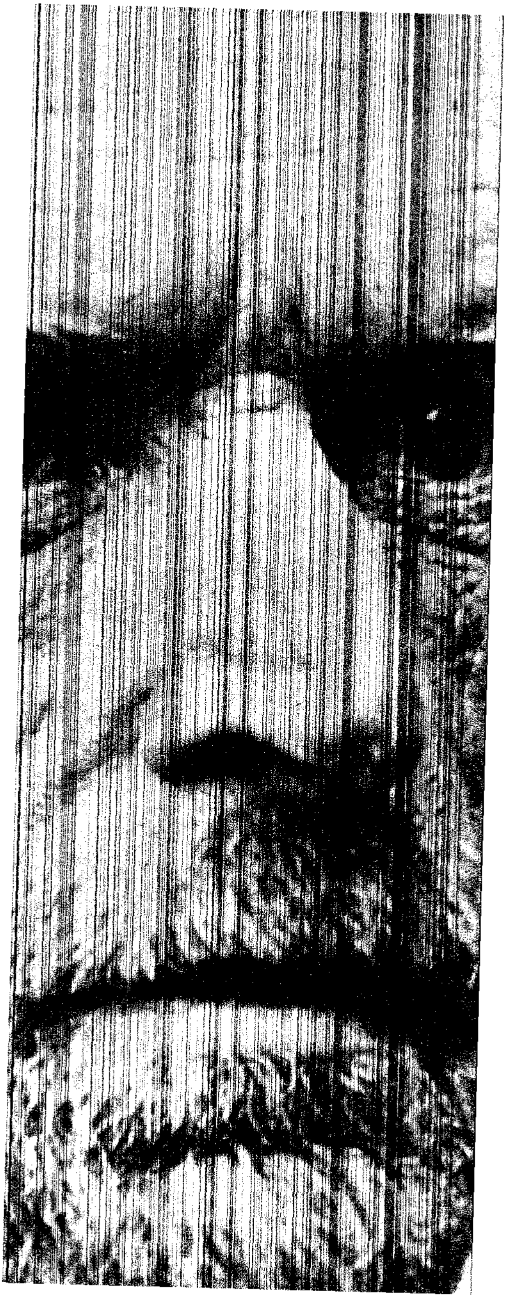


and at their destined hour they grouped again, eternal



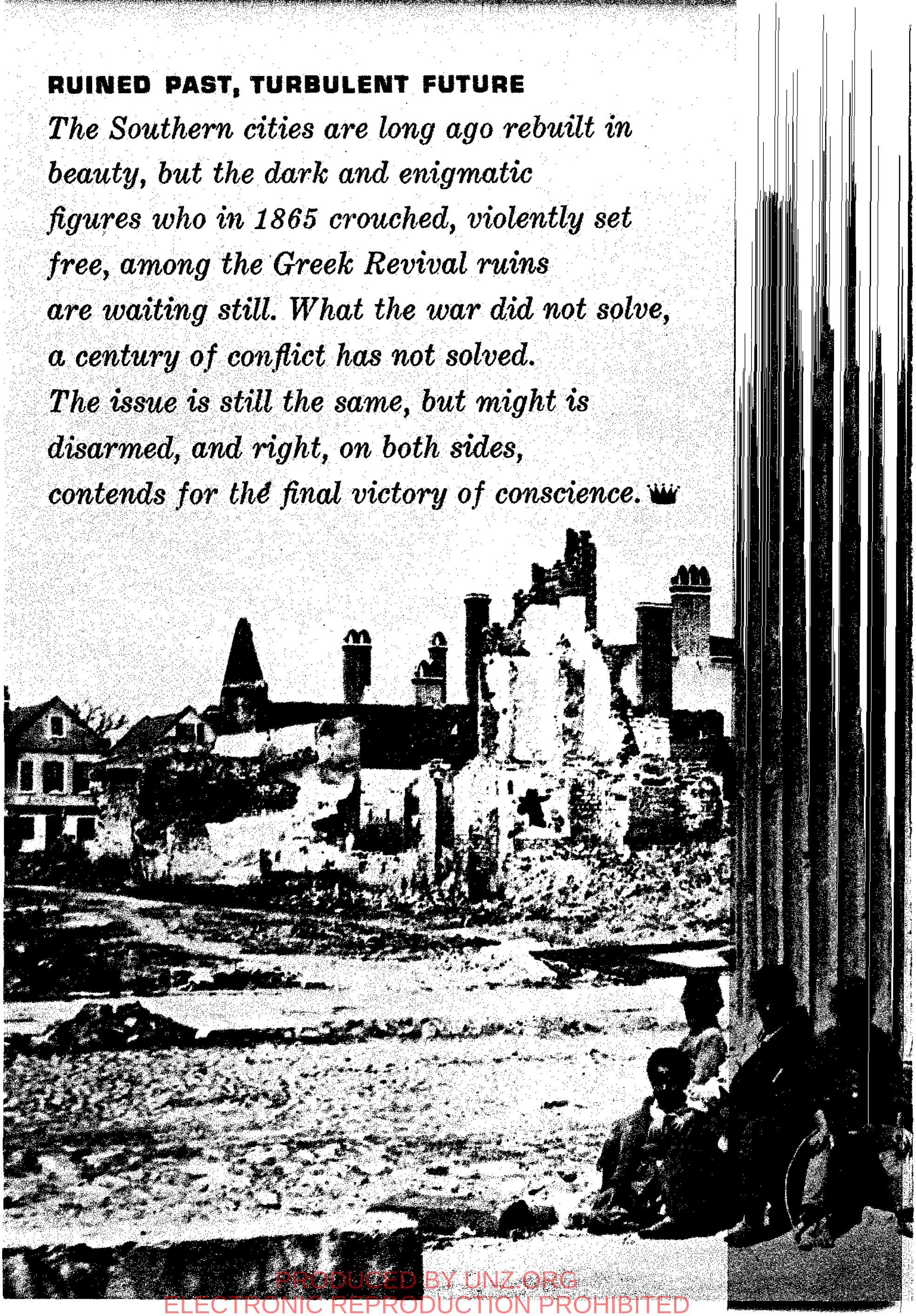
ARCHITECT OF HELL

They said Satan had a ring in
his nose; they called him
brute, Vandal, butcher—an
architect of hell. The
South smoked in his wake, from
Chattanooga to Atlanta
and from Atlanta to the sea. The
song they made of his
march was a hymn of liberation—and
a yell of triumphant looting.
He made one jaw of the nutcracker
that pinched Richmond
and ended the war. No knightly
cavalier, this; a face
fierce and terrible, sad as only the
terrible can be. A warrior
whose only cure for
pain was cautery by fire.
"War," said General Sherman, "is hell"
—and grimly proved it.



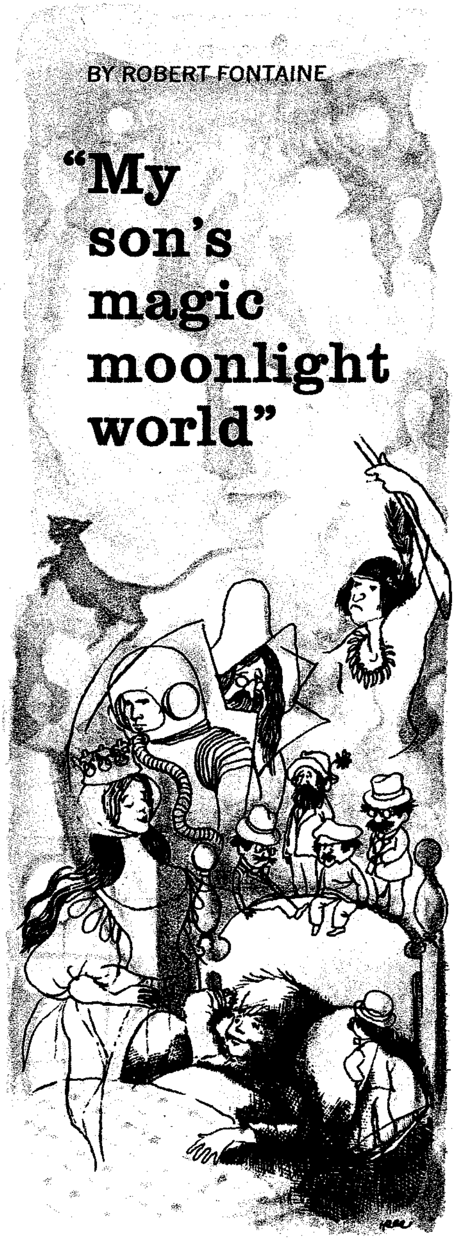
RUINED PAST, TURBULENT FUTURE

The Southern cities are long ago rebuilt in beauty, but the dark and enigmatic figures who in 1865 crouched, violently set free, among the Greek Revival ruins are waiting still. What the war did not solve, a century of conflict has not solved. The issue is still the same, but might is disarmed, and right, on both sides, contends for the final victory of conscience. ♛



BY ROBERT FONTAINE

"My son's magic moonlight world"



THE AFTER-DARK WORLD of Peter, aged nine, is peopled with wonder and adventure. During the day his room is a reasonably large cell in which chaos prevails. Several pairs of shoes, not always mated, are scattered across the floor. Dozens of other objects, hanging from bedposts and lamp shades, constitute a filing system beyond the ken of grownups, very much as the world of physicists is not the world of the average man.

It is after Peter has gone to bed, though, that his room takes on a curious aspect, not by reason of its disorder but because unfamiliar objects appear, new locales are born, creatures lacking life in the daytime assume a nocturnal existence and exotic voices rise in the darkness.

Almost immediately after Peter has said his prayers there will be his cry from the dark for a glass of water. The water, understand, is not really water; it is an elixir that Peter requires to maintain him through the long night of excitement.

When I walk through his shadowed room, I, too, am surrounded by gates that lead to enchantment. Once when I switched on the light Peter was appalled. "You might kill Them," he said, annoyed but patient. "You mustn't turn on the light after I've come to bed. It frightens Them and spoils everything and changes everything."

So I cross his room without light and, if I step on what would appear to be an encyclopedia, Peter will assure me it is nothing of the sort. It is a little space ship that has just landed from the moon, carrying almost invisible creatures whom I must not disturb.

A coat that hangs from the wall lamp is not what I think it is. It is the gear of an astronaut who, when I leave the room, may take off for Mars or Venus.

Grandpa's old walking stick leaning against the bed is now the sword of a valiant who may go back any moment (if I am not around) to the world of beauty and chivalry.

The enormous stack of books and magazines I almost fall over is a worthy fort being prepared for a siege by the Indians and if I topple it a continent may be lost and history altered.

The halo of light reflected from a metal toy in the corner must not be altered by removing the toy, for the light is not a reflection, but the spirit of a lovely princess—enchanted for the moment—ready to be released by Peter's night-time derring-do. (This princess is much more amenable than the chubby girl he walks to school with, who never shares her candy bar with him.)

The door, half-ajar, that I once mistakenly closed, does not lead into Peter's closet, it leads underground. There, around a circular table, all scores with teachers, parents, policemen and cranky cats are settled by Peter and a group of extremely tiny but very wise persons. Peter is fortunate to be able to consort with them for, as he noted, no one *above* the ground would treat him with half the seriousness.

And so, surrounding Peter in the night are balloons to take him above the world or wings to help him fly by himself if he prefers a more exciting and accurate method of travel. There are swords and guns and magic cloaks (cloaks that I often have mistaken for the window draperies). There are spirits and magicians and elves who, to the uninitiated, often take the form of storm boots or dictionaries or basketballs.

There is also music. Peter's mother and I may hear the wind or the sound of train whistles or the cat. We may detect the hissing of steam or the patter of rain. But to Peter these sounds are an orchestra whose harmony is the background for many romantic excursions. The rain is a song sung by the enchanted princess or by an ancient wizard. The steam talks in a language only the scholarly Peter can translate. It warns, it scolds, it prophesies and it reveals secrets to Peter.

Thus does Peter prepare himself for the future, with all sorts of friendly forces and only a few dangerous ones to influence him after dark. What a shame if he had to learn about the universe from the dull crowd of grownups!

Now and then, of course, Peter's nightly adventures are exhausting, his efforts violent and his activity wearing.

Only yesterday he ambled to the breakfast table tousled, sleepy-eyed and grim.

"You look tired, Peter," his mother said sympathetically.

Peter half-opened his eyes. "I know," he replied with a sigh. "I went all the way to Mars last night."

I did not scoff.

He gave up the cello to make music with Garbo, Harlow,
Ava and Lana; couldn't act much,
but is the longest-lasting lover of them all

IN BEATRICE, NEBRASKA, a musically inclined high school boy, improbably named Spangler Arlington Brough, once decided to give up the saxophone and banjo to study the cello. Spangler's cello studies never made him a cellist, but did lead indirectly to his becoming a movie actor—Robert Taylor. ■ Over the next quarter of a century—although he wasn't much of an actor—he became the most durable and one of the most highly paid screen lovers of all time. From Garbo and Harlow to Ava Gardner and Elizabeth Taylor, and including Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne, Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Vivien Leigh, Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Deborah Kerr, Greer Garson and Julie London, to name a few—Taylor wooed them all. Today he is starring for the second year on the A.B.C. television network in *Robert Taylor in The Detectives.* ■ Despite this long career of filmed romance and, currently, adventure, Robert Taylor is probably the least known of the big stars. Partly, this might be attributed to an innate mildness which keeps him out of newsworthy scrapes; partly from a deep-seated modesty that makes it impossible for him to believe that anything he does off-screen is worthy of notice. ■ His reticence also stems from self-consciousness about his appearance developed when his widow-peaked profile and full face first shone from the screen. He looked the smooth lady-killer so perfectly that even some of the female fans reacted resentfully. This got back to him but there was little he could do about it. "One thing was sure," he said recently, looking out on the 113-acre ranch where he lives not far from Beverly Hills, "I knew it wasn't about to drive me out of the money I could make in the movies—not with my father's Pennsylvania Dutch heritage!" ■ Taylor still cringes at what happened to him in Washington, D.C. when he was a young star. He was eating alone in a restaurant there when he noticed a matronly lady standing next to his table. "Oh, Mr. Taylor!" she cried, "I think you're the handsomest man in the world!" Taylor paled, got up and walked out, leaving his meal unfinished. ■ On his way to star in *A Yank at Oxford* in England, he picked an unfortunate morning to detrain in New York. The previous evening novelist Ernest Hemingway had slugged—and been slugged by—critic Max Eastman over an Eastman statement that Hemingway had "false hair" on his chest. The story was on the front pages. ■ "Have you got any hair on *your* chest, Mr. Taylor?" asked an inspired reporter, as Taylor stepped off the train. ■ For perhaps the first time in his life Taylor lost control of himself, and swung at the newsman. As hairy-chested as the next man,

Screen test as Spangler A. Brough.

Garbo "loved him" in Camille (1936).

he also swings about as wildly. He was separated from the reporter without damage to either party. That afternoon's papers really hurt him, though. They decided—on the front pages—that as a pugilist he was more funny than ferocious.

The stories were picked up worldwide and, by the time Taylor arrived in London, columnist Louella Parsons noted that "poor Robert Taylor is going to try and make a comeback with his English picture." His only comfort was that groups of English girls forced their way into his hotel and a half-dozen even got into his room. Taylor was grateful for the compliment.

Except for his marriage to and divorce from Barbara Stanwyck, he never made the front page again with his personal affairs. During the war he quietly joined the U.S. Navy and logged 2,500 hours as a flying instructor. When he married Ursula Thiess, a young German actress, the ceremony took place on a cabin cruiser in the middle of Jackson Lake, Wyoming. There were no reporters within 50 miles.

Taylor was born 49 years ago in tiny Filley, Nebraska (Pop. 149—1960 Census). His father, a grain merchant, discovered his wife had heart disease, and decided to help her by studying medicine. He earned his degree, and practiced in Crete, Nebraska. Taylor can't remember his parents ever quarreling. Dr. Brough forbade his wife heavy tasks and laundered the family wash at his office. Mrs. Brough is living today. Dr. Brough died 28 years ago, a comparatively young man.

Taylor entered Doane College in Crete, majoring in medicine and economics and studying music under Professor Herbert Gray. When Professor Gray transferred to Pomona College in California, about 30 miles from Hollywood, Taylor followed, lugging his cello. It was a fateful decision, since it was at Pomona that he went out for school theatricals.

"I wasn't stage-struck," Taylor recalls. "It was just that I was lonesome and thought I would meet more girls that way . . . a little idea that certainly worked out."

He had looks and a good timbre to his voice but was otherwise unimpressive. He also had a distressing tendency to rephrase his lines into a combination of western and Pennsylvania Dutch (inherited from his father) idiom.

One night in a school performance he was supposed to pluck an artificial rose and cry out, "Oh! Prickly thing!" He grabbed carelessly and pierced his finger on a pin. "Dammen it all to hell!" he yelled, going Dutch.

Out in the audience a half-asleep man stirred. He was the late Ben Piazza, talent scout for M-G-M. Up to then he had been unmoved by what he later described as Taylor's "slick pan." Now he caught a flicker of fire behind the façade. He kept an eye on the boy, and, after Taylor graduated, signed him to a movie contract at $35 a week.

When Taylor was christened Spangler Arlington Brough, a family friend predicted, "He'll never live to maturity with that tag!" The prophet was correct. Ida Koverman, executive secretary of Louis B. Mayer, then head of M-G-M Studios, conjured up the name of Robert Taylor.

So he became Robert Taylor on the M-G-M roster of actors. He stayed on the payroll for 24 years, the longest acting term contract in Hollywood's history, exceeding even that of the late "King" Clark Gable.

But Taylor's beginning gave no hint of his staying power. Platinum-haired Jean Harlow said his lovemaking in *Personal Property* (1936) amounted to no more than "gawking at me." Irene Dunne completely outshone him and nearly smote him dumb with her regality and her $125,000 salary for their picture, *Magnificent Obsession* (1935). Taylor was getting a steady $85 a week. It was "no contest" as to who got the best camera angles when he co-starred with Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy.* "But it was Garbo who gave me my first real education in acting," he said recently, with a wry laugh.

"When shooting started on *Camille,*" he recollects, "Garbo had nothing to say to her Armand (me) that wasn't to be spoken in front of the camera. This went on for six weeks, and I started stumbling around, because I felt she disapproved of me. She wouldn't even acknowledge my presence off the set. I was miserable because of her dismissal of me as a person.

"Then one morning she smiled at me. Not only that—she said, 'Hello, Bob,' in that husky, intimate voice she usually reserved for the chaiselongue scenes. I practically fell over myself getting to my place alongside her. And from then on I was an awakened man—and an awakened actor.

"It got so that while waiting for new setups, Garbo didn't retire to her dressing room alone, but spent the time with me. On location in Griffith Park, we went for walks in the woods, holding hands.

"When the final scene was shot and the director, George Cukor, waved his satisfaction, I turned eagerly to Garbo but she was already walking away. I called to her but she took no notice. And although we both worked in the same studio for a couple of years more, I never saw her again!"

Taylor hypothesizes: "As Armand I was a dead weight in front of the camera and Garbo figured that I could use some real-life stimulation. Once the picture was finished . . . so was I."

Taylor met Barbara Stanwyck at a Hollywood party hosted by Zeppo Marx. Seated beside her at dinner he found no words to say but when the music started they danced—every dance. Taylor knew he wanted to see her again and managed to blurt out a request for a date. She hesitated and he was sure he had been presumptuous. Actually Stanwyck was not certain she was ready for a public appearance after her recent divorce from Frank Fay. She suggested that Taylor dine at her house.

Taylor came to dinner and stayed to admire. He found Miss Stanwyck fascinating, both as a woman and an actress. She had danced in night clubs, acted in the legitimate theater. She knew show business—and he didn't.

He sat at her feet—and she coached him, evaluated scripts and gave him acting tips it would have taken him years to learn. A year after they met Taylor telephoned her from England and proposed. Stanwyck accepted but they were not to marry for two years.

"The studio scared me out of it," he said, shamefaced, rubbing a day-old black beard. "The front office's unwritten rule was that a star either got married and divorced with dispatch or stayed single. Barbara was hurt but she understood my fear of slipping. A man has to make a living and I couldn't do anything except act. I shouldn't have had any qualms. My biggest successes actually came after we got married."

Taylor was 28 and Stanwyck 32 when they were wed in San Diego one minute after the end of May 13, 1939. The marriage lasted nearly 12 years. "You could say," he offered, "that our profession, which brought us together, also helped separate us."

Stanwyck is happiest near the studios and gets all her traveling in movie location trips. For Taylor acting has been a living, but not the direct source of his day-to-day satisfactions: "When I got the money to live like I wanted to, I turned to the outdoors. I learned to fly in 1940, bought me a plane, and flew where I wanted—usually fishing or hunting."

Stanwyck went along a few times but was bored. When Taylor wasn't away on movie location (which she forgave) he was as likely to be shooting game in Northern Canada or Mexico—and this she resented. But it was when he was making *Quo Vadis* in Italy that trouble broke out. He was away too long—seven months in Rome—and talk drifted back linking him to an Italian beauty.

The signorina was Lia di Leo. Stanwyck flew to Rome, saw for herself and had a conference with her husband.

"We came to a realization that it was no go," is the only comment he will make of that meeting.

Her suit for divorce was granted in 1951. He gave her their $100,000 Brentwood mansion and 15 percent of his net earnings during her lifetime or until she remarried. Stanwyck was candid about her heartbreak. "Why pretend?" she was quoted. But she and Taylor are good friends today.

When he met his present wife Taylor commented that they both had cleft chins. This discussion, somewhat amplified, lasted for the best part of a year, after which they eloped to that boat on Jackson Lake. There are now two more cleft—or dimpled—chins in the family. One belongs to Terry, their son, who is five, and the other to one-and-a-half-year-old daughter Tessa.

Taylor's ranch, which he bought two years ago, hasn't a flat area on it except where the white brick, farmhouse-style house is set. Taylor has considerable money; he has always been a conservative. He also was and remains a blood-loyal Republican, and he was a member of former Vice President Nixon's Celebrities Committee.

Because he loves to travel, Taylor has accepted a number of movie assignments in remote parts of the globe. His next picture, an adventure story, is entitled *Formosa*, and current plans are to film it on location on that strategic island.

Recently Taylor said, "There has been no drama at all in my own life. I never battled for success—my genes took care of that. My face was my fortune and my only sore trial."

The years have given a more rugged cast to his features and added poundage to his once reedy frame. "I bet Garbo would never recognize me now," he says. "But then, of course," he adds, "except for that one period, she really never did." ♛

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

AT DINNER ONE evening, my husband commented to our small son:

"I hear you're studying science in school. Are you learning all about rockets and the moon?"

"No, Daddy," was the reply, "just worms."

—MRS. BILL JORDON *(Dixie Roto Magazine)*

EVERYONE CALLED HIM Buster because he had a name that no one could pronounce or spell. Actually, he was a little Turkish boy who waited on table in the American officers' mess in Ezurum.

"Buster, get the catsup. Buster, bring some water. Buster, more mashed potatoes," the orders would ring out as Buster sped about his duties.

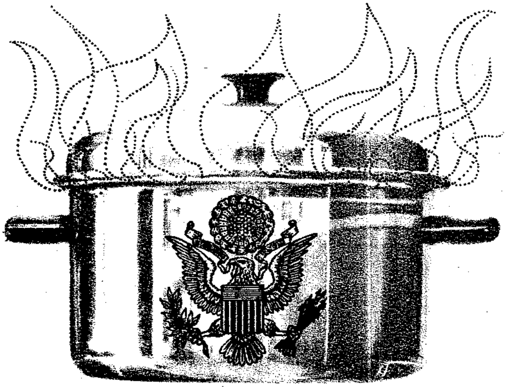
One day he rebelled. He slammed the catsup on the table with a resounding clatter and cried: "Me no buster. My father, my mother married. Me no buster."

—*New York Times*

A BRITISH NURSING home advertised for a "Lady superintendent—male or female." —ALMA MINZER

POLICE IN NEW CANAAN, Connecticut, found an abandoned 1940 model car. A note attached to the conked-out car read: "Please give it a decent burial."

—LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM



BY JOAN NIELSEN McHALE

Where our "most exclusive" clubmen eat

It's in their own U. S. Senate Restaurant where the favorite dish is bean soup

THE UNITED STATES Senate Restaurant, located one floor below the Senate Chamber on the first floor of the nation's Capitol, looks like a page cut out of history. With its ornately painted ceilings, crystal chandeliers, velvet curtains and gold-framed mirrors, it is not surprising that a guide might suggest to the crowd he's escorting by the open doors, "You halfway expect Teddy Roosevelt to come chargin' out the door, don't you?"

Ogling tourists see white-jacketed waiters rushing food from across the hall into the network of private rooms where Senators can eat alone or with their families and guests.

Legend has it that one day after numerous complaints had been received about the white jackets being too sloppy, all the waiters appeared in specially designed reddish-pink-hued mess jackets with the restaurant's insignia on their shoulders. When a Senator spotted the initials of the United States Senate Restaurant on his waiter's shoulder, he cried, "U.S.S.R. on a pink jacket? My God, what will the voters think?"

Two "outside rooms" seating 40-50 people separate Senate staff and press from the "Senators Only" sign on the inner room. Across the hall is the stag get-away-from-it-all arena, which Senators call "the back room." There, two long tables are reserved for Senators, one for each political party. "Only we don't tell freshman Senators which table is for Democrats and which one Republicans," one Senator chuckles. "It's a game."

The menu is neither high-priced nor gourmet. The same blue menu is set before diners in all the rooms. A low calorie lunch, usually $1, features a meat, vegetables, salad, toast and beverage. Prices and variety range from 30-cent egg sandwiches, $1.05 casserole to half-pound sirloin steaks at $2.50. (On the other side of "The Hill," at the United States House of Representatives Restaurant, prices are slightly lower. Additional to that menu, not seen on the Senate side, is a Bromo-Seltzer.)

Visitors usually ask, "Are the Senators eating free . . . on the taxpayers?" The answer is "no." The Restaurant, run by the Rules and Administration Committee of the Senate, must pay its own way. So must the Senators. Most of them pay cash; a few others sign.

Meals are served until the Senate adjourns each day. During the long civil rights debate of February and March 1960 (called Washington's late-late-late show) the restaurant ran 'round the clock.

But even without filibusters, Senators find little time to relax there. When roll call buzzers sound, they bolt for the elevators and ride upstairs to vote.

Before 1903, Senators could eat leisurely, downing capon under glass and Smithfield ham, with alcoholic beverages. Then a bill was passsed abolishing the sale of liquor within the Capitol.

One tradition that has remained intact is the inclusion on the menu of Navy Pea Bean Soup. Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota gave the Restaurant this recipe in 1907. Today it is as famous as the Restaurant itself. (A restaurant in Hong Kong features it at $4 a bowl.)

One hot summer day, shortly after the bean soup had been instituted, a perspiring Senator discovered the thick potion missing from the menu. At the next meeting of the Rules and Administration Committee, he mentioned the case of the absent soup and the Committee agreed that henceforth it should always be on the menu.

John O'Donnell, former Washington bureau chief for the New York *Daily News*, decided to print the recipe in his syndicated column, "Capitol Stuff," some years ago. After it appeared, the roof fell in. Housewives all over the country called their papers, their Congressmen, their lawyers. It seems that while O'Donnell had stated specifically that the recipe was for five *gallons* of soup, his readers had overlooked the fact. One woman tearfully wrote, "You just don't know how beans swell . . ."

As a result, the recipe for Senate Navy Pea Bean Soup has appeared on the back of the menu every day, with a careful note that the recipe serves eight portions.

Senator George Smathers (D-Fla.) insists that its flavor secret "is that the pot hasn't been washed since 1862. I'm sure there's an old glove in it somewhere."

Paul C. Johnson, the venerable maître d' hôtel, now 75, holds top seniority on Capitol Hill; he has been serving there longer than any one else. He can remember what every visiting celebrity has eaten, in six decades of serving. Given to noncommittal answers about the living ("I'd rather not discuss our statesmen") he speaks more freely about the past, such as the time Vice President Calvin Coolidge honored Lord Balfour, Britain's former foreign secretary, with a luncheon.

The Famous Senate Restaurant
BEAN SOUP RECIPE

Take two pounds of small Navy Pea Beans, wash and run through hot water until beans are white again. Put on the fire with four quarts of hot water. Then take one and one-half pounds of smoked ham hocks, boil slowly, approximately three hours, in covered pot. Braise one chopped onion in a little butter, and, when light brown, put in Bean Soup. Season with salt and pepper, then serve. Do not add salt until ready to serve. (Eight persons.)

"We served corn sticks, lamb chops and strawberry shortcake," Johnson recalls. "Well sir, Mr. Coolidge, he comes up and catches me by the arm and says, 'Paul, don't give them such BIG portions!' "

President Warren G. Harding was a watermelon fan, and Senator Robert Taft (R-Ohio) loved salads. When Winston Churchill came to eat, he ordered creamed chicken on patty shells, spring salad, black coffee, black cigars and hard candy.

Home-state specials are part of the Restaurant's ritual. If Senator J. Glenn Beall (R-Md.) sends crabcakes or Senator Frank Church (D-Idaho) presents Johnson with Idaho potatoes, they become the specialty of the day.

In the "back room," Senators needle one another about taste preferences and regional differences. When a certain southern Senator who was eating at the table next to Senator Kenneth Keating (R-N.Y.) said, "Ken, that was the best piece of apple pie I ever ate," Keating responded, "No wonder it tasted so good to you. That pie was made from Northern Spies."

Senator J. W. Fulbright (D-Ark.) takes a ribbing about his penchant for yogurt and honey, and is always recommending fresh fruit and berries to his tablemates "so they'll live longer." Senator Carl Hayden, who has been representing Arizona in the House and Senate ever since his state came into the Union in 1912, always sits at the end of the Democrats' table, munching graham crackers while he awaits his meal.

Senator Robert Kerr (D-Okla.) loves sweets, but vows daily that he is on a diet. "I watch him eat cottage cheese and Melba toast, and then he orders a caramel sundae," Florida Senator George Smathers says with a chuckle.

President John F. Kennedy ate very lightly as a Senator. Lady Bird Johnson, wife of the Vice President, takes visitors to lunch in the "Senators Only" dining room.

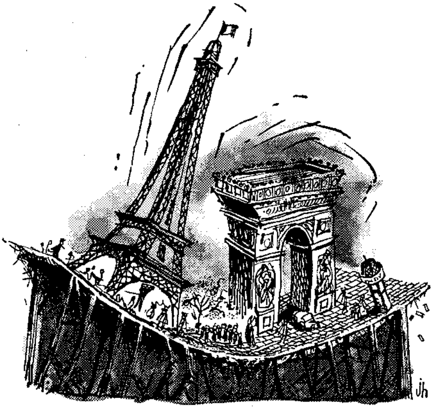
Richard Nixon, who as Vice President presided over the Senate, rarely made it to the dining room. He preferred to lunch in his office.

Washington visitors, however, never pass up the chance to eat at the United States Senate Restaurant. They consider it a treat second only to being invited to tea at the White House.

A THEME SONG for moonshiners: "In Distill of the Night."

—MARY KARR

The hollow heart of Paris



In total darkness, under the City of Light, miles of tortuous tunnels weave a weird web

BY BERN KEATING

"PARIS IS HOLLOW, monsieur," my taxi driver said. "We are rolling over an emptiness and at any instant the earth may open before us."

He watched the road ahead, perhaps for telltale cracks.

"The authorities suppress the news, but Paris is doomed," he said. "The pillars of the underground quarries that furnished its stones are rotting, the galleries will collapse, we shall all disappear in the ruins."

At my hotel he paid me the compliment one brave man gives to another. "You have of the courage," he said. "This quarter is the most hollow district of Paris, and here is where the cave-in will start."

The next morning, with amusement, I told the chauffeur's story to a French geographer. "But your chauffeur has reason, my brave one," said my friend. "He overacts, perhaps, but Paris is hollow, indeed, in danger of cave-in. Since almost 200 years an office of underground quarry inspection patrols the abandoned galleries to avert just such a catastrophe."

My friend admitted that nobody has disappeared recently in the ruins of a building sliding beneath the earth. "But it has happened before and it could happen again," he insisted. He made an appointment for me to walk through the empty avenues underneath Paris with the patrolmen who inspect and prop up the tunnels left behind when the underground quarries closed shop.

Under the streets south of the Luxembourg Gardens, I followed a guide who flashed a lamp down tunnels carved and abandoned, he said, during the Hundred Years War. We walked through traffic circles with radiating avenues, down narrow alleys and wider boulevards, across crossroads and spacious squares. I had the feeling that I was walking a ghostly city's streets, a feeling strengthened by the street signs put up wherever a tunnel parallels an overhead road, and by street numbers on the stone walls corresponding to the address overhead.

The tunnel network is much more complex than the streets above, however. It is so bewildering that at least one tunnel patrolman, who missed a turn, died. When visitors are in the underground quarries, a guard near the exit will sound a bugle to guide them back if they stay out too long. Some visitors carry a phone book and drop numbered pages in sequence as they go. Returning, they check the numbers on the pages to be sure that they are moving closer to the exit.

After visiting this weird underworld of Paris I emerged shivering. I did the only decent thing; first, I hurried to a café for a quick restorative, then I called my geographer friend to confess I was convinced.

It is true; one-tenth of the surface of Paris is a thin crust over miles of subterranean galleries, some of them almost 1,000 years old, and many two or three layers deep. Three-and-a-quarter square miles of Paris are propped up by pillars.

Even in the days of the Romans, builders found here the stone for the new city. When numerous religious orders established themselves on the Right Bank about the year 1,000, not enough stone and gypsum could be found on the surface to meet the demands for new churches and monasteries; so the stonecutters went deep underground. They riddled the earth until vast areas were

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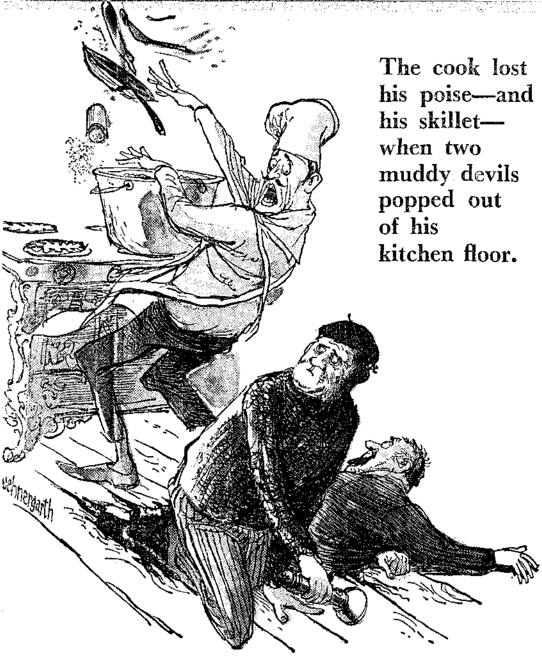

The cook lost his poise—and his skillet—when two muddy devils popped out of his kitchen floor.

so honeycombed that they dared not cut another block for fear of bringing the ceiling down on their heads. They walked off, leaving their tunnels empty and forgotten.

It was just before the French Revolution that chunks of Paris began to disappear. In Ménilmontant an entire hill fell in, and a year later, a house with seven Parisians dropped into another hole nearby. The last victim was dug out 25 days later, 88 feet below the surface. On the other side of Paris, 328 yards of a street fell into a hole 82 feet deep, and the populace panicked.

Explorers sent underground by King Louis XVI confirmed the fears of the people. Most of South Paris was threatened.

The king, in 1777, named an emergency commission, the General Quarry Inspection, to explore the tunnels and to shore up weak points. The commission has worked without interruption ever since—through revolution, two empires, a commune, five republics, war and peace. While one team of quarry inspectors searched the underground for uncharted caves, another team propped up the tunnels where deteriorating ceilings threatened roadways or public buildings. They are still protecting public works, but protection of a private building is the owner's responsibility.

Inspectors say that they have mapped virtually all the 180 miles of old underground quarry; no new tunneling has been permitted since 1873. They frown on private exploring parties. Nevertheless, Parisians disregard this now and then. Two of them who sneaked an illegal Sunday walk in the tunnels back in 1949 ran out of flashlight battery power and had to feel their way along the clammy stone walls. They found a wooden door so rotten that they were able to kick it in. They burst into a private kitchen where the cook had a fit of hysterics at the sight of two muddy strangers shooting up from the floor.

When propping of weak points was well under way, Parisians suddenly had 180 miles of usable tunnel. The thrifty French will not let anything be wasted for long. Brewers and mushroom farmers, attracted by the constant temperature of the

(continued on page 100)

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VITAMIN PRICE COMPARISONS
Now You Too Can Learn How To SAVE...

STOP PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR
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A recent public service study of Patent Medicines in one of New York's leading evening newspapers, devoted one entire installment to VITAMINS and disclosed many interesting highlights about the sale of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

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Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings up to 50% and more. Page after page in the Free Hudson Catalog shows tremendous dollar savings on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements.

Here is one example from the Hudson Vitamin Catalog: A very popular multiple vitamin that is taken once-a-day, regularly sells for about $3.10 per 100 . . . the Hudson formula sells for only $1.50 per 100.

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"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received hundreds of telephone calls requesting copies of the Hudson Vitamin Catalog. This interest prompted us to tell the entire nation our story.

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(continued from page 96)

underground rooms (between 45 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit), moved in. But as the horse was pushed out of Paris by motor traffic, most of the mushroom growers moved away, too, for the luscious "champignon de Paris" cannot be grown economically too far from a stable; and most of the little underground brewers of Paris are gone.

It was the government of Paris itself, though, that made the most spectacular use of the empty tunnels when it established the Catacombs. In the last days of Louis XVI, Paris faced up to the fact that the health of the living was imperiled by the accumulated dead of almost 2,000 years.

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOU HELP

Randomly piled up over the years, the remains had become such sources of infection that drastic action had to be taken. On April 7, 1786, a corps of monks and priests consecrated some of the tunnels south of the Luxembourg Gardens, and that same night undertakers' crews began to carry the bones from condemned cemeteries and stack them along the walls of the abandoned quarries, known from then on as the Catacombs. An estimated 6,000,000 Parisians are now buried in the old quarries.

At the bottom of a well in the back yard of a Left Bank restaurant, tunnel patrolmen even found a mountain of cat skulls. The mystery was explained when they learned that the restaurant overhead specialized in "rabbit stew."

One Saturday afternoon I followed a line of candles carried by 300 other sight-seers through the corridors of the Catacombs. We walked by the bones of Pascal, Rabelais, Racine, Descartes, Montesquieu, of the Man in the Iron Mask, maybe even of King Clovis and his wife, St. Clotilda, who brought Christianity to the Franks, and of St. Geneviève whose prayers turned back Attila's Huns from the gates of Paris. Almost everybody who was buried in the center of old Paris, half the great names of French history, art and literature, are represented in the piles of bones in the old quarries near Montparnasse.

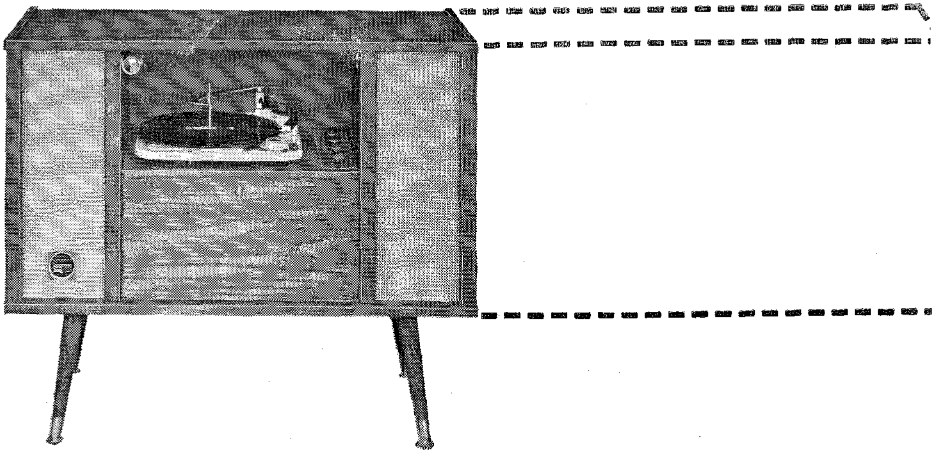
The way through the Catacombs is marked with a black streak drawn on the ceiling, while side alleys and cross tunnels are blocked with grills and bates. Still the guards use a turnstile to count the visitors in and out.

"What do you do if you count out one less than you counted in?" I asked the turnstile guardian.

"Monsieur, we do not get alarmed until we count out one *more* than went in," he said.

During the occupation of Paris in World War II, the Germans fitted out some Left Bank sewers and tunnels as air raid shelters for themselves and used an immense

(continued on page 102)



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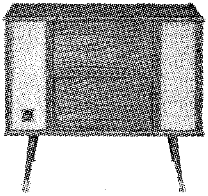
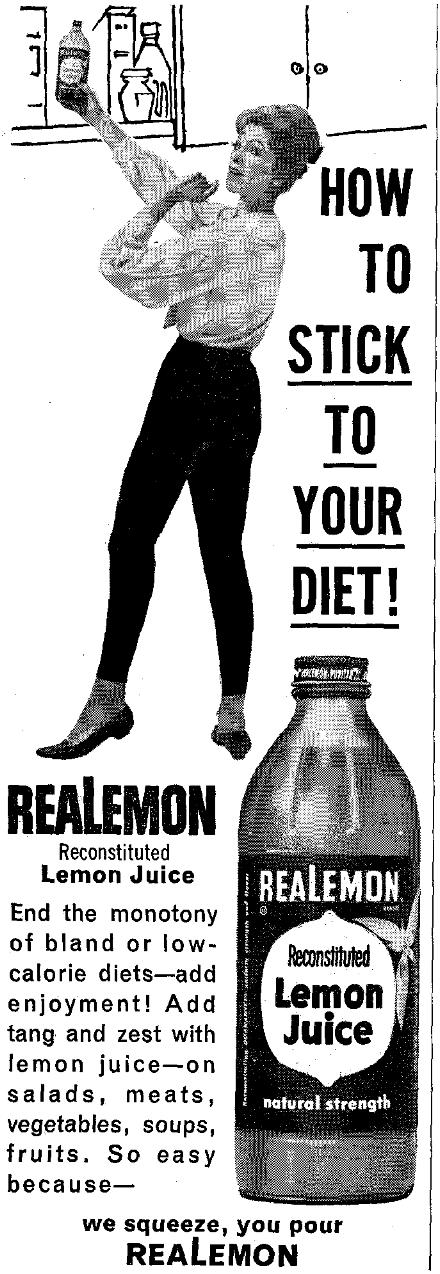


WEBCOR *tape recorders, portable and console fonografs, radios, components.*



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we squeeze, you pour
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(continued from page 100)

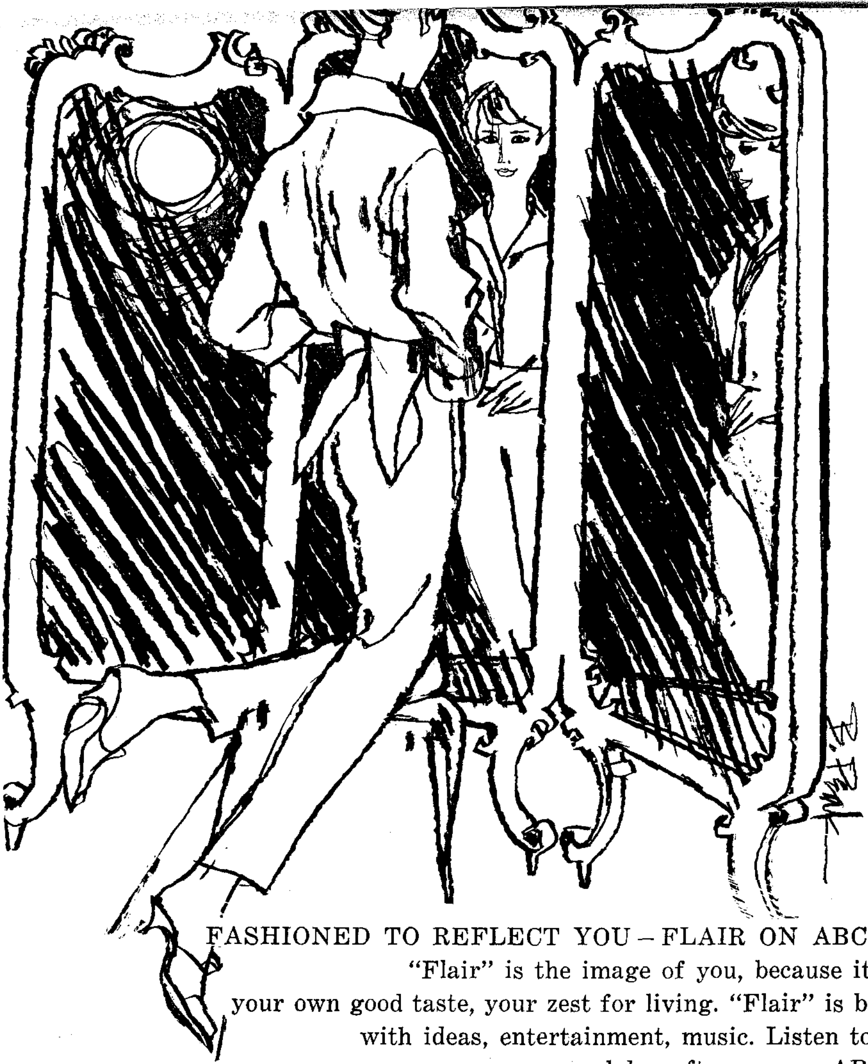
cavern south of the Invalides as a telephone center. The switchboard center was the only spot where any kind of fighting took place underground. Just before the Liberation, the switchboard cables were cut by bombs touched off in nearby tunnels by persons unfriendly to the Germans.

The tunnels played a role in the Liberation, however. Unknown even to the Germans after four years of occupation was an old, deep quarry cavern fitted with two telephone switchboards, one connected with the regular city line and the other with the private network of the sewer system. The cavern connected with the Catacombs had three other escape hatches and linked with a tunnel that ran to a spot several miles outside Paris. It was an ideal command headquarters for the clandestine resistance army.

As the Allied troops moved toward Paris in August 1944, Colonel Rol-Tanguy, commandant of the French Forces of the Interior for the Paris region, moved into the cavern with his staff. Orders flowed from the underground command post to the underground army by phone and courier. When the lightly armed F.F.I. insurgents came up against German tanks, Colonel Rol-Tanguy sent out from the underground cavern the recipe for making a Molotov cocktail. Late in the afternoon of August 25, 1944, the Germans surrendered the city and the underground army headquarters staff came up from the quarries to celebrate a liberated Paris.

The Liberation was the signal for

(continued on page 104)



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(continued from page 102)

Parisian restaurateurs to run happily *down* into their basements. Swinging sledges, they felled the stone partitions they had hastily built at the fall of Paris. They reopened the underground secret rooms where, for four years, two months and 11 days, their finest bottles of wine had been sealed off from the invader.

After World War II the most fashionable night life of Paris was lived in the existentialist caves under St.-Germain-des-Prés. It is still chic to go underground on the Left Bank for a night's singing and dancing.

Two young Parisian friends, Albert and Olga Pardo, guided me on a night's round of the Left Bank underground night spots—the *Caveau de la Bolée*, the *Cave à la Huchette*, *Les Trois Mailletz*. When word seeped down from the upper world that the sun was rising, we tapped a bottle of champagne to toast underground Paris, the Pardos went their way to their Latin Quarter home, perched above some of the deepest tunnels of Paris, and I went back to my undermined Passy Hotel.

I slept untroubled by thoughts of underground chasms; not because I doubted their existence, but because now I knew Paris has added the underground world to its fascinating charm. ♛

WELCOME
TO
BURLINGTON
IOWA

IN OUR DECEMBER 1960 issue, CORONET published a list of some of the worst speed traps in the U.S. in "U.S. Speed Traps: Cash Register Justice" by Don Murray, Pulitzer-prize winning reporter. The article was checked by national traffic authorities; and our readers have supported it by an unprecedented flood of letters and affidavits. Unfortunately, one error crept into this national survey. Burlington, Iowa, was identified as a speed trap. It is not. In Burlington there has been variation of speed limits on one road. But this was not used to trap motorists; and the City Council now has under advisement the placing of a uniform speed limit on this highway. We apologize to the good citizens of Burlington for erroneously linking them with speed traps.

NB. There is still time for those with personal knowledge of speed traps to add their information to that already mailed in by CORONET readers. This will be published in a future issue of CORONET. Contributors' identities are kept in strictest confidence. THE EDITORS

BY DON MURRAY

The lively lady of Wall Street

She's a gossipy, inquisitive, skeptical, hard-nosed, intensely read newspaper

RIGHT AROUND the corner from Wall Street, at 44 Broad, lives a lively lady who watches capitalism's goings-on with maternal affection, prim propriety and a cheerful delight in gossip.

She is *The Wall Street Journal,* the extraordinary daily which is one of our only two national newspapers. (The other is *The Christian Science Monitor.*) Five nights a week the contents of the *Journal* are sent at the rate of 66 words a minute over 33,000 miles of leased wires simultaneously to printing plants in New York City; San Francisco; Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts; Cleveland; Chicago; Dallas and Washington, D. C. Five mornings a week—Monday through Friday—it goes to more than 700,000 subscribers in 50 states.

These *Journals* are many more than could have been imagined when the paper was first cranked off an old flatbed press in 1889 as an outgrowth of the Dow Jones business news service.

Dow Jones president Bernard Kilgore says today that *The Wall Street Journal* is now edited for "everybody who is engaged in making a living or is interested in how other people are making a living." One result: it has 6,025 more readers in California than in New York. The *Journal*'s reporters do more than get the facts on stock splits, mergers and industrial trends. They also report how the vice president of one Eastern corporation plugged the carburetor in the car of a rival to make the latter late to his first executive meeting; how check-cashing agencies in New York City make it possible for many businessmen to escape paying income tax; and that the overdue bills of an Atlanta surgeon run between $9,000 and $10,000 a month.

Journal reporters turn up at the White House, at a school for gamblers, on the golf course with a multimillionaire, or at a millionaire's $300-a-day imperial suite at the Chicago Hilton Hotel.

The front page tantalizes with such headlines as "How To Get Fired," "Throat Cutting," "Living It Up In Laos."

In the *Journal* the personnel manager of a large department store was reported as saying, "We've told most of our security officers to stop watching shoplifters and start watching the clerks." And it was a *Journal* reporter who dug up the fact that one 30-year-old executive spends $235 a year for 100 gallons of java delivered to his desk during coffee breaks. Another noted that the best information source for hunting down deadbeats is often the man's mother-in-law.

Still, the mainstay of the *Journal* is not such whimsical items; it is hard news, personally dug up and carefully reported. Its staff is perhaps the highest paid in the newspaper business. Its minimum salaries are above those of the Newspaper Guild and top reporters earn upwards of $13,000 a year.

Journal men stationed in New York City headquarters, 15 domestic bureaus and nine foreign offices do such a thorough job of news-gathering that the paper, unlike many other dailies, depends little on outside wire services; it produces almost 100 percent of its own stories. But the *Journal* has its own wire service—the powerful Dow Jones ticker—which has subscribers in 620 cities nationwide. Having its own wire service gives the *Journal* a unique position among newspapers—it is allowed to rewrite AP, UPI and Reuters news dispatches and use them without credit in its front-page feature, "What's News."

The Dow Jones ticker is considered almost an official service by stockbrokers, businessmen and the public. And it is its authority that makes people occasionally try to trick it into printing something to their advantage. A false news item could affect a stock or the whole market. This has established the careful journalistic techniques of the *Wall Street Journal*—always checking back on a telephone call, even if the voice is familiar, for example.

The paper is solidly conservative, although it declares, "We are radical—just as radical as the Christian doctrine," and yet it is perfectly willing to expose errant capitalists. The rationale is that it is good for capitalism to examine and correct its own mistakes in public.

THE JOURNAL will also fight for what it considers right. In 1951 it sent staffer John Williams to head its news bureau in Detroit with a specific instruction: not to join the "off the record" club of Detroit journalists, a convenient sounding board for the automobile industry. Its members could get advance news—but always "off the record"—which they could not print until it was officially released.

This decision made Williams extremely unpopular with his colleagues. But it gave him the free hand he needed. On May 28, 1954 the *Journal* broke a story far ahead of time that the 1955 Ford, Chevrolet, Mercury and Pontiac would have wrap-around windshields. It revealed other advance details, and reprinted manufacturers' drawings of the new models, obtained despite auto manufacturers' tight security.

General Motors retaliated by refusing to give the *Journal* any news releases or let any G-M official talk to any *Journal* representative. Then it canceled $250,000 worth of advertising in the *Journal*.

For weeks the war went on. The *Journal* stood fast: "A newspaper exists only to provide information for its readers. . . . When it begins to suppress that news, whether at the behest of its advertisers or on pleas on special segments of business, it will soon cease to be of any service," said Kilgore. It was not long before G-M surrendered unconditionally.

Kilgore's philosophy stems from the fact that the *Journal* is a newspaperman's newspaper. Most of its executives have served as managing editor, and they believe in close-up reporting. Thus, official press releases are accepted at the *Journal*, but always checked. Sometimes this pays off in a whale of a scoop.

Such a case occurred a few years ago when a release announced that a group of Chicago executives of Empire Industries, a mail order concern, had bought RKO Pictures Corp. from Howard Hughes with a down payment of $1,500,000. On investigation, the Empire company was hard to find. There was another interesting facet to the RKO story. The top company officials of the new group were named in the release: president, vice president, director, and so on—but most unusually, so was the labor consultant. It seemed odd that such a comparatively unimportant job should be included among the top officers.

The *Journal*'s Chicago man, Ames Smithers, began checking. At the Better Business Bureau he found ample evidence of the existence and activities of Empire Industries in the complaint file. With this and other information the *Journal* began a series of hard-hitting stories.

At the top of the front page on Thursday, October 16, 1952 there appeared the following headline:

RKO'S NEW OWNERS

A Punchboard King,
A Mail Order Charity Mogul,
And A Gambling Oil Man

Of the president, Ralph Stolkin, then 34, the *Journal* said in part that he came from Chicago "where he has built a little empire of business upon the foundation of a yokel gambling device—the punchboard." The *Journal* noted that Arnold M. Grant had become the $2,000-a-week chairman of the RKO board without investing in a single share of stock. Then the paper pointed out that attorney Sidney Korshak, the labor consultant to the new management, had represented "Cherry Nose" Gioe, a Capone lieutenant, and added that "lawyer Korshak's most recent claim to public attention came when, like many another honest citizen, his name bobbed up in testimony before the Kefauver Committee."

Of another of RKO's new men, Abraham Leonard Koolish, the newspaper wrote: "He has been deeply interested in philanthropy—that is to say, in running charity drives for profit." Then the paper turned its attention to one Ray Ryan, and his business relations with Frank Costello.

On Tuesday there was no story,

and on Wednesday, a routine business story about an RKO meeting. On Thursday, without ballyhoo or fanfare, there was a small story headed, "STOLKIN QUITS AS RKO PRESIDENT," which reported that two others had also left the RKO executive committee. A company release said, "We recognize that a mass of unfavorable publicity directed against us as individuals has been or can be damaging." Soon more of the new owners quit. The sale which was never consummated, left Howard Hughes richer by $1,500,000—the down payment.

For years many newspapermen have felt that there ought to be a truly national daily newspaper and here is one right under their noses which has doubled and redoubled its circulation in less than nine years. Part of this is due to *Journal* technique. Its engineers have invented new electro-typesetters. A punch tape made in New York is almost instantly copied automatically by typesetting machines in each of the paper's six other printing plants.

But it's for more than technological inventions that the *Journal*'s competitors respect the lively lady of Wall Street. By *Journal* definition, all news is for businessmen. So, during the Little Rock, Arkansas, school crisis the paper maintained a three-man bureau in the city; and when the U. S. Marines landed in Lebanon in 1958, on the beach was a reporter from the *Journal*.

There is no doubt that the *Journal* is a national newspaper—but so far, it has been primarily a paper of business and industry. Will it broaden itself even more to appeal to the general public? The lively lady of Wall Street replies with a discreet "no comment." ♛

PLANET TO PLANET

TWO SPACE MEN from Mars happened to land in the living room of a famous musician's home. They glanced around and finally discovered the piano sitting there. One of them said, "OK, now, wipe that silly grin off your face and take us to your leader." —MRS. LEE SCHMEDES

THEY'RE TELLING ABOUT the fellow who landed on Mars. One of his first sights was the most beautiful specimen of feminine pulchritude he had ever beheld, a soaring nine feet of perfect proportions. Without hesitation, the earth man said, "Take me to a ladder—I'll see your leader later!" —R. LISHINSKY

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other material submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for the loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

BY MAXINE DAVIS

The "new" marriage of the middle years

The house is strangely still, the children all gone.

The alternatives: crushing boredom or the potential of a new, creative and deeper approach to marriage

THE GENERATION OF WOMEN alive today whom we call—for lack of a better designation—middle-aged are a brand new phenomenon. At the turn of the century, the "average" woman could hope to live about 48 years. When she had borne and reared her children, she was considered old and useless. There was no intermediate period between early maturity and elderly fragility. Today the average woman lives to be about 73. These extra years are not a mere spinning out of the thread of old age. They have been woven into the middle of life, when a woman still enjoys vigor and health. Marriage in these middle years is a new

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adventure—different from anything that has gone before. The children have grown up and gone, and husband and wife are suddenly alone again. In the early years of marriage, their aims were well-defined: to raise and educate the children, furnish and equip the home and make some provisions for the future.

But now that they have attained these goals, their marriage faces new problems which make this a critical period. A shaky marriage can dissolve either in apathy or divorce, if these problems are not overcome; a good marriage can become richer, bringing husband and wife to new heights of marital happiness. And mainly it will be the job of the wife to answer the challenges of their "new" life together by providing emotional, spiritual and intellectual companionship for her husband.

But the woman in her middle years is often confused and uneasy. She no longer has the ambitions or objectives of youth. Neither is she old or aging. Intellectually she is approaching her prime. Emotionally she is often in a tailspin.

No wonder! Everything has changed. For generations, woman's various roles were stereotyped. She knew what to expect and what was expected of her as daughter, wife, mother, mother-in-law and grandmother. However, while the radical alterations of modern life have made these patterns obsolete, they have as yet brought no replacements.

This is an unnatural state of affairs and understandably disturbing. But surprising numbers of us have already resolved our fears and uncertainties happily. We have discovered to our delight that these added decades are packed with satisfactions, interests and possibilities more exhilarating than those of any previous period of our individual lives. Myself—I wouldn't be young again for a million dollars!

IN THIS new adventure, the wife will come to know exactly what a famous actress meant when she said, "Middle age is wonderful. Now at last I can live with my husband!"

Marriage, in these years, is different for both partners, but the husband is aware of these differences only part of the time. He still catches the 8:13, his briefcase in his hand and his mind on the latest ruling of the F.T.C. Not until he comes back home in the evening is he conscious of the transformation in their lives.

While the children were growing up he was never quite sure what kind of an evening it was going to be —whether he would have to repair a clogged kitchen drain or listen politely while his teenage daughter's boyfriend explained where the older generation went off the rails; whether he would officiate in his chef's cap at a barbecue or go peacefully to sleep in front of a TV western.

This all changes when a couple enters middle age. It can be ominous and frightening, like an empty theater with lights darkened and audience and actors gone. In a once gay, noisy home two people can rattle around isolated and lonely as a couple of peas in a big bucket. Husband and wife desperately need to remodel their habits by mutual con-sent, but, things being as they are, it is up to the female partner to use her imagination, and take charge of the domestic reconstruction.

A man's wife augments or destroys his self-esteem. What he has or has not accomplished, to what extent his abilities are acclaimed outside his own four walls does not matter. The way she feels about him is the way he feels about himself.

The husband may be highly successful; or more often he is the sort of person who once wanted passionately to be greater than Frank Lloyd Wright but succeeded in designing nothing more impressive than simple, low-cost houses. Either way, if his wife cares for him she shows him that for her he still comes closer to being perfect as a man than anyone else on this dusty planet. She underscores that regard now in whatever ways come naturally.

A wife in middle age can make herself more feminine than she has been since her courting days. Not infrequently in the recent past she has barely had time to get the stew on the stove and give the living room a quick dust-up before her husband got home. Now she has time for her hair and make-up, and a squirt of the scent he has always liked.

She wears evening-at-home clothes, the sort of something she would never put on when they had company or were going out. If she can afford it she indulges in hostess gowns and exotic lounging pajamas; if she has to cut corners she tries an old cocktail dress with a new sash, or the skirt of one dress and the top of another. Anyhow, it is special for him, for dinner at home together.

Does her husband notice all this? Probably not. But it creates an atmosphere he is sure to absorb. And it makes a woman feel glamorous and therefore quite a person herself.

It goes without saying that in middle life a wife wants to guard her man's health. He has probably been eating too much, without discrimination at lunch when he is out of her control; he has been smoking and drinking more than he should and has given up systematic daily exercise. If she can improve his habits without nagging, it's all to the good.

A man is subject to many tensions which his wife can relieve by creating a relaxed atmosphere in their home and by sparing him some of the irksome chores of the past. While they were forced to budget every dollar, he always spluttered over, for example, a leaky water tap. Now that there is a little more money it is possible to call the plumber, and the husband when he gets home can just comfortably unwind.

This is all part of cultivating the garden of matrimony in middle life. If a woman's husband is successful she must also see that he does not overreach himself physically or burn himself out nervously. If he has reached the point where he is obliged to recognize his limitations, to face the fact he has gone as far as he can go in his job, business or profession, she must show she is content.

THEIR MARITAL RELATIONS continue to give a middle-aged couple delight and remain a strong unifying force. The sexual bond does not recede in importance in the middle years.

When woman approaches these new decades she has the biggest surprise of her life. She discovers that her capacity and desire for sexual expression, instead of dwindling, have increased. This, of course, is news only in this youth-obsessed country. It is well-known elsewhere. In some European societies it is a cliché that "women, like wine, improve with age."

The importance of sexual union, regardless of frequency or intensity, does not decrease with the passage of time. Far from it! Many students of the subject maintain that sexual gratification and sexual happiness reach two peaks: in the early years of marriage and in middle life.

When this second peak occurs, the salient elements in a middle-aged couple's life are different. Now the interests they share and their love and concern for each other keep the fires of sexual love alight. A young wife learns to play bridge because her husband enjoys it, and her mate yawns through the symphony every Wednesday evening in order to be with her. After a while the fact they both now like to play bridge, and drive to the city through fog and sleet to hear Bernstein conduct Mahler is evidence of love that expresses itself in the marital embrace.

Yet, if we are going to extend the years of mutual sexual enjoyment throughout these recently added decades, we must jettison a whole collection of dusty, moth-eaten ideas we have inherited from generations past. For instance, a good many women still believe that the menopause, the close of women's reproductive period, also nails down the lid forever on her marital relations. This utterly false notion doubtless has its origin in conditions which no longer exist. For centuries women married soon after they matured, bore a child every year, and died soon after they were unable to continue this exhausting routine.

Even today there are people who think that since sexual intercourse has procreation as its biological objective, it should be discontinued when a woman can no longer have babies. Since such wives have doubtlessly always been passive, uninspiring partners, their husbands are probably quite willing to agree.

Naturally women often think that because they can see the footprints of time they look old, certainly less than seductive. Usually they exaggerate, especially if they morbidly make their faces and do their hair in those discouraging dressing-table mirrors that enlarge everything. What looks like a furrow in one of those things is probably just a crinkle. Anyhow, what of it! Good health, the sparkle of zest for living and loving are the qualities that allure one's husband.

While trying to push her way through the sticky cobwebs of old wives' tales and phantasmal fears, a woman notices, perhaps for the first time, that her husband's love-making is neither so frequent nor so ardent as it used to be. If she is already in the dumps she regards this as further evidence of her own loss of charm and appeal.

If a wife uses her head she knows, of course, that her husband is not so young as he used to be either. He may be disturbed by his waning urge himself. He tends to measure his sexual capacity as of today against his desires and abilities 30 years ago, goodness knows why! He doesn't, for example, expect to be as good at sports as he was at 20. But male potency is so much a part of a man's whole emotional structure that the analogy is only partially valid.

A husband may even believe he has reached a male climacteric similar to woman's menopause. This is a concept doctors examined and discarded after they concluded that a man's endocrine readjustment is a slow process that has been going on since he was first able to vote.

Even if a couple's marital relations in past years have not been as gratifying as they would have wanted, it is possible for a wife to make them more rewarding now. For under any circumstances, whether the union has reached heights of ecstasy or gone along at a dead level, sexual intercourse tends to become uniform in middle age. If a couple has experimented in the past to discover what techniques suited them best, those methods have become standardized.

This is the time when a wife can lift their union from monotony. She can and most definitely should use her imagination and experience to bring surprise into their sexual activity. She is especially well-equipped to divert her man in middle life because she herself has now arrived at her maximum capacity for desire and enjoyment. She has lost the inhibitions of early marriage. She is at ease with her mate and need not be afraid to try new ways to interest him and make him feel that he is still a desirable and effective partner.

Her own enjoyment these days may inspire her to invite love-making, even though she has been in the habit of waiting for her husband to initiate it. This will please him. Many husbands complain because their wives are cold, few that their mates are amorous! However, she instinctively walks a tightrope and her balance must be dependable. She must show him that she rejoices in his embraces but she must not permit him to be overeager, for he might then also be inadequate.

But if he is, it doesn't matter to either of them. They have enjoyed rapture together and will reach heights again. The love, the confidence, the understanding and trust they share is sealed, not created, by their sexual union. Luckily they have a long time ahead. ♛

RADICAL REMINDER

"LET THE LOWER LIGHTS be burning," sang the congregation in a village church. A woman gasped, put down her hymnal and made a hasty exit. She had just remembered that she had forgotten to take a tray of cookies out of the oven before she went to church.

—NADINE CARTER

When she
found out they were
convicts,
the child loved them
even more

Anastassia's 1,000 fathers

BY GEORGINE SACHS

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS were piled on my desk that morning at the New York headquarters of the Foster Parents' Plan. They were written by Americans to the foreign children they were supporting. Suddenly, my eye was caught by one letter from Foster Parent 10633—the "Men's Club" of St. Cloud, Minnesota—to Foster Child G 32109, a Greek girl named Anastassia Kollia. But I knew that this was no ordinary men's club. Its members were all inmates of the Minnesota State Reformatory for Men.

Four years before, in the "adoption" letter to be forwarded to Anastassia, then only six years old, they had told her that they were convicts. But we had returned the letter with the tactful suggestion that it might not be wise to let such a young child know that her foster parents were in prison. The next week brought a revised letter telling Anastassia that they were "businessmen." A covering note from the warden said that the men preferred being honest with the child, but would comply with our request.

The ensuing correspondence between 1,000 Minnesota convicts and the Greek child had been of great interest to me. As always, I read their letter carefully:

"Dear Anastassia: Your foster parents have just held a long and serious meeting about you. After much deliberation, we have voted to tell you just who we really are, and why we have made your life a part of ours.

"There is an ancient myth about the Greek hero Achilles telling how his mother—anxious to keep him from the wounds of battle—dipped him in the River Styx. But Achilles' mother had to hold onto his heel, and this was the one place where he could be hurt. Achilles was killed when an arrow struck him in his heel—his one place of weakness.

"As with Achilles, the strong of every age have their weak points and that is why we who are your foster parents are in prison here in the U.S.

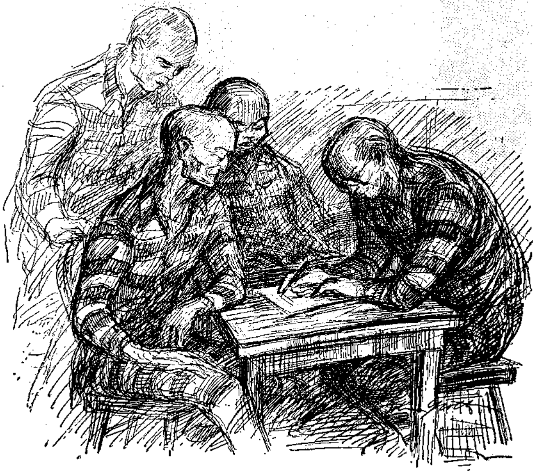
"We did not tell you this before. We wanted you to know us a little better and to understand that we look upon you as our own daughter. You see, Anastassia, some of us have children of our own who still do not know that their father is in prison.

"But we have learned that to find happiness, one must be honest and courageous, especially with those one loves. Please remember this. This is the one place where your foster parents have not done the right thing in the past.

"Please continue to write to us, Anastassia, for this would be the greatest love we could receive. . . ."

I thought of them—1,000 prisoners, loving a child 7,000 miles away. How could they expect her to be understanding when grownups recoiled at the word "prisoner"?

I could return this letter to the men and insist that they continue to keep their prisoner status a secret from Anastassia. But one line in the letter haunted me: "One must be honest and courageous, especially with those one loves." I felt I had no choice. I folded the letter and placed it in the mailbox for Greece.



It was 32 days before Anastassia's return letter arrived. I ripped it open and read the accompanying English translation.

"Dear my foster parents: Today I received your letter and at the beginning I could not well understand what you were telling me. Then my mother explained everything to me and I started crying.

"There was a very unhappy event of my family which I hadn't written to you because I was ashamed. But today I must be honest with you my foster parents because you have opened your hearts to me and told me about your hidden shame.

"Sixteen years ago, my mother tells, my father was in the war and he was taken prisoner. After the war he had a nervous breakdown. One day he took our family far from our village where he was going to cut wood. That same night my father went and hang himself. My mother found him in the morning hanging from a pine tree. I did not tell you all these things, just the same way you did not want to tell me you were in prison.

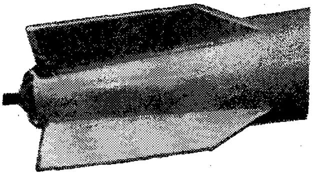
"The good Lord who took pity on me and sent me so many foster parents will have pity on you, too, and you will soon go back to your own families."

Anastassia's next words made me want to cry. "I now love you more because I have been taught to love those who suffer and are in pain. To prove all this to you, I am sending each of you a tender kiss. Your daughter, Anastassia." ♛

Dismissed as a crackpot for over 25 years, this brilliant rocketeer was finally recognized as the first real giant of the space age

by

Robert A. Foster



ONE NIGHT last June, the telephone rang in the Worcester, Massachusetts, home of a tall, blonde young widow. Mrs. Robert H. Goddard picked up the receiver. On the other end was one of the attorneys who had been negotiating a claim against the Federal Government. For nine long years Esther Goddard had been fighting to vindicate her husband's faith in the U.S. Government which had infringed on two of his key patents in the rocket and missile field. The lawyer's call was to announce complete victory.

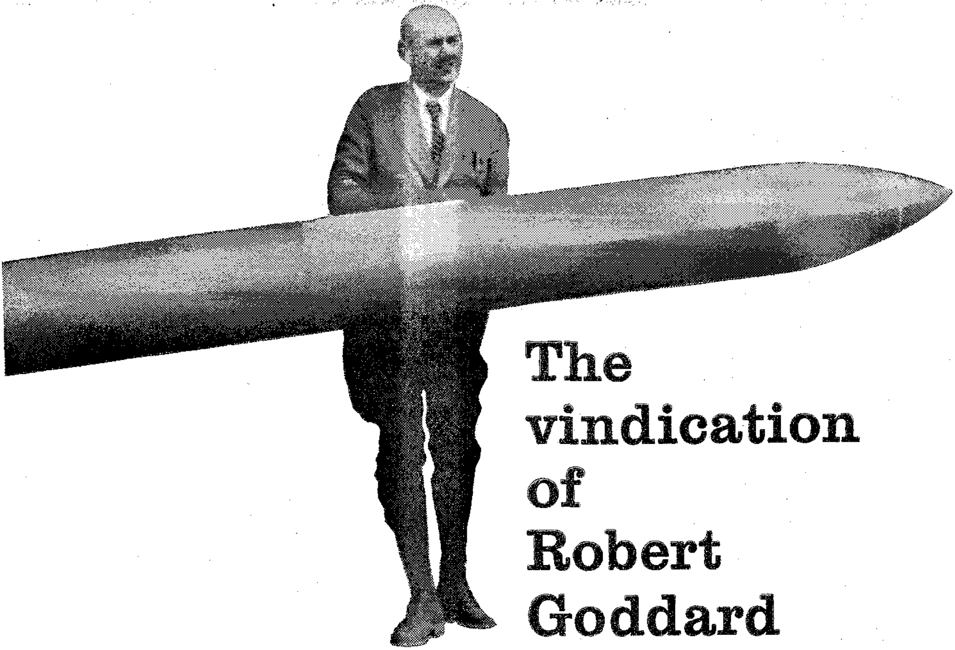
"Mrs. Goddard," he said jubilantly, "the Government has just acknowledged your husband's patent claims and will pay $1,000,000 for any infringements on them."

For a moment, Esther Goddard did not know whether to laugh or cry. Not even $1,000,000 could bring back her husband, who died in 1945. But this huge settlement did represent a belated apology for a quarter-century of rebuffs and ridicule.

Today, few Americans remember Robert H. Goddard, although he was the first giant of the space age—a brilliant scientist who did for rockets what the Wright brothers did for the airplane. But while he lived, Dr. Goddard's ideas were practically ignored in his own country, while the Germans took seriously his breathtaking plans for what we now call guided missiles and rockets to the moon. To German rocketeer Dr. Wernher von Braun, Goddard was "my boyhood hero." In America, however, Goddard was dismissed as a crackpot.

All these thoughts flitted through Esther Goddard's mind after she hung up the phone. "Memory has a way of erasing the unpleasant things," she says, "so I harbor no bitterness over the way Bob was treated—the way so many people laughed at him and his work. My 21 years as his wife and assistant were full and rich. What woman could ask for more? Bob was happy doing precisely what he wanted most to do. Nothing else mattered."

Under a private agreement made at the time of the Government settlement, Mrs. Goddard signed over her share to the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation. The Foundation had given her husband



The vindication of Robert Goddard

financial support when almost nobody else would and also shared the rights to the Goddard patents.

"Bob's vindication has been reward enough for me," Mrs. Goddard says simply.

Ranging back over those years of adventure and frustration, one day stands out in Esther Goddard's memory: March 16, 1926. On that day—over a year before Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic—Goddard presided over history's first successful flight of a liquid-fueled rocket, which was subsequently nicknamed "Nell."

Casting about for a rocket-launching site, Goddard had decided to use an open meadow on the farm of his Aunt Effie Ward, not far from his own home in Worcester, Massachusetts. Esther Goddard came along to take movies—although there was no guarantee that the rocket would get off the ground. Eight days earlier, another test had been a disappointment.

This time the rocket came through. With a roar, it rose from its launching tower on a tiny spear of white flame. It climbed 41 feet into the sky, reached a speed of 60 miles an hour and traveled 184 feet in free flight. Then, veering off to the right, it plummeted ingloriously into Aunt Effie's cabbage patch.

"Did that rocket go!" Esther Goddard recalls, retaining much of the enthusiasm of that morning when her husband pushed back the sky. "I missed filming it because the seven-second film in my camera ran out before the rocket rose. But I didn't care. That test sold me on rockets. During the next 16 years, I happily cranked the camera for Bob on 35 successful rocket shots—and I don't know how many failures."

Her principal job was to follow the missile with her camera, and then rush for the launching tower to put out any grass fires with a broom and an old overcoat, while her husband and his assistants inspected the fallen rocket.

Even so, Mrs. Goddard did not fully realize the audacious goal her husband had set for himself. Later that spring, she found out. While retyping a short autobiography of Goddard for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., she ran across the boyhood experience that had shaped his life.

"On the afternoon of October 19, 1899," Goddard had written, "I climbed a tall cherry tree at the back of the barn and started to trim dead limbs. It was one of the quiet, colorful afternoons of sheer beauty which we have in New England, and as I looked toward the fields . . . I imagined how wonderful it would be to make some device which had even the *possibility* of ascending to Mars. . . . I was a different boy when I descended the tree. . . ."

At 17, on an October afternoon, Robert Goddard had found his mission in life. For the first time, Esther realized that her husband's goal was the conquest of outer space.

Goddard began tinkering with powder rockets while an undergraduate at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. But one of his experiments filled a classroom with acrid smoke, and he was ordered to stop. In 1911 he received his Ph.D. from Clark University in Worcester, and subsequently became a physics professor there. Colleagues remember Goddard as a tall, good-humored, somewhat absent-minded professor. On rainy days he often strode into class holding aloft the open umbrella he had been using outside. But he remembered well enough to take out his first two basic rocket patents, which were granted in 1914.

Four years later, in 1918, he met Esther Christine Kisk, a 17-year-old Worcester girl. Goddard, then 36, had just returned to Clark from war work in California. For the Signal Corps, he had helped to develop a recoilless rocket launcher later to be revived as the tank-busting "bazooka" of World War II. Needing someone to type his final reports, he hired Esther, then a secretary in the college president's office. After a six-year courtship, they were married in June 1924.

ON JULY 17, 1929, Goddard launched a rocket four times the size of his original rocket. The ensuing commotion made headlines all over the world.

The rocket flashed up 102 feet with an ear-splitting roar. Terrified neighbors ran to their telephones and reported that a plane had crashed. As Goddard and his helpers were loading the fallen rocket into an auto trailer, two police cars, an ambulance, a motorcycle and a carload of reporters charged toward them—all primed to handle a major disaster.

One newspaper published a report that Goddard's rocket had been aimed at the moon, but had exploded 239,000 miles short of its target. This erroneous story stemmed from a scientific paper Goddard had written ten years earlier. In it, he had outlined a multi-stage rocket capable of landing a magnesium flare on the moon.

Goddard denied that the projectile was a moon rocket and explained that rockets are "normally noisy." But the townspeople were not reassured. Goddard was summoned to Boston by the state fire marshal, and the two agreed that there would be no more rocket shoots over the populous Massachusetts countryside.

One California woman even urged that Goddard be jailed for blasphemy. God had made the sky with a glass ceiling, she declared, and his rockets might punch holes in it and let the air out. But crackpot complaints didn't annoy Goddard. "He'd done the math. He had the vision. He knew he was right. No public uproar could change that," says his widow.

But the incident made Goddard a stock joke to newspaper writers and cartoonists. One Sunday supplement even featured a fanciful account of a trip to a cheese-ringed moon with Goddard and Lindbergh. (It was useless for Goddard to explain that he was no more building a moon rocket than the Wright brothers sought to construct a trans-Atlantic airliner.)

While visiting a Buck Rogers sideshow at the Chicago World's Fair, the Goddards discovered to their amusement that the rocket inventor Dr. Huer looked a good deal like Goddard—mustached and bald-headed. Nothing upset Dr. Huer. His standard response to each crisis was: "Don't worry. The old doctor will fix it." Goddard adopted this. When things went wrong with his work he would strike a Huer-like pose and declaim, "Don't worry. The old doctor will fix it."

Coming to Goddard's aid, the Smithsonian Institution persuaded the War Department to furnish an abandoned artillery range at Camp Devens, 25 miles from Worcester, as an experimental rocket site. Goddard felt an urgent need to speed up his research. Four years after he had published his first paper on space rockets, Dr. Hermann Oberth, in Germany, had published one along the same lines. Goddard knew that his patents were readily available at ten cents a copy, and he suspected that German researchers were forging ahead, probably with Government backing. (Goddard was, in fact, more than five years ahead, but he couldn't know it.)

Help came from an unexpected quarter. A tall, young man arrived one day. He had never met Goddard, but he had spotted a fellow pioneer from afar. Sipping Esther's coffee, he asked how much money Goddard would need to set aside his teaching duties and devote full time to rockets. That winter he put Goddard's case before Daniel Guggenheim, the New York financier. Shortly thereafter, Goddard was promised $25,000 a year.

The visitor who had arranged it all: Charles A. Lindbergh.

Southeastern New Mexico was Goddard's choice as his new rocket base, because of its year-round sunshine, its isolation and its flat terrain. Goddard arranged to use 16,000 acres of grazing land ten miles northwest of the town of Roswell. On test days, Esther had two new chores: shooing away steers that liked to rub their flanks on the guy wires of the launching tower and checking the observation shelters for rattlesnakes.

But the oddest problem she encountered arose while she was driving supplies of liquid oxygen from Roswell. The problem was to open two gates and negotiate a field of bulls, usually a two-man job. She solved it by becoming a motorized bullfighter, racing the motor to drive the bulls this way and that.

Mrs. Goddard remembers 1934 to 1940 as the golden years. Backed by the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation, Goddard's "Nell" came of age. In 1935, she almost attained the speed of sound, and by 1940 the rocket weighed more than 200 pounds and stood 22 feet tall.

After the German invasion of Norway in 1940, Goddard offered his rocket to the War Department. Eleven years earlier, he had warned that America should not allow another nation to develop guided missiles first. Now, in Washington, his offer was laughed off. "Guided missiles? Not in this war!" said the Navy. Sneered one Army general: "This war will be won on the basis of the mortar."

Goddard was exasperated and disheartened. He returned to New Mexico. "From now on, they can come and find me," he told Esther.

Some months later, a Navy officer did just that. "I hesitated to call," the officer said later. "We were interested in rocket bombs and jet-boosted airplane take-offs—pretty minor stuff compared to what Dr. Goddard was doing. But I didn't figure on the man's patriotism." Goddard readily accepted the assignment and moved to Annapolis, where he became chief of Navy research in jet propulsion.

In 1944, the Germans started raining V-1 buzz bombs on London. The assault did not surprise Goddard. He was dismayed, however, when he saw details of the Germans' V-2 rocket. It was a dead ringer for his own; the Germans had duplicated nearly every major idea. "How could our country have let this happen?" he cried. "I was ready and willing to help!"

Goddard took out his frustration in hard work, toiling from dawn until after dark on his top-secret Navy research. Doctors warned that he was overtaxing himself, but he ignored them. In August 1945, after surgery for throat cancer, he died at the age of 62.

Esther took it as best she could. Before they met, Goddard had overcome a near-fatal siege of tuberculosis. "I felt I had to stay alive to complete my work," he once told her. When they were married, Goddard's doctor warned Esther that she might be a widow within six months. "But I had him for 21 years," she says wistfully.

Mrs. Goddard is grateful for the many posthumous honors that have come to her husband. The new research center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Greenbelt, Maryland, has been named The Goddard Space Flight Center. A Congressional Medal has been voted in his honor. And the Smithsonian Institution has awarded him the Langley Medal, the most coveted aeronautics prize.

Visitors to the Goddard home in Worcester are sometimes puzzled by a vase-shaped ornament on a shelf near the fireplace where Lindbergh sat on that lucky day in 1929. It's a rocket descendant of the early "Nell"—a souvenir Esther Goddard has kept of happy years with the gentle scientist who pointed man's way to the stars.

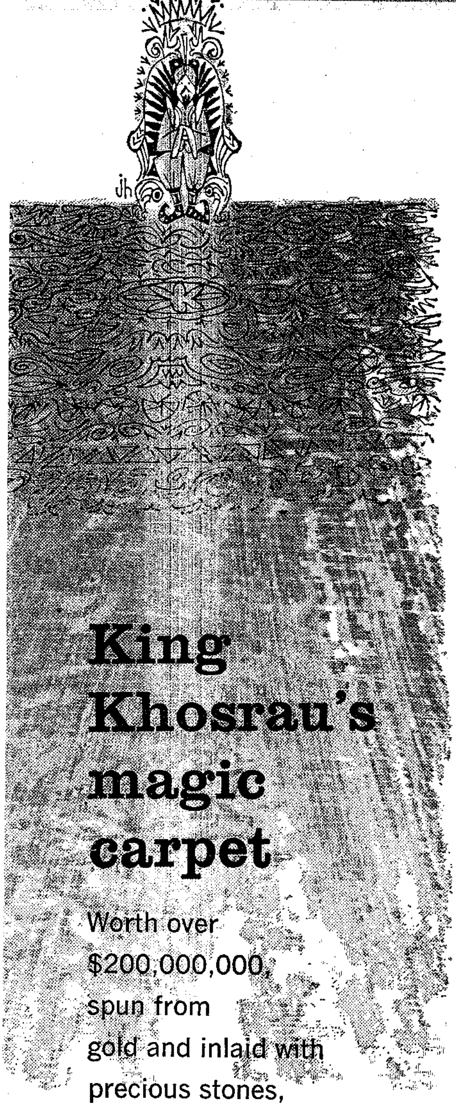
IN MAY CORONET

PLASTIC SURGERY FOR MEN

Men are losing their double chins, the bags under their eyes—even their potbellies—through the miracle of plastic surgery. It prolongs their careers and, in some cases, improves their personalities. Facts, dangers and costs are included in this full report.

JACK KENNEDY AT HARVARD

His two roommates, his teachers, coaches, friends at school, tell frankly of the JFK they knew and liked. He was one of the best pass-catchers on the football team; a fair swimmer; a fast driver (still is); a serious talker on all subjects. The exciting, never-before-told story of those formative years.



King Khosrau's magic carpet

Worth over $200,000,000, spun from gold and inlaid with precious stones, it symbolized the very life and spirit of the nation

BY MARY S. BRUCE

When former President Dwight D. Eisenhower visited Iran in December 1959, he and his host, the Shah of Iran, were driven in an automobile whose wheels never touched the ground. The entire road from the airport to the Shah's palace was covered with rich, Persian carpeting.

This was certainly a lavish display of Oriental underfooting. But it was as nothing compared with the fabled carpet that was created centuries ago in ancient Persia (now Iran). This rug, the costliest and most beautiful ever created in the world, was tremendous in size, magnificent in design, considered to have magical properties, and was entirely embroidered in precious gems. It was known as the Paradise or Spring Carpet of the ancient Sasanian monarch, King Khosrau II.

Khosrau II sat on a gold throne, the legs of which were inlaid with rubies. Above his head hung a gold crown. Above the crown rose the 121-foot arch of the ceiling, painted blue like the heavens, and embossed with gold stars arranged to represent the motions of the planets among the 12 signs of the zodiac. At his feet lay the huge rug.

All his absolute majesty, his wealth, his power, his priestly functions, and his eternal communion with the god Ahura Mazda were embodied in this great, jewel-encrusted carpet. It represented a formal garden with water courses, paths, flower beds, birds and fruit trees. The main body of the rug was white silk brocade, stretching 115 feet, the width of more than three city lots. It was quartered by a main stream of water, crossed by a smaller stream, both sparkling with diamonds. The water courses were uneven in length, forming a modification of the older cosmic cross. Where the streams crossed in the center, a pool of diamonds floated four birds. They were a curious mixture of swan and royal peacock, embossed with white pearls and the blended iridescence of emeralds and sapphires.

The earth and stream banks were woven in gold, and jeweled tulips formed a glittering border. Four large plane trees filled the four corners of the rug, and symbolic avenues of cypress stretched across it. Flowering fruit trees, each blossom worked meticulously in gems of every description, dotted the garden scene, while the mystic birds, beak to beak, sat encrusted in jewels on the branches. Gravel paths studded with huge pearls wound through the garden where flowers of many varieties were worked in rubies, amethysts and yellow and blue sapphires. Surrounding this magnificence, in wide sweeps of green, were emerald meadows.

Each of the colors used in the rug had a special significance. The yellow represented power, grandeur, riches. The white brocade and the magnificent pearls represented purity, light and peace. The rubies' red denoted life and victory, while the purple of the amethysts was the color of kings. The blue of the sapphires was also the color of royalty and the green of the emeralds (the most widely used of all the jewels in the pattern, since they were the trees, the shrubs and the sparkling outer border around the entire rug) represented spring rebirth, renewal. It is said that when the sun flooded onto the Spring Carpet's brilliance, ambitious noblemen fell silent, fractious provincial governors held their peace and foreign envoys stood in awe.

Most of the national treasury of one of the richest monarchs who ever reigned was embodied in this rug, and the display of such wealth warned enemies and traitors alike that it would be folly to challenge such a sovereign. The Persians showered their kings with gifts, as the epitome of their own glory.

Of their own accord, the Persians and members of subject races came great distances to the king bringing tributes. The finest raw silk was transported by caravan from China, and weavers and designers joined artists and materials at Ctesiphon. The vaults containing the king's vast wealth were thrown open, and sensitive hands held each sparkling gem in its place and wove each strand of pure gold into the sumptuous structure of the rug.

Aside from political significance and beauty, this carpet had important religious connotations. It represented Paradise, a Persian word meaning "walled park." It was the eternal garden, and a foretaste of glory to come in the afterlife. This jeweled Paradise, which historians value at over $200,000,000, contrasted with the barren desert, was at once perfection and eternity.

The rug also affirmed the king's divine role in compelling the return of spring, thus renewing the earth's fertility and assuring the livelihood and prosperity of his subjects.

The chief annual holiday in Persia to this day is the festival at the coming of spring. At the time of the Sasanian kings, spring's coming was a religious rite in honor of the god Ahura Mazda. The people came to the king bearing gifts. He would lay these before the god, committing his empire into the hands of Ahura Mazda and receiving it back again verdant and fruitful.

It was the unhappy fate of the grandson of Khosrau II, Yezdigird III, to surrender all this wealth and grandeur. The Arabs, carrying the banner of Mohammed, succeeded in conquering Persia in 642 A.D.

The Arab soldiers looted the Persians' vast stores of gold, removing the king's gold armor inlaid with pearls, chests of amber and musk, and a horse made of gold, with teeth of emeralds and a ruby mane.

And the carpet? It was cut up into small pieces. One-fifth went to the Caliph Omar, one piece was given to Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law and the rest divided among the 60,000 Arab soldiers. Each took his fragment to a jewelers' syndicate in Bagdad and received the equivalent of $3,000—making him wealthy.

Though the great carpet was no more, its legendary power molded Persian history, poetry and art, and its design became a model and inspiration for subsequent carpets. But the glittering, fabulous original remains illuminated only in history. ♛

LESSONS IN LOGIC

HARVARD'S FAMED PROFESSOR Charles T. Copeland was once asked by a student:

"Is there anything I can do to learn the art of conversation?"

"Yes, there is one thing," said Copeland. "If you will listen, I will tell you."

For several moments, there was silence. Then the student said: "I'm listening, professor."

"You see!" said Copeland. "You are learning already."

—*Quote*

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, the world's most famous amateur painter, showed a group of his canvases to a friend. "Tell me," said the latter, "why is it that you paint only landscapes?"

"Because," replied Churchill, "a tree doesn't complain that I haven't done it justice."

—E.E. EDGAR

The right to be an atheist

BY THE RIGHT REV. JAMES A. PIKE

Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of California

THERE IS NO SUCH THING as an atheist. But there are people who believe they are atheists, and they have as much right to their "religion" as other believers. They are of positive benefit to the church. What is more, there are many atheists within the churches. Do these statements confuse you? What they say certainly does not jibe with the customary understanding of atheism as the denial of God. Atheism a religion? A benefit to the church?

Many atheists within the churches? The answer to each question is yes, I believe, and this belief indicates why I am concerned about the protection of the rights of atheists. Let me explain.

As a Christian and a bishop I am, of course, interested in the promotion of my faith and church. But I long ago learned that real faith cannot be forced, that real religious allegiance, to be of any worth, must not be compelled. I learned this from personal experience. I chose, as a young man, to leave the church in which I was born and raised. I became an agnostic, believing in no consciously accepted credo. Then, after further study and maturity (as I now see it) I joined the Episcopal Church, left the practice of the law and in due course was ordained an Episcopal priest.

I value the freedom I had to be "nothing" as highly as I do the freedom I had to become "something" again. To me, religious freedom is hollow unless it includes freedom to be not "religious."

This freedom is not always fully granted to atheists in our country today. Despite the fundamental guarantees of our Constitution, many state and local laws limit the right of atheists to hold office, teach school, even to testify in court. I earnestly believe that to defend the rights of this group in our national family is to strengthen liberty for all.

Actually there are fewer and fewer announced atheists anywhere. They have largely gone underground—not in a scheming sense, but with a "couldn't care less" apathy. More admirable, and useful to the cause of sound religion, is the articulate, self-conscious atheist. His concern with fundamental issues is important and what he has to say to the "religious" is important.

About ten years ago, when I was Chaplain of Columbia University, a Barnard sophomore told me with sadness (and, I suspect, a touch of pride) that she no longer believed in God. "Tell me," I retorted, "about the God you don't believe in." When she had finished I was able to say reassuringly, "Cheer up. I'm an atheist too—as far as *that* God goes. Now let me tell you about the God I believe in."

What had happened to this young lady has happened to many others who have lost faith. The God she didn't believe in was something like the one confronting me from a persistent correspondent who calls himself an atheist. He delights in quoting to me from the most bloodthirsty passages of the Old Testament. He wants to "make a thing" of disbelief in the God he heard about as a child.

So-called "atheists" have a good deal in common with a heavy proportion of "believers." The God in which many adult Christians and Jews believe is as inadequate as the one the "atheists" deny. The point is well summed up in the title of J. B. Phillips' book, *Your God Is Too Small.* For many it is the image of their overly stern father; for some he is their overly indulgent grandfather; some see him as a tribal god, a protector of Americanism or a regional way of life (white supremacy, for example); for still others he is a "Mr. Fixit"—not generally relevant, but useful in emergencies.

Atheists are good for churchmen because they are a challenge to allegiance to too small a God.

What is a god? A focus of aspiration and meaning. The pagan and mythical gods of antiquity met this definition. The worshippers of Baal were preoccupied with the multiplication of flocks and crops, and of people to tend them. Venus, the goddess of love; Ceres, goddess of the harvest; Mars, god of war; Mammon, personification of material riches—all served the functions of a God for people of various temperaments. This is not just ancient history: today we are not lacking in Baal-worshippers (we call it production); Venus-worshippers (sex and beauty); Mars-devotees (nationalism); Mammon-followers (money). For some—the least attractive of the lot—*self* is the God.

THE RECENT presidential campaign served to remind us that the atheist is America's "forgotten man" when it comes to equality and tolerance. Richard M. Nixon, in repudiating anti-Roman Catholic bias, expressed this when he said that anyone *except an atheist* should be eligible for the presidency.

No one spoke up for the estimated 36.6 percent of our people who are affiliated with *no* church. Since no atheist was running, the issue wasn't debated. It is, however, a clear contradiction of the Constitutional prohibition (Article VI, paragraph 3) against a religious test for public office. Very few today would flatly assert that the rights of atheists should be suppressed; but many Americans—including most of the "atheists" within the churches—would agree that an atheist should not be eligible for the presidency.

The problem is not merely one of popular prejudice. It is actually written into state law. In Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Arkansas, in order to hold public office a man must believe in the being of God. In many places, testimony of a witness in court may be impeached if it can be shown that he is an atheist.

In Maryland a would-be notary public named Torcaso, who has alleged he could not in good conscience take the oath of belief in God, was, after a series of court contests, barred from the office by the State Court of Appeals. The question is now going up before the U.S. Supreme Court, where I hope Torcaso will be vindicated.

The status of atheists under our Constitution needs clarification not only in cases like Torcaso's, but also in regard to courtroom testimony, conscientious objection to war (which, to be recognized for draft exemption, must be religiously motivated) and qualification of teachers. In New York City not long ago, the Board of Superintendents of the public schools sought to require all teachers to manifest a belief in God before their classes. Fortunately the plan was defeated—through the combined efforts of the Episcopal diocese, the Protestant Council, the American Jewish Congress as well as other groups.

It's not what a man says he is, but what he puts first in his day-to-day choices that counts.

As Jesus said, "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven." It is quite possible for a man to be conspicuously "religious" and still assiduously seek to frustrate the will of a God who has "made of one blood all nations," and with whom there "is neither Jew nor Greek . . . neither bond nor free," and who is "no respecter of persons," to quote some familiar Biblical texts.

This is a powerful reason why the man who calls himself an atheist should not be deprived of any rights in our society. If rights are limited to Christians and Jews, then by all means let's really enforce this test and in each case be sure that the supposed "religious" man really is what he professes to be.

This obviously carries the point to absurdity. It would require a team consisting of an expert theologian, psychoanalyst, biographer and perhaps a private detective to guess at the truth. For it is only to Almighty God "all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." That is why we shouldn't say that a candidate for public office should be barred because he doesn't profess a standard-brand religion. Who knows finally what any candidate's god really is—or are? We can only look at his record on particular issues.

In my ecclesiastical life I have met many "Christians" who, when it came right down to it, couldn't care less about what their faith really involved.

I have met fewer "atheists," but many of them really cared about ultimate questions, and this is an important part of being religious. Often their real god or gods, worshipped unconsciously, were the same as those worshipped (out of church) by many Christians. One could wish for these atheists that they knew the real God of the Bible. But one could wish this for many Christians and Jews as well!

PARROT FEVER?

A G.I. STATIONED at a lonely outpost for months and desperate for company caught a parrot and, after weeks of patient training, taught it to speak. One evening, the parrot flew over to him and said excitedly: "A woman, and what a woman! Follow me." The G.I. ran after the parrot. Every time he slackened his pace the parrot said: "What a face, what a figure!"

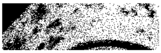
Finally, the parrot stopped and exclaimed: "There she is! Isn't she a beauty!" The G.I. stared in amazement. It was another parrot.

—*A. M. A. Journal*

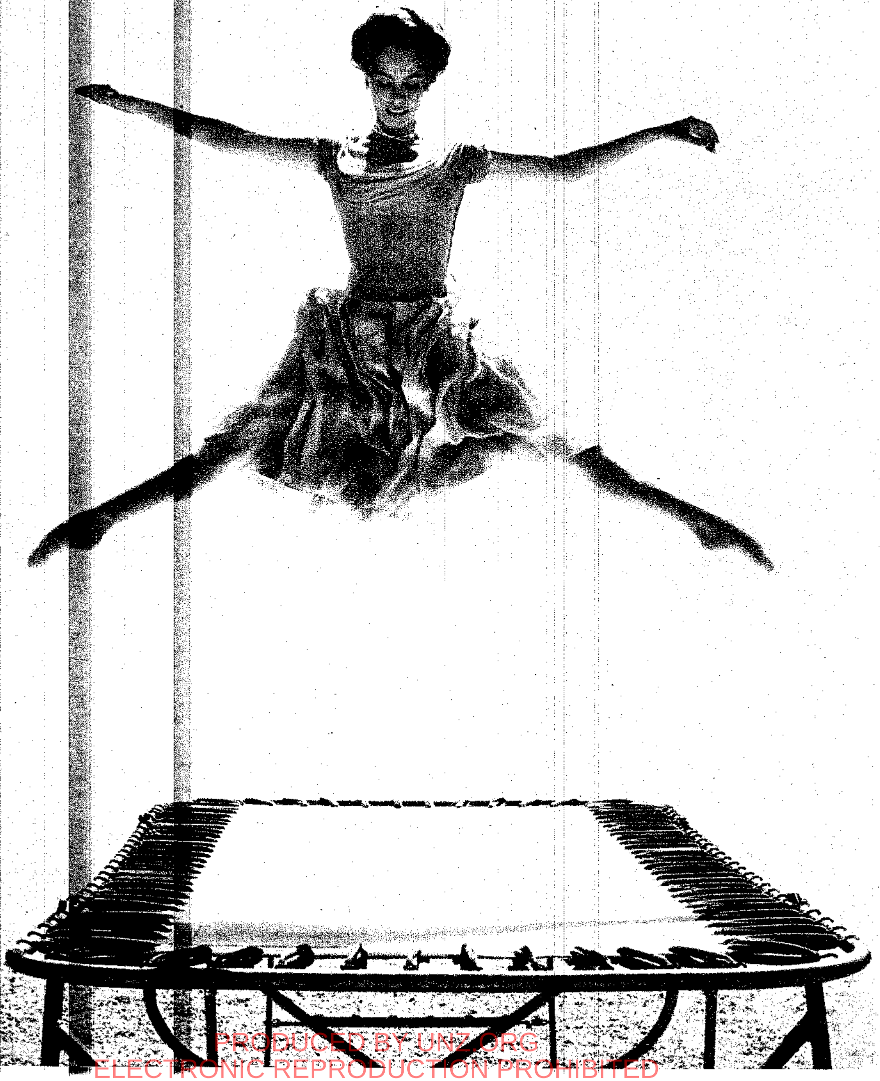
Leslie On A Lark

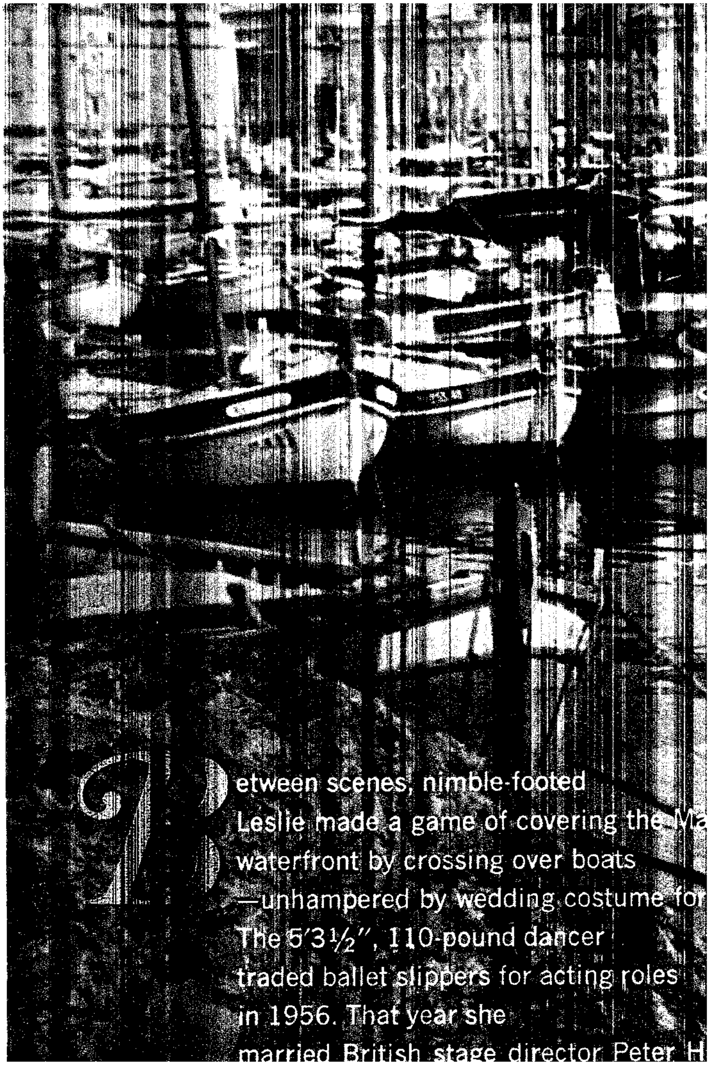
Back in her native France to make the movie **Fanny,** actress Leslie Caron proves there is nothing quite so charming, witty and exuberant as a Gallic gamin out on a gambol.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZINN ARTHUR

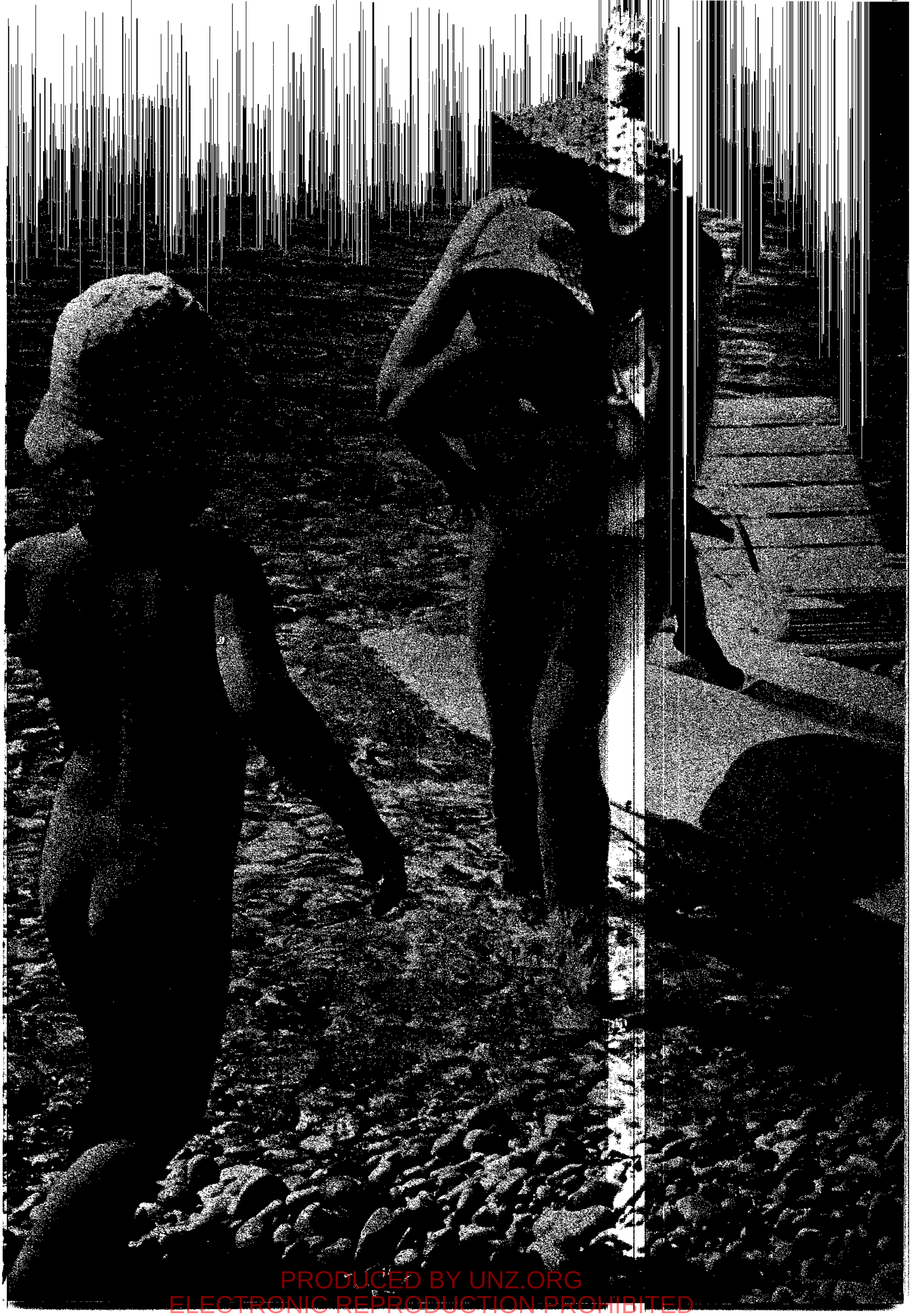


Unhappy in Hollywood, ex-dancer Caron, 29, acquired a "difficult" reputation. But a happy second marriage and acting success have transformed her. She sparked spirits on the **Fanny** set with imitations of co-star Maurice Chevalier and graceful ballet leaps on a Trampoline.





Between scenes, nimble-footed Leslie made a game of covering the Ma waterfront by crossing over boats —unhampered by wedding costume for The 5′3½″, 110-pound dancer traded ballet slippers for acting roles in 1956. That year she married British stage director Peter H



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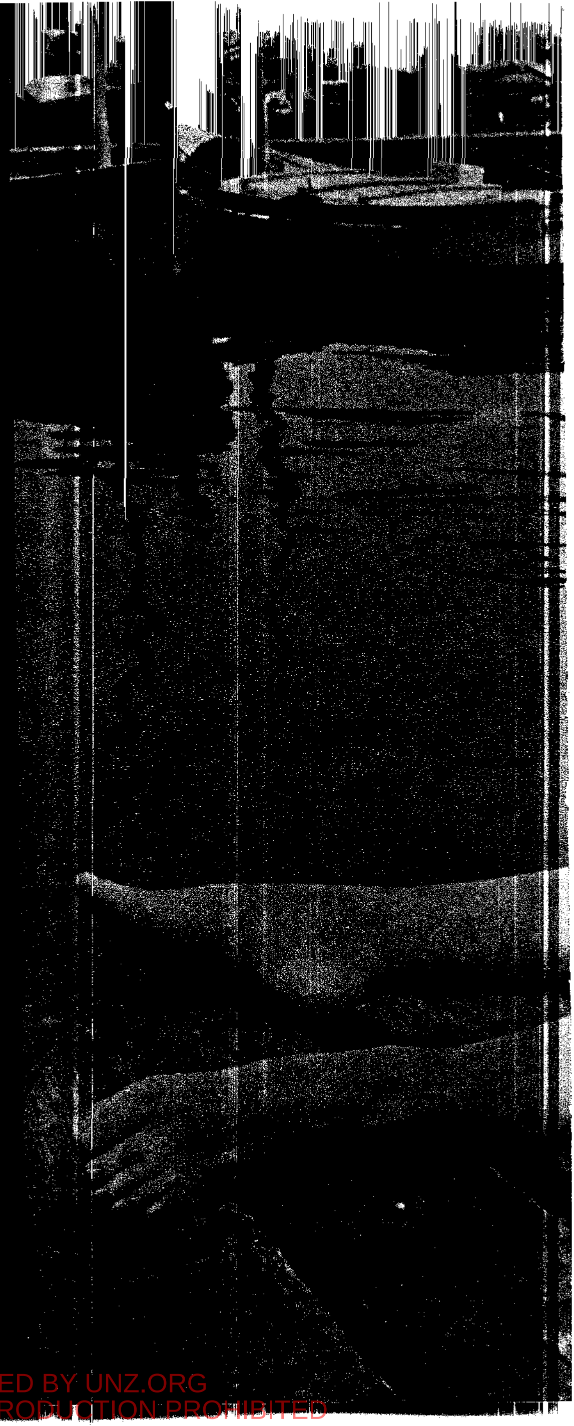


eslie relished the earthy aspects of **Fanny,** who hawks fish along Marseilles' teeming pier: "I'm glad to be playing a romantic, normal woman after being cast in so many 'gamin' or 'elfin' parts," says the very gamin-like Miss Caron.

An almost
unbelievable tale
of courage
and endurance
— seven
days and six nights
alone in
a trackless
forest

A boy against the wilderness

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

"STAY RIGHT AROUND CAMP!" Up to the moment he saw the rabbit, seven-year-old Bruce Crozier had been obeying his mother's admonition to play near their vacation tents in the high pine country near Arizona's Mogollon Rim. Now Bruce's feet thought for him and he ran after the bounding creature, on and on across the needle-carpeted forest floor. Then suddenly the rabbit was gone. Bruce stopped, his heart pounding, pleased that he'd stayed close behind it for such a long time. Anyway, maybe he'd see another one on the way back.

* * *

The way back. Which way *was* the camp? He stood perfectly still, straining to hear the shouts of his older brother and the other children he'd been playing with, but the only sound was that of the wind high in the pines.

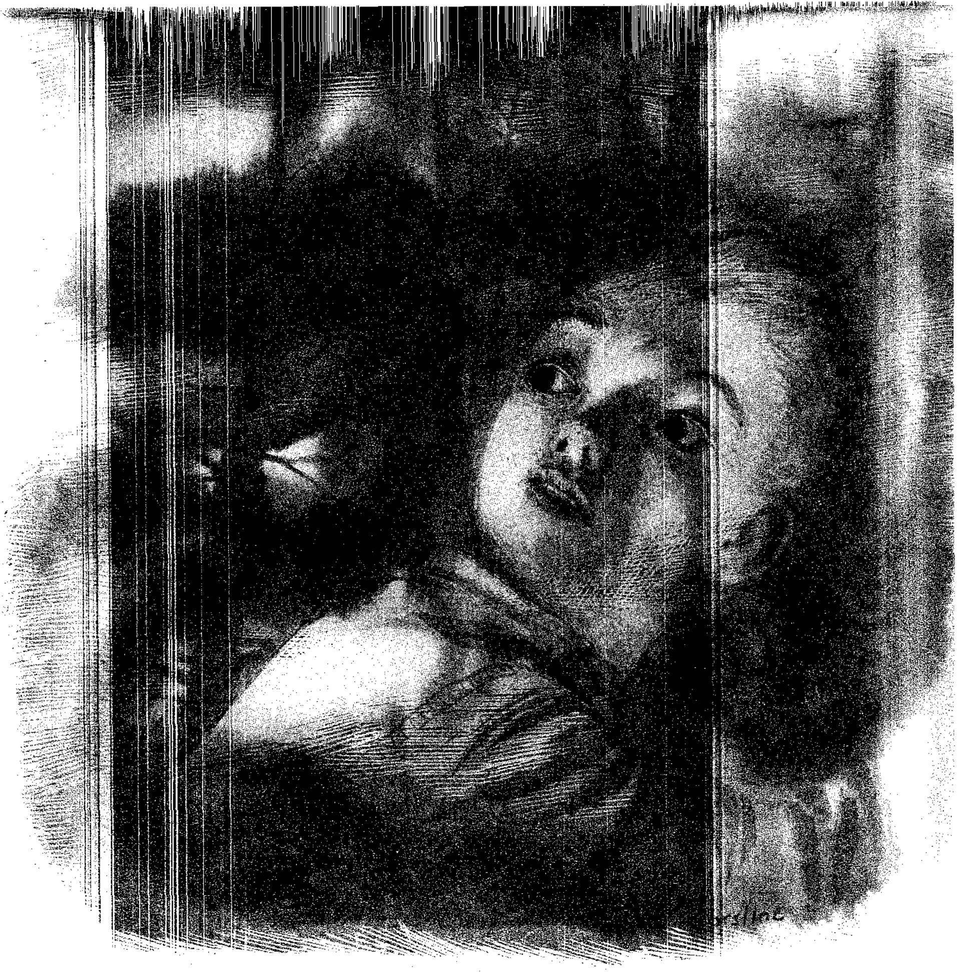
He peered up into the blue sky. His father had told him it was important to remember the direction of the sun when you were out in the forest. The sun had been on his face, he thought. So the camp would be back that way. He started running.

Thus began a story of endurance that was to amaze the nation. For on that sharp October morning in 1939 when Bruce Crozier dashed away through the pines he was on his way to becoming a legend—the boy they couldn't find.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Bruce's parents realized he was missing; by three they called for help. Scores of volunteers soon came out from Winslow, where the Croziers lived. By nine that night, 80 searchers were fanning out through the forest, each resolved to search all night if need be. The boy was going to be mighty cold.

* * *

I'll find the camp soon. All afternoon, as he ran, Bruce kept telling himself that. Now, with the sun out of sight, Bruce knew he would have to spend the night alone



in the wilderness. He thought of the jacket he'd tossed aside that morning. Shivering, he built a pile of pine needles, bark and branches and crawled into it.

* * *

Next morning the camp was a scene of seething activity. Truckloads of Civilian Conservation Corps boys arrived, with an Army camp kitchen to feed them. By mid-afternoon the number of searchers had reached nearly 1,000, and still more were coming. Many of the men were mounted, among them Bruce's father, Robert Crozier. Police officers, forest rangers, family friends—even total strangers came to speak words of comfort to Bernice Crozier. State troopers were reassuring:

"We'll bring in bloodhounds tomorrow." Yet, by nightfall, the weary searchers had seen no trace of Bruce.

* * *

Bruce came awake with a start and looked with astonishment at the light filtering through the trees. Morning. He was cold, but worse was the gnawing hunger in his stomach and the dryness in his throat. He had to find the camp fast and get a drink of water. Off he started at a dog trot, as he had the day before. Now he was going the right way, he was sure . . .

The burning in his throat got worse as the hours passed. But he made himself keep going, first in one direction, and then after the sun passed noon, in another. That way, he'd surely come to camp by dark, he decided. But he was still trotting through endless aisles of trees when the chill of evening returned. Looking about for shelter, he saw a tree which had fallen in a great spread of broken branches. He crawled under, scooping up pieces of bark around and over him. Half-frozen he fell asleep.

* * *

Sunday . . . Monday . . . Tuesday . . . three days the boy had been lost. Back in Winslow, Mrs. Crozier kept repeating, "He's alive, I know he is." But at camp, the searchers found it increasingly hard to meet Robert Crozier's eyes. After all, how long could the boy last? In that Ponderosa forest, one of the largest in the world, he'd find little food or water. Now it was November. At night the temperature dropped close to zero.

Wednesday afternoon an Indian tracker saw something that sent both hope and dread surging through the hearts of the men with him. Near the edge of Big Chevelon Canyon there was a heel print of a boy's shoe. If Bruce, weakened by hunger and thirst, had come to the edge . . . Still, when they searched the canyon the next day, they found nothing. But the bloodhounds picked up a scent!

* * *

Bruce wasn't sure, but he thought it was the third day when he found himself looking straight down into the canyon. Up to then he hadn't cried, but he could hold back tears no longer. He realized that he had come a long, long way from camp. And where could he go now? Suddenly he noticed something down there—a band of green on the canyon floor. There must be a stream!

Instantly, without thought of danger, he went over the edge and made his way down, tumbling, sliding, bruising himself, tearing his clothes. At the bottom his heart sank as he saw just a dry, rocky bed. But there—that glint! It was a small pool of ice! He chipped off a chunk with a rock and sucked greedily.

The ice seared his fingers and made him even colder. Darkness was coming swiftly. Out among the rocks, still warm from the sun, he found one that shelved out a little and crept under it to shiver through another night.

In the morning he searched under the oaks but there were no acorns on the ground, and the few he saw on the trees were out of reach. Yet it was not the lack of food that drove him from the canyon. He figured that nobody would ever find him in this place so far from camp. He'd go up the other side of the canyon and maybe he'd come to a ranch or something soon.

After that it was a bad dream of more canyons, of falling down rocky slopes, of hunting desperately for green patches that would mean water and not finding any, except once in another rocky little stream bed. One night he came to a cave and stood staring into its opening. He crawled in, feeling his way. Suddenly his hand jerked back. Fur. There was an animal in the cave! It was so warm . . . he wanted desperately to cuddle up to it, whatever it was, to get warm, to sleep there for the night. But the animal . . . it was big . . . maybe a hibernating bear. Slowly, he backed out of the cave.

He'd lost track of time when he dropped one night, too exhausted to make himself any kind of a shelter. His lope had slowed to a shuffling walk that day, and he felt so tired he wondered if he would be able to move at all the next morning.

By Saturday, the searchers were finding it hard to believe the bloodhounds. Could the boy actually have traveled over such rough country? And without food and water? As they moved slowly forward on this seventh day since Bruce had disappeared, a dread certainty grew that they would never find him alive.

* * *

That same morning Bruce started to move listlessly down a canyon he had entered the night before. No sign of water in it . . . and he had to have water. He felt strange and dizzy. Still he made himself keep on walking. Maybe down the canyon there'd be. . . .

He stopped short, staring. A forest service telephone line. It would surely lead him to people. Bruce began to run. After a time, he slowed down again. He should save his strength. As afternoon came, and the long shadows began to spread out from the canyon walls, the boy felt a new apprehension growing. Could he hold out until night? He just had to have water.

That was what he thought of when he saw the glint of something bright in the last slanting rays of the sun. With a cry that choked in his parched throat, he dashed forward.

In minutes, he was beside a car, parked on a lonely road coming into the canyon. There was no one in sight. He tugged at the doors. All locked. Despair ran through him. The car belonged to hunters, maybe. They might not come back for hours, perhaps days. There were blankets on the back seat. He picked up a rock and raised it toward the window, then tossed it down again. Whoever the car belonged to, they wouldn't want him to break a window. Dejectedly he sat down on the running board. He'd wait. He'd stay right there until somebody came.

As Lee Brewer and Walter Marty moved down Wildcat Canyon at the end of the hunting day, Marty peered ahead at the car.

"Funny," he said, "looks like somebody . . ."

By that time the hunters clearly saw the boy and ran forward to stare down in amazement. Lee Brewer knelt and put his arms around the small emaciated figure, asking the question whose answer he already knew: "Are you the lost boy?"

Bruce Crozier looked up, smiled and gave the answer that became a classic, to be told and retold throughout the West.

"I wouldn't want to be lost any worse," he said.

A few minutes later, from a ranch which was only three miles away, the news flashed out—to Winslow, to Mrs. Crozier, to the headquarters of the searching parties, finally to the hundreds still tramping the canyons and the forest. Bruce Crozier had found himself!

The medical verdict at the hospital in Holbrook, where Bruce made a remarkably fast recovery, was "severe exhaustion and dehydration." His weight had dropped from 53 pounds to 29 and his stomach had shrunk to the size of a silver dollar. If the doctors were amazed at his survival, seasoned outdoorsmen were even more so. Bruce ended up only 32 airline miles from camp; the men with the bloodhounds clocked the distance the dogs had followed an actual scent at more than 100 miles!

There seemed to be only one explanation of how Bruce had come through his ordeal—purportedly a record length of time for a boy lost under such extreme conditions. He stayed alive because he never thought of dying. He never once panicked. He had made a mistake in those first hours by not stopping just where he was. But that was an error that many adults had made, adults who all too often ended up as cases labeled "died of exposure."

The full story of how he survived those seven days and six nights in the wilderness will never be fully reconstructed, for Bruce Crozier never liked to talk much about the terrible week when he was the boy they couldn't find.

TEE TIME

TWO FRIENDS HAD a date to play golf. The first one stepped to the tee, took a mighty swing and his drive was a hole in one.

The second friend stepped to the tee and said, "All rightee, now I'll take *my* practice swing, and then we'll start the game."

—MRS. DAVID ALBERT

"WHY DON'T YOU play golf with George any more?" Pete's wife asked him.

"Would you play with a fellow who puts down the wrong score and moves the ball when you aren't looking?"

"No," she replied.

"Neither will George."

—MARIAN POST

Driving tricks that can save your life

fleeting moment my hands and feet were paralyzed. Then, tapping my brakes, I instinctively turned sharply right, off the road and into a shallow ditch.

The green car spun uncontrollably into a tree ten feet behind my car and crashed in a tangle of metal and torn flesh. The driver was killed.

Had I jammed on my brakes and stayed on the road, I'd have been directly in his path. If I'd swerved left, there would probably have been a head-on collision with the second car. My split-second instinctive decision saved my life.

That nerve-shaking close call made me wonder how many critical emergencies I could drive away from with my car—and all my bones—intact. "To stay alive on today's car-smashing highways," says Dr. Herbert J. Stack, consultant at the Center for Safety Education at New York University, "you should be prepared to act in sudden problem situations without delay. A good defensive driver anticipates trouble. He has to steel himself to use the maneuver he has learned is right. Jamming on brakes, for example, may save your life—or it could be fatal. Depends on the situation."

Sam G. Athey, safety supervisor for a national bus network, says, "When you're driving, assume that everyone else is irresponsible, drunk, sleepy or crazy."

While such caution may seem extreme, sooner or later even the most careful motorist is bound to be trapped in a driving emergency. Are you ready for yours? How good a defensive driver are you?

For the following real emergency problems, the solutions are based on a consensus of seasoned bus and racing drivers, safety training instructors and the American Automobile Association. While you may never have to cope with some, you should know how to react to all of them. Any of them *can* happen to you as they did to someone.

So put yourself at the wheel of the critical car and test your PDQ (Prepared Driving Quotient).

1. As you round a curve and travel down a two-lane road, a big truck is stuck across both lanes, blocking your path. You're going too fast to stop instantly. How can you stay alive?

Recommended for the average driver: Use your foot brake to slow down gradually as you *swerve off the road,* picking the softest spot to hit—a wire or wooden fence, an embankment, whatever will absorb impact with the least violence to you. Unfortunately most drivers never think of running *off* the road; they do everything to stay *on* it.

"Always keep an eye out for an escape route," advises Duane Carter, Indianapolis Speedway driver. "On most highways, there's a field, a road shoulder or just another traffic lane. If you have no such escape route, cut your speed and drive with extra care."

2. With cars parked along both curbs, you're going down a city street. Two lanes are open. Approaching you in the left lane is Car "A." Behind it, Car "B" starts to pass around and is making a beeline for you. You're trapped, with apparently no place to go.

"That's a tough one," says Dr. Stack. "It's usually best to do anything to avoid a head-on collision. But if you hit a parked car, the oncoming vehicle may strike you broadside, where you're sitting. Since an accident is inevitable, take it on your front bumper."

The best you can do is sound your horn, jam on your brake, switch off the ignition and brace your feet. Reducing your own speed will give the other driver a few more seconds to stop or slow down, and thus lessen the force of the impact. Turning off your ignition reduces possible risk of fire.

3. A car passing you cuts too closely in front of you, forcing you to swerve. Your right front wheel drops off the pavement to a soft shoulder several inches below the level of the pavement.

Don't try to yank your car back on the road or it may turn over. And don't slam on your brakes or you may be ditched. Ease up on the gas, keeping a light touch to maintain control. Steer so that front and rear right wheels are about three feet off the pavement but parallel with it. When you're in control and rolling evenly, turn back—not sharply—to the pavement.

To avoid getting into such a jam, the good defensive driver always slows down when someone passes. Give the passer plenty of room.

4. Navigating in the right-hand lane of a four-lane expressway, you approach an entrance lane. A car ("A") is moving to enter the stream of traffic and it appears you're about to crash into each other. In the left lane, a station wagon is about 30 feet behind you. A third car is at your rear. What's your best maneuver?

"You have three possible choices," advises Dr. William G. Anderson of Columbia's Safety Research and Education Project. "If there's enough space in the middle lane, shoot out your hand to signal and swerve left, ahead of the station wagon and around entering Car "A." The second choice, if the car behind you is not too close, is to apply your brake, hoping the following car will see the situation and slow down. If you're boxed in by the station wagon and the car behind you, blow your horn and go full speed ahead to beat out the entering car. Never swerve right and try to get behind Car "A." Chances are the "A" driver will slow or stop and you would crash into his rear."

To avoid such a trap, when you see the car entering the access lane, either slow down to let him enter ahead or speed up so he can come in behind you.

5. On a busy turnpike, with a line of cars behind you, your gas pedal sticks and your car shoots ahead.

You'd probably jam your brake, frightened by the roar of the engine. Don't. Turn the ignition key and throw your transmission into neutral. Slow down gradually until you can pull off the road. If you brake too fast, you'll lose momentum and stop abruptly—with all those cars behind you. Shifting into neutral will probably let your car roll long enough to reach a safe area.

6. Riding on a thruway, you spot what

seems to be a drunken or "mad" driver. He weaves from lane to lane, drives too fast in the rain or snow, fails to signal. You try to pass him and he switches into your lane.

Brake and let him go ahead. "Avoid a 'nut' driver like poison," warns Dr. Stack. "Keep out of his way. Don't get angry and dispute the right of way. If he's on the lane beside you, slow down and let him get ahead. Above all, don't try to lose him by speeding."

If you suspect a wavering or wandering driver has dozed off, blast him with your horn or flash your headlights to wake him. Stay behind him—don't risk pulling up alongside his car.

7. Just as you reach a traffic light, it turns red and you stop. You hear a screech of brakes and your rear-view mirror shows you that a truck behind you can't stop in time and is about to crash into your rear. You've got a second to do something.

Instantly release your foot brake and flop over on the side, if there's no other passenger. Or slump down in your seat, keeping your foot just over the brake. Taking your foot off the brake will help lessen the shock because your car will have a little give. Ducking down will avoid a painful or dangerous "whiplash" injury to your neck, caused when the seated body is hurled forward by a blow from the rear while unsupported head is snapped forcefully backward. As soon as you feel impact, apply your brake to keep out of the cross-traffic.

8. Without warning, on a well-traveled parkway, you hit a fog bank so heavy that you can barely see a foot ahead of you or at your side. You're driving blind. What are your alternatives?

Snap on your low-beam or parking lights and try crawling along, holding to a speed that you're sure you can handle and will keep you from being struck from behind. If that's too nerve-racking keep right and stop. Have your passenger get out of the right side of the car (or, if you're alone, do it yourself) and scout the right edge of the road to see if it's safe to pull off the pavement until the fog lifts.

9. In heavy traffic at high speed, you have a blowout in your right front tire.

Fight the impulse to brake! Grip the steering wheel with both hands with all your strength to keep it from tearing loose. Gently feed gas in short spurts; it may help you regain control by lifting the weight off the dragging tire.

Your car will start lurching toward the right. Avoid jerking it to the left or the car may turn over. Steer in a straight line. When you have the car under control, start touching the foot brake lightly, to slow the car down.

Keep going on the flat tire until you reach a turn-off. This may ruin your tire but it will save your life and your car. Anything that stops suddenly on a busy road is apt to get clobbered.

If you hit your brake hard after the blowout, the forward part of your car will drop, the wheel's rim could bite the macadam and throw you far enough to the side of the road to slip over. Blowouts underline the importance of keeping both hands firmly on the wheel so that you can steer safely in emergencies.

10. On a two-lane highway you're in a long line of cars and swing out to pass on the left. But another car suddenly appears over a hill and comes directly at you. You're not sure you have enough passing distance ahead.

Of course, you've broken the cardinal rule of the road not to pass on a hill or a curve where visibility is limited. Slam on your brakes, put on your right indicator, let the car beside you move ahead and try to squeeze back into line to avoid both a head-on collision and a sideswipe. Pray that other cars in the right lane will be noticing your plight and hold back for you.

11. As you descend a steep hill, with a row of cars ahead, your brake pedal suddenly drops lifelessly to the floorboard. How can you safely stop your runaway car?

Pull the emergency hand brake with all your strength, give the foot brake a series of short, swift pumps to build up pressure past a possible leak in the hydraulic system. If possible, shift into a lower gear to reduce speed. Edge toward the side of the road and look for the escape route mentioned in emergency #1.

12. Driving on a pitch-black night, your headlights go out.

This is a petrifying experience, but don't panic. Gradually slow down. Switch to your parking lights, spotlight or fog light—they may still work and enable you to be guided by the white road line. If one of your lights functions, and you have an emergency flashlight in your glove compartment, aim it out the window. When you can make out the road and your surroundings, pull to the side of the road.

13. You hit a curve too fast at a sharp angle, realize you have only a thread of control and become panicky as you see a cliff on the right.

Start braking slowly in spurts and take the curve flatter, crossing over to the left side (provided there is no other car in the left lane). Shift down to a lower gear if you can. If you suddenly slam on your brakes, with the wheels turned, you could roll over.

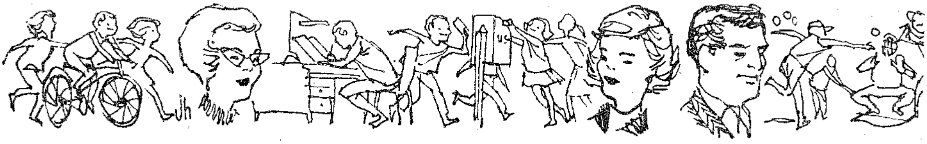
14. At night, on an unfamiliar road, an oncoming driver blinds you by a "glare fog" of headlights. All road details blur. What can you do?

You've made the mistake of looking directly into headlights instead of angling your gaze toward the right. You will be partially blind for about seven seconds. Keep blinking your headlights in the hope that the approaching driver will depress his. Slow down, steer cautiously and stay as close to the right-hand edge of the road as you can. Grip your steering wheel—and pray.

Of course, you may encounter other emergencies. To keep from ending up as a highway accident statistic, you've got to develop the right basic responses so that you react automatically in the crucial few seconds before a possible crash.

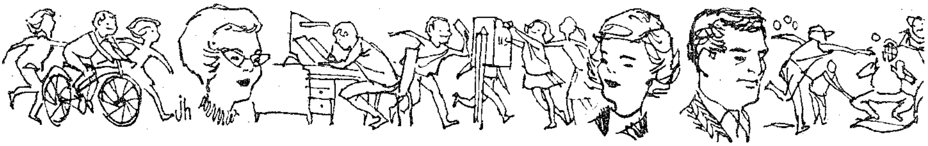
To avoid meeting such emergency situations, learn the art of defensive driving. It may save your life.

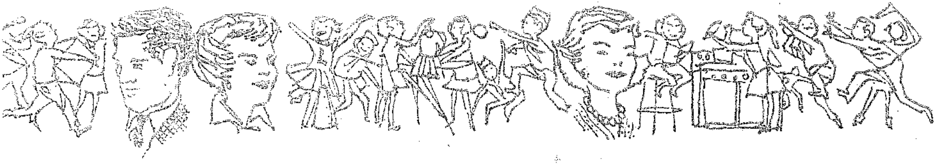
BY GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS
A leading authority on child education and development for
50 years, Dr. Myers is a psychologist, teacher,
editor of **Highlights for Children**—and himself has 13 grandchildren



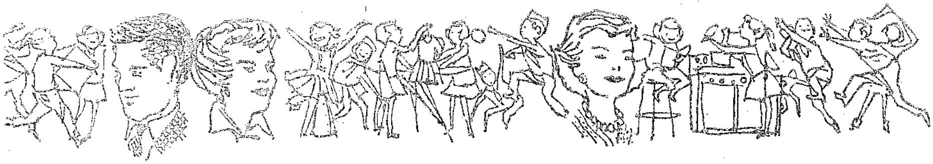
A parent's prayer

Help me to understand my children, to listen
patiently to what they have to say and to answer all
their questions kindly. Keep me from interrupting
them, talking back to them and contradicting them. Make
me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me.
Give me the courage to confess my sins against
my children and to ask of them forgiveness, when I know
that I have done them wrong.
May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my children.
Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes or resort
to shame and ridicule as punishment. Let me
not tempt a child to lie and steal. So guide me hour by
hour that I may demonstrate by all
I say and do that honesty produces happiness.
Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. May I cease to nag;





and when I am out of sorts, help me, Oh Lord,
to hold my tongue. Blind me to the little errors of my
children and help me to see the good things
that they do. Give me a ready word for honest praise.
Help me to treat my children as those of their
own age, but let me not exact of them the judgments and
conventions of adults. Allow me not to rob
them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves,
to think, to choose and to make decisions.
Forbid that I should ever punish them
for my selfish satisfaction. May I grant them all of
their wishes that are reasonable and
have the courage always to withhold a privilege
which I know will do them harm.
Make me so fair and just, so considerate
and companionable to my children that they will
have a genuine esteem for me. Fit
me to be loved and imitated by my children.



Tips to save on heating; original art you can afford; available mental health insurance; high fashion hand-me-downs

HOME HEAT: save on your fuel bill

You may save a good deal on your fuel bill—and get better heat for your home—by following the applicable suggestions:

1. The expert. Save 20 percent. Call a topnotch heating mechanic, and he will take the temperature of your smokestack, the draft of your chimney and figure your unit's efficiency rating. A unit which tests at 60 percent efficiency may be raised by certain common adjustments to 75 percent efficiency. For every $100 spent previously for fuel, there will now be a saving of $20.

2. The degree. Save ten percent. The healthiest settings for household thermostats are between 68° and 72°. Most people waste fuel and endanger health with higher settings. The average saving would be ten percent or more at the lower setting.

3. Night-time settings. Save nine-and-a-half percent. Recent tests indicate that when the daytime setting is 70°, a night set-back to 60° F. for eight hours will actually effect a nine-and-a-half percent fuel savings (when outside temperatures are 35° F.). Automatic "clock thermostats" which raise and lower thermostats at set times often pay for themselves by doing this for you.

4. Scaling down soot. Save two-and-a-half percent. A furnace or boiler, no matter what kind of fuel it burns, must be soot-free. Soot on flue surfaces reduces heat transmission to your boiler or furnace. Your service company can remove the soot. What can soot cost? A *paper-thin* layer, only 1/32 of an inch thick, can increase your heating costs by two-and-a-half percent. Thicker layers waste proportionately more.

5. Bathing the boiler. Save at least ten percent. The inside of your boiler can become corroded through the action of chemicals. This can double or triple heat-generating time, costing you fuel dollars. Have your heating contractor treat your unit yearly with a good grade of boiler conditioner. If you drain and fill your boiler with fresh water, do not allow it to stand idle. Dissolved gases in some fresh water may start an immediate corrosive action. Fire up your unit to the boiling point at least once immediately after refilling.

6. Dodging drafts. Save seven-and-a-half to 12 percent. Modern, automatic heating equipment has or should have a draft control unit in the smoke pipes. This permits your boiler to extract the fullest possible degree of the combustion products. Savings up to more than 15 percent can be achieved when this inexpensive item is installed by your contractor.

7. Holding in the heat. Save ten to 25 percent. The finer your home insulation, the slower will be the heat loss and the less you will spend on heating. Weather stripping, storm windows and insulation can all save fuel. Even a small built-up insulated area behind each radiator will conserve heat. A well-fitting window or entrance door, properly weather-stripped, can reduce the infiltration of cold outside air as much as 40 percent. Even when permanent insulation or storm windows are not feasible, as in some rented homes, inexpensive plastic sheeting can save heat. Shades and draperies over windows also provide useful insulation.

8. Filtering filters. Save five to 25 percent. Your furnace's air filter removes room dust, dirt, grime and grease and eventually becomes clogged. All air being warmed by your furnace must pass through this filter. Only a small amount of heated air can get through a clogged filter. Your furnace begins to strain and burn more fuel. Your blower's electric motor must work harder and longer. The result is higher electric costs, bigger fuel bills and less warmth. Change your furnace's filter regularly and clean it often for maximum efficiency.

9. Fireplace flues. Your fireplace may be a heat pirate in disguise. If a fireplace flue is left open or if it is so designed that it cannot be closed, precious central heating can funnel out of the house swiftly. Make sure the flues are closed tightly at all times when the fireplace is not in use. Remember, too, that if the furnace thermostat is in the same room as the fireplace, fireplace heat will throw off the setting and permit the balance of the house to cool down.

10. Breathing room. Warm-air registers, radiators, convectors and baseboard radiation need breathing room for efficient heating. A rug covering a floor register, draperies blocking off a convector or a long sofa which completely obstructs a strip of baseboard radiation can cut down on room comfort. Leave room for the free circulation of air around your home's radiation.

ORIGINAL ART: you can afford it

You can join the growing army of collectors of original art works for less than you think. Prices of oils, aristocrats among paintings, generally start at about $50; pastels and water colors at about $40. Drawings in ink, charcoal or pencil may be less than $10. These are not the works of old masters, but of unknowns. Local artists are particularly eager to sell their works for the satisfaction and the advertising value.

You can buy paintings at art galleries, museums, open-air shows, auction galleries, secondhand shops, art schools and traveling exhibits. Best places to find local artists are museums, art clubs, school or college art departments.

Museums often give better buys than art galleries. Museums usually charge no commission, galleries charge about 33⅓ percent.

Many collectors prefer reproductions of the works of the recognized artists whose original works they can't possibly afford. They therefore stick to prints: etchings, lithographs, woodcuts or engravings. (A useful explanation of the different kinds of prints is *An Introduction to Prints and Printmaking* (published in 1960 by FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y., $2.50.) One inexpensive way to get engravings is to snip them from old books. A signed lithograph by an outstanding artist is less expensive than a painting. One by Marc Chagall, for example, costs $100 to $800. Original paintings by Chagall cost from $5,000 to $25,000.

Many museums allow you to rent a work of art for a few dollars a month. Later, you may apply this to the purchase price.

As an example, New York's Museum of Modern Art rents lithographs of top moderns like Picasso, Braque, Buffet as well as original paintings, sculpture and photographs. The two-month rental fee is $5 for items worth up to $125, $10 for $126-$200 and up to $35 for $626-$750 items. Somewhat similar service is available at the San Francisco Museum of Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art and the Contemporary Arts Center of the Cincinnati Art Museum, to name only a few.

But there's more to buying a painting than price. There is taste, for example, an individual and changing thing. Taste can be refined by the study of art books, visits to museums and galleries, art appreciation courses, discussions in a collectors' club (if there is none in your town, write to the American Federation of Arts, New York 28, N. Y., for advice on the ABCs of collecting).

Here are a few guide points to collecting:

1. Get something every member of the family likes.
2. Beware of fads. This is the best argument for taking advantage of a museum's rental service.
3. Keep in mind the space in which you plan to place your choice. If it is the wrong size or shape for the space you may come to dislike it.
4. Make sure your painting fits into the color scheme of the room for which you plan it.

MENTAL HEALTH INSURANCE: it's available

Check to see if your health insurance policy covers mental illness. Already a majority of the 75,000,000 people covered by commercial insurance companies have such coverage, and Blue Cross-Blue Shield now offers similar protection. Should you ever be asked to weigh the benefits of one health insurance policy against another, make sure on this point.

Mental-health insurance covers care in the hospital. Under group major medical insurance, it also covers care in the doctor's office. In short-term illness, all bills may be paid in full. But under comprehensive insurance both deductible and co-insurance clauses generally are included.

Under a deductible clause, you pay the first $50 or $100 or more. Then the co-insurance clause goes into effect.

Normally, co-insurance clauses under health insurance call for you to pay 25 percent, the insurance company paying the remaining 75 percent. But since mental care often is prolonged and costly, the co-insurance rate may be 50 percent, which means that you and the company each pay half. It's not the final answer, but mental-health insurance helps point the way to solve the tough problem: How can we meet the high costs of mental illness?

HAND-ME-DOWN: high fashion

Women now can buy original dresses, suits and coats created by top-name fashion designers of France and the U. S. at prices far below cost. These garments have been worn once or a handful of times by women who feel their social standing would be harmed if they wore the same outfit too often. The clothes show no signs of wear and are, of course, clean.

Typical prices in one big-city "resale" shop: gold-and-black brocade cocktail dress (when new, $600, by Galanos), now $125; brocade evening suit ($650, Chanel), $89; black satin dress ($600, Norell), $69; coat ($700, Mainbocher), $69; black linen dress and jacket ($400, Dessès), $89.

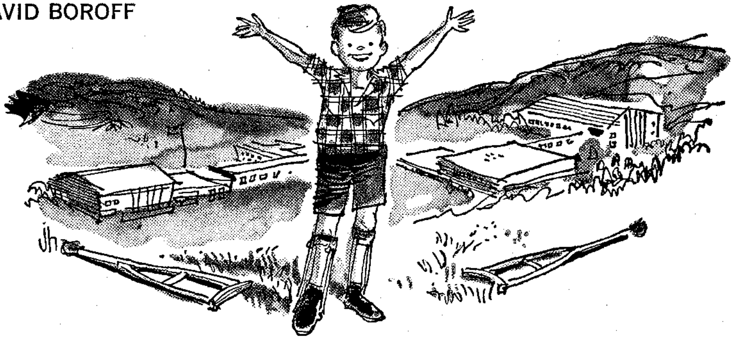
Already such shops—whose customers include many well-to-do women—are in existence in a number of cities. Many have apt names: Encore, Exchange Place and Resale Associates in New York; French Poodle in Washington, D. C., and Jayne's Fashion Resale in Dallas.

The best way to find such a shop in your town is to look in the classified telephone directory under "Clothing-Used" or "Clothing, Bought and Sold." Call in advance to learn if quality clothing is being offered lest you wind up in a junk shop. Most of the shops offer a wide range of sizes. Since the garments were fitted to the original owners, you may have to alter them. And minor repairs may be necessary.

Not to be outdone by women, now men and children are getting into the act, with similar shops opening for their unwanted but still wearable clothing. An actor who has been running Gentlemen's Resale Shop in New York for more than two years, for example, has many seemingly unworn Oxxford and Brooks Brothers business suits, tuxedos, and sports jackets on hand at one-fourth to one-third of the retail price—turned in mainly by men who have lost or gained weight and find their suits no longer fit.

Children's shops of this kind—one of them is called Second Act—are particularly useful. The outgrown party dress, for example, can be sold and the proceeds put toward buying a good used dress two sizes larger.

BY DAVID BOROFF



The miracle on Crotched Mountain

Handicapped children are
reborn at this unique rehabilitation
colony in the
woodlands of New Hampshire

To Betty, her sixth birthday was the darkest day of the year. For what birthday is complete without blowing out the candles on the cake? And this was one of many things that pretty Betty couldn't do. She was a victim of cerebral palsy, and her afflicted throat muscles could not carry out this simple act. But a year later, a jubilant Betty, surrounded by friends and family, blew out seven candles in one huge burst of air.

Betty's triumph is one of the many achievements of Crotched Mountain Foundation, a hilltop rehabilitation center sometimes called "Miracle Mountain." Located in Greenfield, New Hampshire, amid a sparkling panorama of lakes, mountains and villages, Crotched Mountain's most impressive view is that of the future—held out to children who formerly *had* none.

Take Mary-Anne, for example. When her grandmother learned that the little girl had *spina bifida,* a form of paraplegia which paralyzed the child from the waist down, she said: "We'll just hide her in the back room." Today, Mary-Anne, with the help of braces and crutches, can walk faster than the average child her age. Then there is Harold, a polio victim. As a teenager, he was discovered crawling on his hands and knees in an institution for the feeble-minded. Today, a self-respecting member of the Crotched Mountain community, he reconditions most of the furniture of the center and feels useful and wanted.

But Crotched Mountain is more than a string of success stories. It opens new vistas of rehabilitation for America's millions of physically handicapped individuals. The establishment is unique in that all its rehabilitation facilities for children—educational, vocational, psychological, medical—are in one place. "Orthopedic men look at bones; neurologists look at nerves," says Dr. George G. Deaver, a leader in physical medicine and rehabilitation and chief consultant at Crotched Mountain. "We look at the whole child."

AT CROTCHED MOUNTAIN, a dedicated staff gets its 100 child-patients to do things they didn't dream of trying. Eighty percent of the physically handicapped children admitted enter in wheel chairs or on stretchers. About 90 percent of those who leave walk out under their own power—many with braces and crutches, but walking. Before them stretch schools, jobs, recreation—a life with a promise of normalcy!

Crotched Mountain got its start from Harry A. Gregg, a New Hampshire industrialist and banker who had long been interested in helping handicapped children. One day in 1944, Dr. Ezra Jones, a New Hampshire orthopedist, wistfully told him about the need for a rehabilitation center: "We're just kidding ourselves about the amount of help we're giving children," Dr. Jones said. "We work with them in our outpatient clinic, put braces on them and let them go home. But they come back to us a few months later, and some are twisted up and in trouble again. These are the ones who need intensive 24-hour care and the training that only a rehabilitation center can provide."

Gregg promptly purchased a tract of land at Crotched Mountain, an area of southern New Hampshire that he knew and loved. By 1950, he had signed up 197 "founders," who contributed $5,000 or more each. One of them was Sceva Speare, a Nashua department-store owner, whose gift of $1,000,000 hastened the realization of Gregg's dream. In 1953, when Crotched Mountain began its work, Gregg turned his business over to his son Hugh, a former New Hampshire governor, and devoted himself full-time to Crotched Mountain. Past 70, but erect and tireless, Gregg travels thousands of miles annually in pursuit of the money for the Foundation.

His devotion to Crotched Mountain is matched by that of the staff, parents and thousands of visitors. One physician, whose child has cerebral palsy, said admiringly: "The first thing that strikes you in any institution is its tone. Crotched Mountain is a friendly place, a happy place." His wife added: "Our child seems to feel that Crotched Mountain is her second home."

Visitors approaching Crotched Mountain are usually surprised to find it such a gay place. (In a three-day visit I saw only one child cry—and that was because of homesickness.) They will find a child in a wheel chair happily pushing a doll carriage. In the winter, they may see handicapped boys skiing down a slope, using their crutches as ski poles. But, above all, they will see hope where once there was only apathy and stagnation.

The ratio of staff to patients is impressive—about one to one. (There are usually about 50 crippled children in the center and an almost equal number of deaf youngsters.) The guiding philosophy is that these youngsters are not disabled children but children with disabilities to be overcome.

"You have to be optimistic," one physical therapist said. "What keeps you going is the conviction that you're salvaging a life that otherwise would be wasted."

But Crotched Mountain people are realistic, too. They shoot for attainable goals. For a severely stricken cerebral palsied child, the moment of triumph may be the simple act of learning to suck through a straw. For others it may be the higher achievement of struggling up a simulated bus step—which means going to a regular school is possible.

The children get understanding, but not pity. "Children wearing braces have as many discipline problems as other children," a staff member said. "You can't be guided by sorrow or they'll rule the roost."

The sweetest line heard at Crotched Mountain is: "I can do it myself!" This is the result of a program designed to extend every child's skills and bring about maximum self-sufficiency. A key department is physical therapy, in which wasted muscles are coaxed back into use, and other muscles persuaded to do jobs not intended by nature. There is a class using gym mats—the first roll-over for a paraplegic is a dramatic victory; a therapeutic pool with warm water—it's also fun for the kids; and practice in walking.

For a severely handicapped child, the goal may be as modest as learning to stand or to control his head movements. For others there is the adventure of walking with braces and crutches.

"There's as much technique involved in walking on crutches," Dr. Deaver states, "as in skiing or playing badminton. You don't give someone a pair of skis and tell him to go ahead and ski."

Walking, of course, is an obvious achievement. But as Dr. Deaver harshly points out, "Why should a child use up his energy walking? He knows he's not going anywhere." (Fewer than 50 percent of the cerebral palsied children will be able to work; that is one of the unyielding facts of this affliction.) One important purpose of walking and standing is to prevent deformities and contractures. A secondary purpose is to enable the child to negotiate ADL—the activities of daily living, such as getting into bed, eating and going to the bathroom.

Occupational therapy has similar purposes. Under the guise of play, children learn how to feed themselves, dress and undress, and perform other essential functions. Special utensils are designed to meet the needs of particular disabilities; there are odd knife-fork combinations, swivel spoons, dummy shoes which children learn to lace, and long sessions devoted to buttoning articles of clothing.

Every day, some children spend time at the standing table. There, locked in braces at their hips and knees, they play or work. This is essential for the proper function of their bowels and bladder.

In the Occupational Therapy room, you can see little Brucie, a cerebral palsied boy who cannot speak. ("They communicate with their eyes," a nurse said softly.) He is learning to use an electric typewriter to communicate with people. It is an agonizing process, for his hands can strike a key only with great effort. But he proudly demonstrated that he could spell his name.

There is also an accredited school —even if some of the young scholars are sitting in wheel chairs. And there is play. Scorning their limitations, these children do what other children do. In summer, one can see little Glee, supported by crutches, whacking fiercely at a baseball. With the children on the lawn are two handsome horses, two burros and a pony that founder Gregg hopes the children will ride "after I have broken them in." And enveloping the kids in affection and fun are a host of student assistants from Eastern colleges. One of them is herself an alumna of the Foundation, a polio victim who says that Crotched Mountain taught her to think of other people. Fishing trips, visits to museums, and soda junkets to the drugstore in nearby Peterborough—in these simple ways, the youngsters keep in touch with the world.

There is also a school for deaf children at Crotched Mountain, with 44 pupils and eight teachers. It seeks to teach children lip-reading and speaking. The school rejects sign language as self-segregating. Long, tedious hours are spent with simple sounds. Teacher and student look into a mirror, and the child imitates the teacher's facial movements to reproduce the sound.

And they learn. A deaf child from the school had dinner out with his parents. He carefully studied a group sitting on the other side of the restaurant. "They're having a fight," he announced to his parents. And, sure enough, he was right.

There is affection between the deaf children and the crippled ones. "When are the deaf children coming back to school?" the other youngsters ask when the summer is drawing to a close. And the deaf children are never happier than when they are pushing a handicapped child in a wheel chair. Deaf boys and crippled children play on the Crotched Mountain basketball team, which has done very well in competition against local schools. The deaf players have only one problem: they don't hear the referee's whistle.

Not all the work is done with the children. "You can be a parent substitute until you're blue in the face," a social worker said, "but the children need their parents." And many parents must be trained in wholesome attitudes. Some parents are shamefully neglectful. One teenage girl was hardly able to leave her home until a social worker prevailed upon her parents to build a ramp to enable her to walk out. Very often it's the parents who need the therapy, a psychologist pointed out, not the children.

The finest hour at Crotched Mountain occurs on Demonstration Day. Once a month, before a large audience of visitors, Dr. Deaver and the staff demonstrate the art of the impossible. In a running commentary, Dr. Deaver shows what can be done and how important it is to try. One moment he is knocking the crutches out from under a youngster (prepared for the test) to show how the child can get up after a fall. A moment later he is saying: "If we can train them to get in and out of bed, then we've saved the state millions of dollars." Toward that end, he helped design a wheel chair with a removable arm, so that a child can climb into bed unaided.

Dr. Deaver hammers away at his central themes: "We mustn't give up on these children. . . . A good head and two good hands—that's all that you need to get along in this world. Some of these kids have more brains than the people who want to put them away in institutions."

The children love Demonstration Day. "They're all hams at heart," says one staff member.

What does the future hold in store for Crotched Mountain?

Gregg and his professional staff are building a rehabilitation center for 300 adults on the same site. This will be a unique, self-sufficient community for the handicapped, in which they will work, study, play and raise families. Within this industry-colony pattern, there will be shops, schools and complete recreational facilities—including bowling alleys and an indoor swimming pool.

Those who display enough self-sufficiency will be able to work at Crotched Mountain and live there or in any of six neighboring towns.

"When current plans are implemented," says the famed rehabilitation specialist Dr. Howard A. Rusk, "it will be the most complete rehabilitation center not only in the United States but probably in the world."

ELEMENTARY, SIR ARTHUR!

AT A GATHERING, the late detective story writer, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was introduced to a would-be criminologist who was dull and irksome. After listening to his wearisome chatter for a half-hour, Doyle escaped to another room.

"He's a little on the dull side, isn't he?" the host remarked to Doyle.

The author nodded. "But he has a brilliant mind," continued the host. "I've heard he has found a way to commit the perfect crime."

"I know," replied Doyle. "He almost bored me to death, too."

—*Wall Street Journal*

How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Are "tame" and "domesticated" the same?

Though the two words are loosely used interchangeably, there is a distinction between them. That animal which has lost the timidity or savagery of its wild state is tame, but that which has been reduced to domestic use is domesticated. A pig is domesticated, but we would not speak of it as tame. A deer might be accustomed, by gentle treatment, to come to a house for food. It would be considered tame, but not domesticated. *Domesticated* always means "reduced to use or habituated to living in or around a house." Most husbands are domesticated. *Tame* is often extended to mean no more than *mild* (as in "This was mighty tame abuse"). Few husbands are tame.

There are "newfangled" things; why not "oldfangled" or "fangled"?

Fang comes from a now-lost Anglo-Saxon verb meaning to catch. We still speak of a dog's fangs or a serpent's fangs. So that which is *newfangled* is something that has caught the public's fancy by its newness; we express the same idea when we say of anything new, "Will it catch on?" or "It has caught on." Since it is the novelty rather than the worth that makes a thing catch on, newfangled suggests something flashy or bizarre, tinseled, trifling. For several centuries these ideas were expressed in *fangled* and in the 19th century Robert Browning used *oldfangled* for oldfashioned and a few other writers followed him. But neither word ever caught on to become an established part of the idiom.

Why do we "root" for the home team?

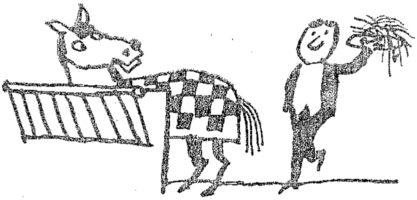
Over 100 years ago *root* was college slang for studying hard. And here one can see some relevance, whether one thinks of getting to the root of things or just rooting into the books like a pig rooting with its snout. It's a good term for hard digging. This slang meaning became obsolete, however; and about 1890, when intercollegiate athletics were getting into their first raucous rapture, the word *root* suddenly appeared in its present slang meaning of "shouting for" or "supporting vigorously." It may have been an adoption of the earlier collegiate slang—simply hard work in another branch of college activities. Or it may have been based on some yell, such as the old "Root de toot, root de toot / We're the girls from the Institute."

Is "fetch" a good word to use?

None better. Meaning "go get and bring back," *fetch* is as old as the language. It is used in the Bible 47 times and in Shakespeare 127 times; the list of great writers who have employed it would stretch from here to Parnassus. But there is an increasing feeling that it's improper. Maybe it has suffered from being used in the training of dogs. But dogs are now so loved it is hard to believe that any word that became attached to them would not go up, rather than down, in the scale.

Was a "livery" stable a place to which horses were "delivered"?

It wasn't the horse that was delivered to the stable, but the provender which was delivered *to* the horse at the stable. *Livery* is related to *delivery*. It originally meant food and clothing delivered by the master to his servants as an agreed part of their wages. Hence a footman's or a chauffeur's livery was the suit delivered to him. The horse was as much a part of the great household as the groom—and far likelier to be better treated. *Livery* also meant an allowance of provender for horses. A horse *at livery* was kept for the owner and fed and groomed at a fixed charge. This is the meaning of the word in *livery* stable which, but for this one use, is now obsolete.



A veteran educator
deplores the
unwarranted furor
over college
admissions and the
terrible pressure
it puts on our high
school students

"LET'S PUT AN END TO PRE-COLLEGE PANIC"

BY ABRAHAM H. LASS

Principal, Abraham Lincoln High School, New York City

ONE MORNING RECENTLY, one of my brightest students was in my office when a call came through from her mother excitedly reporting the arrival of a letter of acceptance from a leading Eastern college. The girl keeled over in a faint from joy and relief. She was lucky. For thousands this spring the mailman has only the heartbreaking news of rejection. And the aftereffects on youngsters often are bitterly cruel. When our colleges open their doors this September, they will admit the most tested, most analyzed, most high-pressured—and most scared—freshman class in history. Working in what they consider the students' best interests, parents, college admission officers, scholarship agencies, entrance examination boards and journalists have unfortunately harried high school seniors to the point that they find college a letdown after their preparatory anxieties.

The tragedy of all this commotion is that it is not only harmful but also largely unnecessary. The fact is, there is room in U.S. colleges for every qualified student. Despite our rapidly multiplying student population, despite the stiff competition for acceptance at the most famous universities, no one who is college material need fear being deprived of first-rate higher education.

Only yesterday getting ready for college was fairly simple. In the 1930s, for example, only low grades or lack of money could stop the boy or girl who wanted a college education. The colleges were hungry for students, and a student with even a passable academic record could pick and choose from a wide choice of schools.

Today the situation is admittedly more difficult. More students are applying, and certain facilities are strained, admissions requirements are rising and so is the cost. Ironically, the well-intentioned advertising campaign to provide adequate college facilities has made even able students fear that there may not be room for them in the college of their choice. And less able students are convinced that their chances are practically nil.

From the moment he begins thinking about college, the high school student is haunted by the College Entrance Board examinations most schools require. Despite assurances that College Board scores are only one of many factors, he is certain that colleges set a score below which they will not consider an applicant, no matter how fine his other qualifications.

Previously, primarily high school *seniors* had to fret over college admission problems. Now, with the advent of the Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test, *juniors* are directly affected too. In 1959, 378,156 high school juniors took the P.S.A.T.; an estimated 450,000 took it in 1960. Designed to provide early college guidance for students, parents and counselors, the P.S.A.T. has thus far disturbed the hitherto relatively tranquil high school junior year and created ripples of concern among sophomores.

Parents are losing their sense of values. The pressure of getting a son or daughter into college drives some to outright bribery. One father offered Princeton University's Admissions Director C. William Edwards a $500,000 geology building to admit his son. Edwards turned down the building—and the son.

Other parents make their children miserable by insisting that they get into "the right school." "Get my father off my back," a Bronx senior begged his college advisor. "He won't speak to me if I don't get into Yale." The notion that you can't get a good college education at anything but an "Ivy League" school is absurd. Yet this feverish pursuit of "status" drives thousands of students to apply to these select schools—where they are certain to be rejected in droves.

Pounded against this anvil of materialism and opportunism, the motives and behavior of many students inevitably have begun to disintegrate. Ideally, education is an opportunity to grow and to experience the present and the past. Yet, to thousands of students this runs second to the drive for "a high average" and "high Board scores." Constantly, they ask their advisors: "Is this course 'good' for the College Board exams?" As if this were all that mattered!

There are signs that the pursuit of high College Board scores has begun to affect the thinking of students on matters not wholly related to college. Recently, the Educational Testing Service, the agency that prepares and administers the College Entrance Examinations, received this letter:

"I should like to know . . . the scores of an individual on the Scholastic Aptitude Test. . . . I have become emotionally involved with a female college student and I am hesitant at becoming more seriously involved with her because I am afraid her intellectual abilities aren't on the same level as mine."

Standards of honesty are being undermined. Cheating has become common in our schools, particularly among bright pupils. Typical of students' attitudes is this comment turned up in a 1960 *New York Times* survey: "The only thing some parents are interested in is marks. . . . How we get them doesn't seem to matter."

"Cramming" and "coaching" for college entrance examinations has become a scandalous national obsession. Reluctantly succumbing to mounting pressure from students and parents, reputable private and public schools now provide "orientation sessions," which are nothing but cram courses. Yet, educators know that the exams are deliberately made "cram-proof" and no amount of cramming can significantly improve a student's performance.

Fortunately, things are not as hopeless as they seem. Some plain talk and reaffirmation of some almost forgotten values will go a long way toward helping our young people to face their problems.

Here is what every parent should understand about the "college admission crisis":

1. Anyone who is fit for college can usually get into one. A few colleges are unable to accommodate the exceptionally large numbers who are beating on their doors. The rest of our colleges are able to accommodate all of their students—and some are even short of applicants. The present "crisis" is a statistical illusion, caused by a flood of *applications* (some students apply to as many as ten colleges) not a surplus of *applicants.*

2. The colleges want students as much as the students want the colleges. Every college is looking for the kind of student who will profit from its particular academic program. College admission officers don't want to admit the wrong student—but they don't want to reject the right one.

3. The college education is not

a status symbol, like a mink coat or a Cadillac. A college education is what happens in a boy's heart and between his ears, and it can be gotten in almost any reasonably good college.

"Am I college material? And if so, what kind of college material?" This is the first question every student must answer before undertaking any intelligent planning. Actually, no one can answer it fully or objectively by himself. But teachers, counselors and parents can and must. General attitude toward school, I.Q., academic achievements, scores on standardized tests, College Entrance Examination Board tests—all these, taken together, provide a good basis for predicting how successful you will be in college.

If all the evidence says you are not college material, remember: there is nothing shameful in not being qualified to go to college. Some of our finest, most useful citizens are not college graduates.

Start thinking about college well ahead of time—no later than the end of the eighth grade. In high school, enroll in a college preparatory program. Learn how to study, and put in not less than two to three hours a night. Read one worthwhile book a week, a daily paper and a few magazines, all in addition to "required reading."

The following academic program will, at present, enable a student to qualify for almost any college in the country: English (four years); Social Studies (three years); Foreign Language (three years); Mathematics (two-and-a-half to three years); Biology (one year); Chemistry (one year); Physics (one year). But most colleges will take you with less. Extracurricular activities help too, but not if school work suffers.

There are over 2,000 colleges in America. Picking the right one is almost as important and as difficult as picking the right wife or husband. There is no *best* college—just as there is no *best* mate. But there is the college that is best for you—a college you can afford, with the kind of atmosphere you'll be happy in and a scholastic program that will challenge, but not overwhelm. Nobody has a sure-fire formula that will take all the guessing and heartache out of picking a college and getting admitted, but here are some fairly reliable approaches:

1. After you have analyzed your own personality and scholastic background, seek answers to such questions as: What kind of student has the college of your choice accepted from your high school? How do you compare with that student? Their college record often affects the admissions officer's attitude toward all students from your school. Significant clues about your chances of admission can be found by studying the "profile" of a freshman class at your chosen college. It shows where students have come from (public and private schools, sections of the country), the distribution of their College Entrance Board scores, their class standing, etc.

2. What, in general, is your college's admission policy? According to a 1959 survey, American colleges fall into these categories: highly

competitive or competitive—16.5 percent; accept all B average high school graduates—27 percent; accept all C average high school graduates—18.1 percent; accept all or almost all high school graduates—35.1 percent; others—3.3 percent.

3. Is your college accredited? Find out by consulting standard references in your school or local library.

4. Does the college offer enough strong courses in your field of special interest?

5. Does the college have any geographical, racial, ethnic or religious quotas? Some still do. It isn't easy to find this information, but it is important that you try to get it.

6. If you are not qualified for the traditional four-year liberal arts college, and if you want some systematic education or training beyond high school, then the rapidly expanding junior and community colleges are just for you.

7. Study hard. Have some fun while you're studying.

And stop worrying. You will need all your energy and will power for the full-time job you have to do—developing yourself into a good student and a decent human being.

SIGN LANGUAGE

In a Santa Cruz, California, restaurant: "Our cook gets a day off—does yours?" —LINDA HENNER

In a Chicago tailor shop: "As You Rip, So Shall We Sew!" —MRS. EVA SICHEWSKY

A highway sign above a Houghton, Washington, boat works invites: "Let Us Paint Your Bottom." —MARGIE B. HOYMAN

This notice is displayed in a London restaurant: "Five o'clock tea served at any time of day." —LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

A sign in a Portland, Maine, store reads: "Ideal gift for noisy teenagers—BREAKABLE RECORDS!" —HY GARDNER

Above the grill of a coffee shop in London, Ontario, is this sign:

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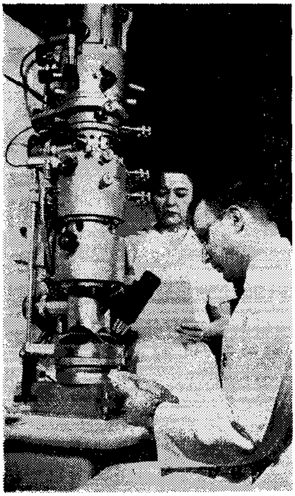

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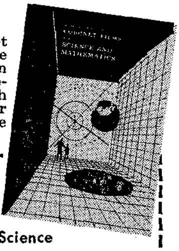

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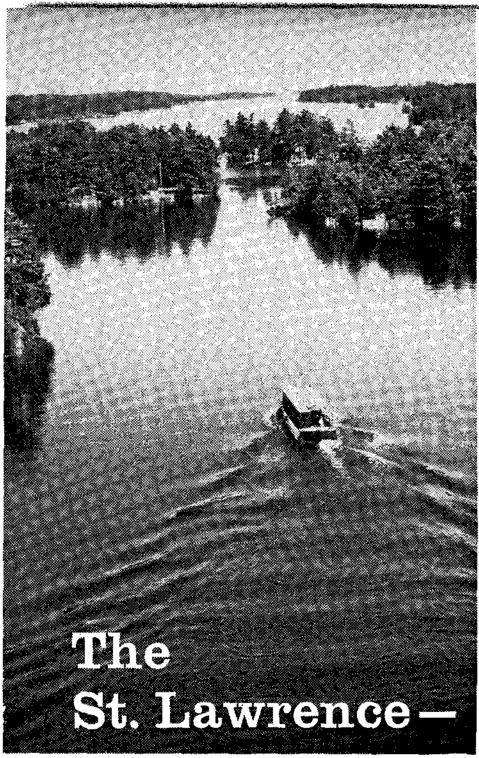

The St. Lawrence —

Canada's river of wonders

BY REED MILLARD

MAN MAY BE PROPERLY proud of his greatest engineering project, the St. Lawrence Seaway locks, canals and dams, which cost over $1 billion and took the work of 22,000 men. Yet while boasting pridefully of their accomplishment, engineers admit that it is dwarfed by nature's own engineering marvel—the St. Lawrence River itself.

Consider its width. At its mouth, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is 90 miles wide. A passenger on a boat in mid-river can see neither shore. Its depth in places reaches hundreds of feet. And it carries an unbelievable flow of water—over 100,000,000 gallons of it every minute of the day.

Just how big the St. Lawrence is was grimly demonstrated during World War II, when the strange "secret battle of the St. Lawrence" was fought. In 1942 Nazi submarines which ranged the Gulf were able to come right up into the river for considerable distances. They played havoc with shipping. Altogether, 23 Allied ships were sunk and 700 persons lost their lives before air patrols and the adoption of the convoy system finally stopped U-boat ventures into the river and Gulf.

The river's length of about 760 miles tells only part of the story. The term "St. Lawrence system," geologists aver, should include not only the river itself, but all the Great Lakes, for it is the only outlet of these inland seas, which contain half the fresh water in the world.

Considered in this way, the St. Lawrence really starts in the obscure St. Louis River in the distant forests of Minnesota. Drop a bottle into that stream, and it could conceivably float all the way through Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, and end up more than 2,000 miles away on the shores of Canada's Atlantic provinces.

Because it is so admirably suited for commerce, the St. Lawrence has been called the "river made for man." It might also be called the river made for vacationers. When you travel along its shores by car or on its waters by boat and on to the Atlantic provinces ranged around the Gulf, you're taking the highroad to the wonderful vacation world of Eastern Canada.

Hundreds of picturesque islands, mountains that march down to the river, towering cliffs, quaint fishing villages, religious shrines, French towns reminiscent of another century and country, the glittering metropolis of Montreal, the old city of Quebec, the sight of majestic ocean liners steaming past—nowhere else on our continent can such a combination of natural and man-made wonders be found. Such sights have moved countless visitors to utter purple prose, and even caused Charles Dickens to marvel: "the beauty of this noble stream at almost any point can hardly be imagined."

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER has been amazing explorers, sight-seers and scientists ever since 1535 when Jacques Cartier first sailed up its broad channel to the site that is now Montreal. Even the appearance of its water is remarkable. It's not uncommon to hear passengers on boats arguing about it. Some call it "clear transparent blue," others say it's "bright blue-green," still others swear it's "emerald green."

Whatever it is, it's certainly unlike the color of any other river. Because it runs over solid rock for its entire

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length, the St. Lawrence, unlike most rivers, normally has no sediment to muddy the color of its waters; hence it is amazingly clear. Any sediment that washes in from other rivers quickly settles. Drop a bright object in the water, and it may be seen glittering on the bottom even in places where the bottom is 50 feet down.

Just how hard the St. Lawrence's rocky bed is was recently discovered by dismayed engineers. To create one of the deepened, new channels for the Seaway, they diverted a portion of the river, leaving its bottom exposed. When they started to drill blasting holes, they found that the toughest drills were dulled in only eight hours by this peculiar sandstone. Finally they had to soften the rock by playing 4,000° F. kerosene torches on it.

Another unusual property of the St. Lawrence is its amazing straightness. Over much of its distance it lacks the twists and turns common to other rivers. For long stretches it runs perfectly straight, its banks parallel and just two miles apart.

Noting that in many places the river was almost as straight as the Seaway canals, one engineer remarked: "An astronomer on Mars would probably figure those sections of the river were man-made too."

The St. Lawrence is one of the "friendliest" rivers in the world. It never goes on a rampage. For most of its length it changes its level daily, rising and falling with the tides of the sea; but the difference between its normal levels and flood stage is only about seven feet. Compare that

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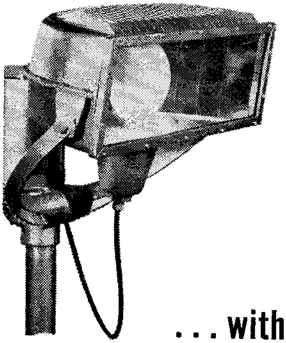

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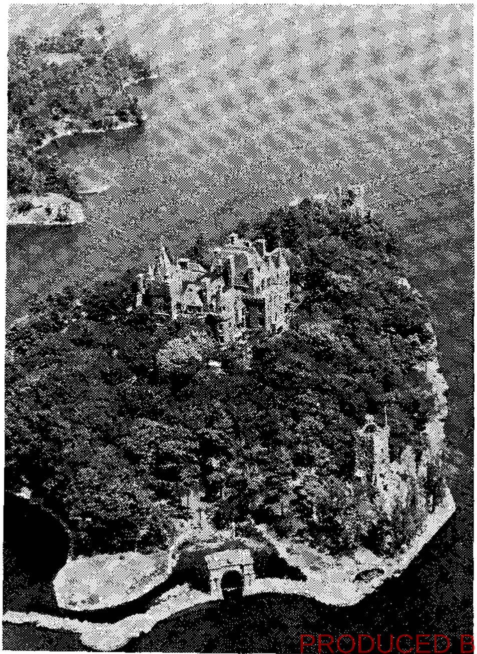
with the upper Mississippi's average flood crest of 50 feet, the Orinoco's 70, and China's terrible river of floods, the Yangtze Kiang, which has 200-foot crests. No wonder when visitors ask the owners of farms situated in what seems to be precarious closeness to the river banks if they aren't afraid of floods, they're greeted with headshakes. Below Montreal, there's never been a flood on the St. Lawrence.

There have been a few above Montreal, all caused by the same phenomenon—ice jams. Once, in 1861, when ice floating downstream from Lake St. Francis (which is really a wide place in the river) was blocked by ice in Montreal harbor, the St. Lawrence rose 24 feet, flooding a quarter of the city. In the 20th century, icebreakers have tackled the ice and kept it from piling up.

Some 1,500 of famed Thousand Islands (including one with castle, below) dot 60-mile stretch of river.



In winter when it's frozen hard the ice is no menace, and, in the past, has even been considered useful. During the last century, before there were any bridges at Quebec, sleighs crossed the river on a well-defined roadway. Montrealers went even farther than that; in the '80s, they built a railway right across the ice.

Inhabitants of Long Sault Island in the upper St. Lawrence, once had a unique way of getting to the mainland. In mild winters, at this point, the river was so rapid that it didn't freeze over in mid-channel between the island and the shore. An ingenious mainlander solved the problem by hitting on an idea that started the ceremony of "swinging the bridge." First, they sawed loose a long strip of ice that had formed along the shore. Fastening the lower end to shore by heavy posts and cables, they let the current swing out the upper end until the entire mass of ice struck against the other side. Soon it froze fast to its new anchorage there and the inhabitants had a broad, strong bridge across which they could walk or drive their horses and sleds.

No river in North America has so many islands as the St. Lawrence, with over 1,500 in the misnamed Thousand Islands alone, and scores more dotting the lower river and its Gulf. They range all the way in size from the tiniest of the Thousand Islands, a nameless chunk of rock

Shrinks Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

(By John E. Knight)

World-Famous Institute Finds New Healing Substance That Stops Itching, Relieves Pain As It Shrinks Painful Swellings

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And all without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind.

The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

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Gentle and suitable for sailing at most points, the river broadens to become 90 miles wide at mouth.

on which a single tree grows, to giant, canoe-shaped Anticosti, which sprawls over 3,000 square miles and is almost as big as Puerto Rico, half again as large as the province of Prince Edward Island.

Besides being the biggest, the most curious and probably the least known of the St. Lawrence's islands, Anticosti is a zoological oddity. It seems to have been untouched by the glaciation that affected the rest of Canada. On it scientists have found preglacial animals, including a strange species of bear never seen elsewhere.

For all its huge size, Anticosti was never successfully colonized until a French chocolate magnate, Henri Menier, bought it in 1895 for $125,000. He made it into an island kingdom, where he built two towns and drew up a set of laws that governed the behavior of all comers to his domain. He would keep it a sort of personal sportsman's paradise, he announced, allowing no hunting or fishing, nor the introduction of any non-native animals by anyone but himself or his guests.

Among the animals that came under his ban was the dog—witnessed by the NO DOGS ALLOWED sign that was posted on the island. Some inhabitants of the two towns have never seen a dog. When a sea captain brought one ashore a French-Canadian child was heard to remark quaintly, "Oh, behold that small, queer pig." The island is now run by a pulpwood corporation.

One of the strangest aspects of the river is its mingling of fresh and sea water. St. Lawrence water goes at least 100 miles into the Gulf, while sea water comes 650 miles inland. In some rocky channels close to shore, oceanographers have noted fresh-water algae growing on one side of a rock ledge and salt-water plants on the other, just a few feet away.

Ocean fish come far upriver, but they generally stick to the streams of salt water. Whales, which aren't supposed to like fresh water, seem to like that of the St. Lawrence, for they have gone far beyond the briny zone. A giant seagoing whale once turned up near Montreal, 1,000 miles from his ocean home.

Shipmasters are very conscious of the change from salt to fresh water, which they notice in a curious way. The farther upriver they go, the deeper their ships ride, for the river water is, of course, less buoyant than the ocean brine.

The whole panorama of the St. Lawrence is handily arranged for tourists. Splendid highways run right alongside it all the way from Lake Ontario to the Gulf. A St. Lawrence journey, starting at Kingston, Ontario, and ending with a swing around the Gaspé Peninsula and down into the Atlantic provinces, takes in an astonishing variety of sights and recreational facilities.

There are the Seaway locks and canals, of course, complete with overlooks and parks for tourist observation of seagoing ships so close you can touch them. There is Montreal, a wonder in itself, with its over 700-foot-high Mount Royal from which you can see as many as 125 ships berthed at the city's docks, plus dozens of others scattered up and down river. There is the natural wonder, Montmorency Falls, which tumble 274 feet into the St. Lawrence. And there is that combination of nature's splendor and man-made quaintness, the Gaspé Peninsula.

Many travelers feel that, wonderful as a land journey along the St. Lawrence may be, it's topped by a voyage on the river itself.

Boat trips on the St. Lawrence range from short cruises of a couple of hours or half a day, to a spectacular excursion you can make on no other river—a "seagoing" cruise on which you'll be out of sight of land, yet still on the river.

From the boat rail you'll see the life along the St. Lawrence spread out in a living tapestry—the neatly fenced farms, the church spires of

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the villages, the wagons moving along country roads. From time to time the freighter will stop and put boats overside to go ashore with cargo, mail or passengers for some tiny villages that hug the shore.

Besides all the other remarkable things you'll see along the St. Lawrence, you'll find endless fascination in observing the marine life of this giant natural aquarium. From shore or deck you'll see multitudes of fish in its blue depths, millions of eels which have made their journey from the far-off sea between Bermuda and the Leeward Islands and which will return to the place where they were born, dolphins leaping from the water, perhaps a school of the remarkable 12-foot white porpoises of the St. Lawrence, gleaming bright as they cleave the blue water.

To top it all you may see a startlingly incongruous sight—cows drinking at the river's edge; out in the river a ways the gray bulk of a giant sea whale, and not far from it a big steamship. Cows and whales and ocean liners together in the same scene—where else in North America could you see such a sight? A wondrous river, the St. Lawrence!

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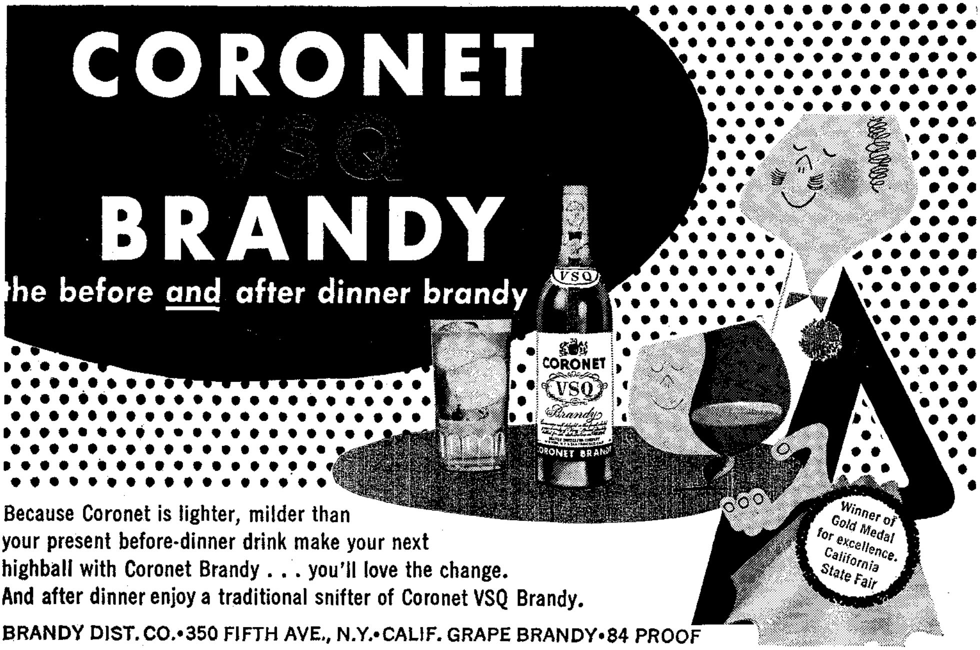
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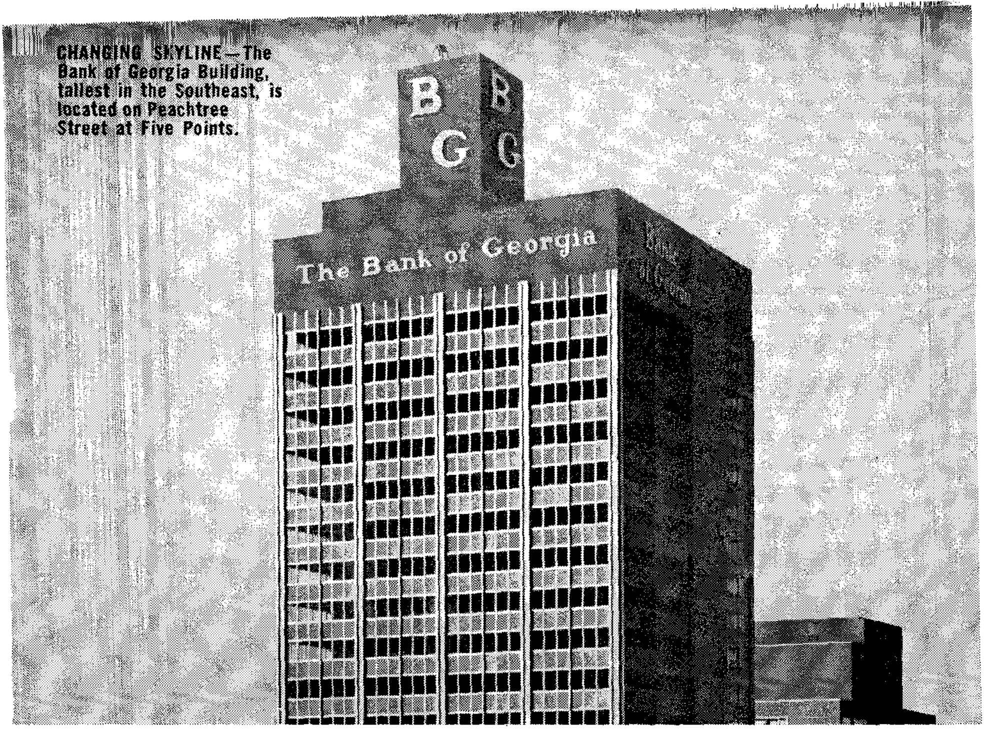

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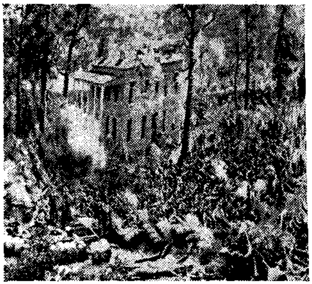

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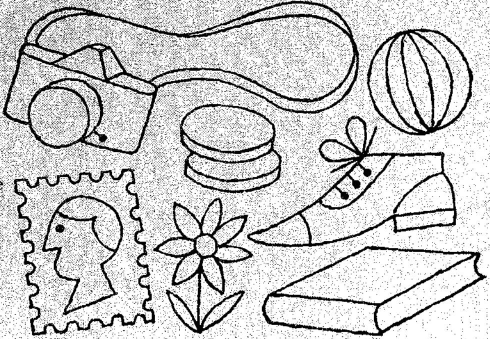

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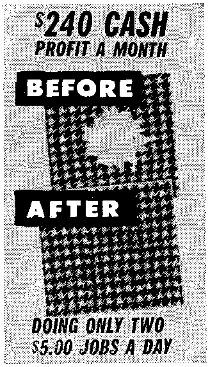

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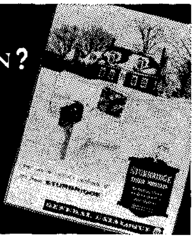

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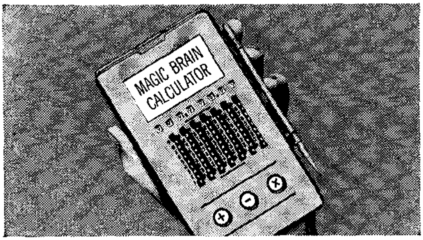

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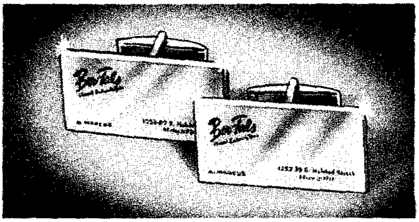

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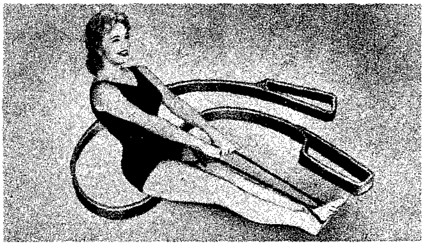

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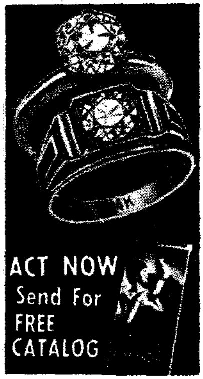

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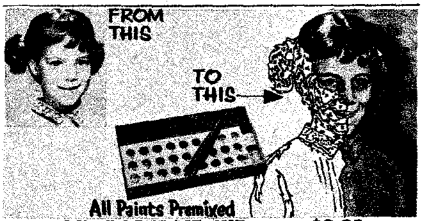

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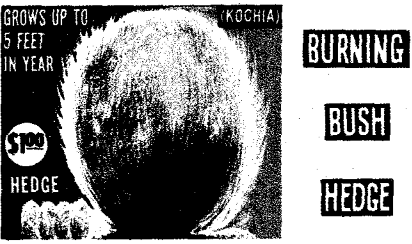

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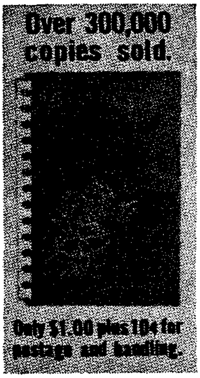
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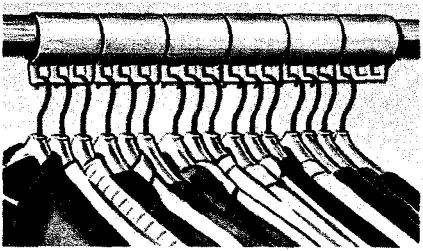

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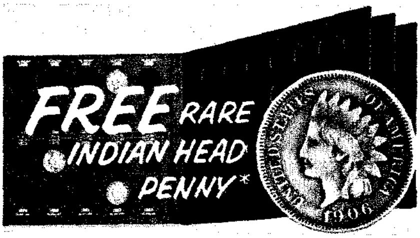

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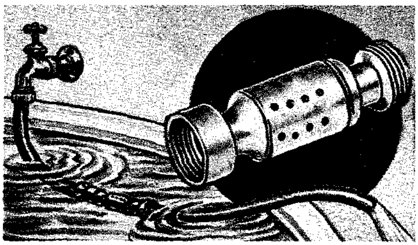

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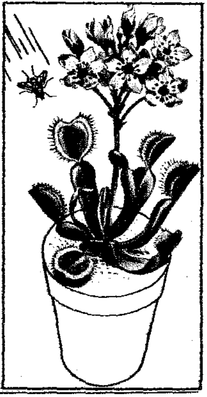
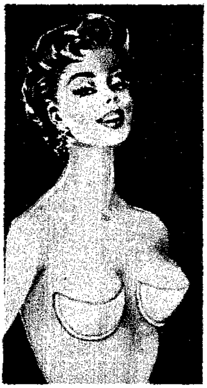


NEW BLEUMETTE BRA



Heavenly comfort! Just two cups to lift sag to youthful highlines. No shoulder straps. No wires, no bones. The ultimate in bosom loveliness . . . highlights natural beauty. Holds you firmly and securely with absolute comfort! Perfect for backless and strapless gowns on glamorous Special Occasions. Created by a top New York bra designer. Velvety soft and pliable yet sturdy material . . .

Flesh Color . . . .

Sizes A, B and C . . . .

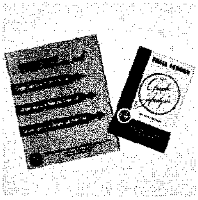
Package of 2 pair for only $2.98 postpaid with primer to restore adhesive edge of bra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send check or MO to
Bleuette, Inc. . . . .
Department B-280 . . . . . .
509 Fifth Avenue . . . .
N. Y. 17, N. Y.

ODOR PROBLEM? MAKE THIS FREE TEST

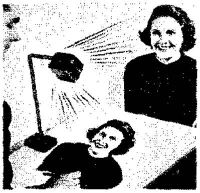
Now you can control all body odors internally! We send one week's supply of Nullo—Free! See how harmless vegetable extract neutralizes the most stubborn body odors internally—before they start. Foot, underarm, breath odors—all body odors vanish with Nullo. Test it Free. Write for 7-day supply—mailed Free. The De Pree Co., Dept. 2184, Holland, Mich.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS



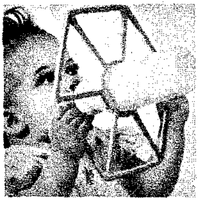
Learn how to identify character & personality traits from ordinary handwriting. Grapho Analysis helps you understand people, yourself. Gain prestige, more success, greater satisfaction. Exciting, uncrowded field. Give lectures, write articles, do private consultation. Write for free trial lesson & catalogs. I.G.A.S., Inc., Dept. DN-58, Springfield 4, Mo.

DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE



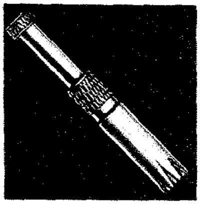
Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 494, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

NEW BOTTLE WHEEL BOTTLE HOLDER



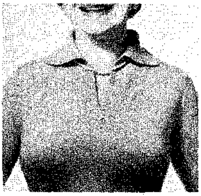
Babies love it, mothers too. Makes bottle drinking fun. Grips and props All bottles at proper angle. Prevents bottle from rolling or slipping thru crib rungs. Lessens bottle breakage. In safe, unbreakable washable plastic, with no sharp edges. Only $1 ppd. Send Check or M.O. or C.O.D. plus post. Satis. guar. Rutward, Inc., 402 Bryant Rd., Columbia Sta., O.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE



You can cause infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are dangerous. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with Hollis Klipette. So simple! Just turn end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Made from fine surgical steel. Money back guarantee. $1.00 postpaid. Hollis Co., 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N .Y., Dept. H-26.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY



Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form, Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

PERSONALIZED DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 1,000,000 in use for plates & bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue & name to be imprinted. $1.25 ppd. 2 for $2.00. Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092J Steinway St., Long Island City 3, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

. . . and over 50 years a $1,000 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates . . . money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-D, East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

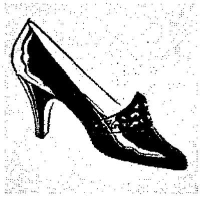
Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg.) for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 321D, Providence 15, R. I.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds of fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-Coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-16, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

(Continued on next page)

FREE CATALOG—LADIES WIDE SHOES



New in our Spring Preview are many styles, colors, heel heights for all wardrobes. Shown, new "Cindy" in Black Patent; Beige or Navy Blue Kid, width C to EEE, all sizes 4½ to 11. Featured is tapered toe with 2⅛" slim heel. $9.95 ppd., money-back guar. Order now or get free 1961 catalog showing all styles. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-4, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

GOLFER'S SCORE CADDIE

Golfer's score caddie may not improve his game but will let him score strokes without getting out card, pencil! Worn like wrist watch, scorekeeper registers total for each hole on lower window—total for complete course on upper window. Goldplated case. Smart pigskin strap. Grand for lady golfers, too! $2.95 ppd., Dept. CC-461, Empire Mdsg. Co., 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

508 FOREIGN STAMPS—ONLY 35¢!

Now you can get 508 foreign stamps—all different—catalog value guaranteed at least $15, for only 35¢! Indonesia, Free China, United Arab Republic (shown here), Morocco, Pakistan, etc. To get your 508 stamps plus interesting offers on approval (adults only) send name and address with 35¢ to: Littleton Stamp Co., Dept. COR-4, Littleton, N. H.

NEW SONGS—POEMS—WANTED

We are looking for new ideas for popular song recordings. Songs that show promise may be recorded for sale, and royalties paid. Your songs or poems could earn money for you. Give them a chance to do so. Send them to us for free examination. Star-Crest Recording Company, 1350 N. Highland Ave., Dept. C-30, Hollywood 28, California.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., DN-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

WE KEEP YOUR CAMERA LOADED!

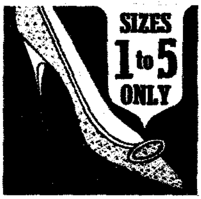
FREE
Kodak
FILM
Kodacolor

With every roll of exposed color, movie, or black & white film you send for processing, we send you Free same-size roll of fresh dated Kodak film with your prints & negatives. Introductory offer good for every roll you send us. Fast service, best quality guaranteed. Write for Free mailers to: Film Craft, Box 2 F, Madison Sq. Sta. N. Y. 10.

NEW SHAVER PACKS ITS OWN POWER

For outdoorsmen or servicemen—the all-new Norelco Sportsman gives quick, clean rotary-blade shaves on 2 flashlight batteries. Plus easy flip-top cleaning. Slim case houses batteries, mirror, quick-recoil cord. At your Norelco dealer. Complete with case (less batteries) $19.95. North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

FREE SHOE CATALOG just for LITTLE FEET

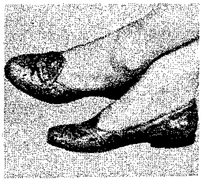


Exclusive specialists in lovely shoes designed to flatter your little feet. For best fit in your size, send for catalog showing enormous variety of styles for all occasions—spikes, midways, casuals, formals, flats—even bed slippers! Pump shown in natural or black straw—on high or illusion heel, just $12.98. Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

BOWLING BAG COIN PURSE

Perfect gift for a Bowler—or a good way to remember all the Team! Colorful replica of the real thing, metal knobs on base, zipper and handles! Just right for end of season banquets. League inquiries invited. Immediate shipment. Order any name. Only $1 plus 20¢ mailing (5¢ pp. each add'l.) Stratton Snow, Dept. 3C, Delray Beach, Fla.

SIMPLY ELEGANT FLATS



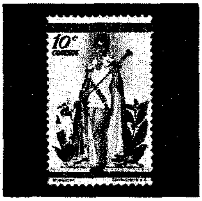
A delightful flat heel pump dressy enough to wear to town, yet still "at home" with your casual clothes. Foam cushioned, leather lined. Sizes 4 to 10 (half sizes too). Handtooled tan leather, $9.95 Ppd. $3.00 deposit on COD's. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for free catalog of shoes, bags & belts. Americana Shop, 414 E. Todd Ave., Reed City, Mich.

FREE CATALOG

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

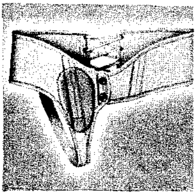
Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price, $170. Write for Booklet W, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

FREE! MISS UNIVERSE STAMP



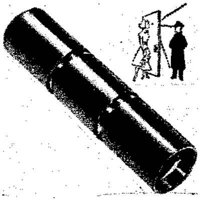
Picturing the lovely Miss Luz Marina Zuluaga in full multicolored beauty. This giant pictorial is yours for the asking! Also Free, a subscription to the bulletin "Philatelic Phootnotes," to introduce our low-priced foreign stamps on 30-day approval. Drop us a line right now! Say: "Send your special offers." Philatelics, Z-2, P. O. Box 566, New Paltz, New York.

AMAZING NEW RUPTURE RELIEF



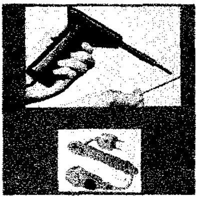
Rupture-Easer. Patented, strong, form-fitting cloth support for reducible inguinal hernia. No fitting, adjustable. Soft, flat foam pad. Washable. For men, women. Give measure around lower abdomen. State right, left, double. $4.95 single, $5.95 dbl. Postpaid except on COD's. Piper Brace, Dept. CX-41, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo.

LOOK BEFORE OPENING DOOR!



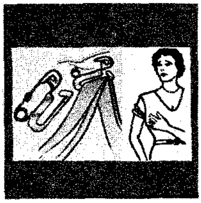
"Identify all callers," say Police. With new "Private Eye" Door Viewer, you see out—they can't see in. Gives head to toe & side to side view of strangers. Easy to install—do it yourself. Simple designs, inconspicuous in door. Precision ground optical lenses, not plastic. Dia. of hole ½". Only $3.75. Send check or M.O. to Private Eye, Dept. C-4, Los Angeles 24, Cal.

HOT SHOT SOLDERING GUN



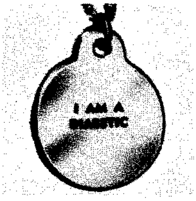
Fantastic value. First time at this low price. Formerly this style sold up to $15—Now everyone can afford one. Solders most anything—pays for itself. Only $3—ppd. Lectro-Lite—push button cigarette liter. No fuel, flint, wick or battery. Always works. Order several. $2 ppd. 127 page catalog 50¢—Free with order. Kirby Sales Co., Vero Beach, Fla.

STOP SLIPPING STRAPS



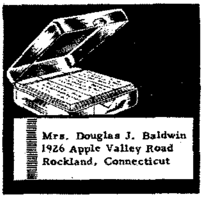
with double duty lingerie guards. When you wear a dress with a cut-out neckline, lingerie guards pinned to inside shoulder seam will keep undergarment straps from showing. Set consists of 2 pair gold and 2 pair rhodium plate, all rustproof. May be left on garment when washed or dry cleaned. Set of 4 $1.00 ppd. Empire Mdsg. Co., Dept. CL-461, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

HEART—DIABETIC—ALLERGY TAGS



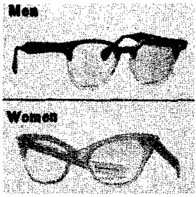
A "must" for everyone with a medical message. Helps to safeguard against receiving wrong medication in case of accident. Stainless Steel Disc; available as Bracelet, or with Neck Chain or Key Chain. Medical message engraved on one side: $2.00. For name, address, phone number on reverse side, add $1.00. Antin's, 114 Baronne St., New Orleans 12, La.

500 NAME—ADDRESS LABELS—25¢



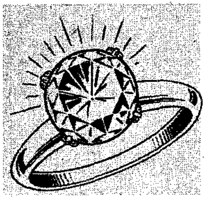
500 Economy labels printed with any name and address or any wording up to 4 lines, 25¢. 1½" long. In plastic box, 35¢. 5-day service. For superior quality, order Gold Stripe labels. De luxe paper—rich gold trim. 500 for 50¢. 2" long. In plastic box 60¢. 48-hour service. Money-back guar. Ppd. Walter Drake, 2904 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 12, Colo.

PRESCRIPTION GLASSES BY MAIL—$9.95



Now order prescription glasses by mail for $9.95 in regular clear lenses ($10.95 for Sun Glasses); bi-focals $6.00 add'l—including frame & case. Your prescription filled or lenses Duplicated by N. Y. State Approved & Licensed Opticians. Money back guar. Send for Free Catalog. Prism Optical, Inc., Dept. C-2, 136 Liberty Street, New York 6, N. Y.

BUY REAL DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY



"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well-known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Free 48 page catalog. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, Dept. 3, New York 1, N. Y.

(Continued on next page)

FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY

We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, jackets. Also dress and sport shirts with bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail only. Satisfaction fully guaranteed! Write for your free style book today! King-Size, 1741 Forest Street, Brockton, Mass.

SIZE-FAMOUS 1 TO 13, AAAAAA TO EEEEE

Send for
FREE
Catalog

Be good to your feet! Buy choice quality shoes from our world-famous catalog. Vast range of styles and sizes insures perfect fit. Smart casual shown in red, black or camel shag; tan, desert sand or white baby calf. AAAA to D widths for sizes 3 to 10 . . . $13.95 and for 10½ to 12 . . . $14.95. Add 50¢ per pair postage. Solby Bayes, 45 Winter St., Dept. T, Boston 8, Mass.

MAY MEAN A FORTUNE TO YOU

For certain rare dates we pay up to: Pennies before 1932, $4800; nickels before 1927, $16,000; dimes before 1932, $4750; quarters before 1938, $4500; half-dollars before 1939, $5500; silver dollars before 1935, $11,750. Our catalog lists prices we pay. Send $1 for *this valuable book. Jaymar Corp.*, Johnson City 179, N. Y.

$650,000,000

SEARCH FOR

RARE COINS

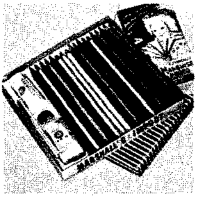
FREE! 100 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS

PHILIPPINES
POSTAGE
6
CENTAVOS

Send now for new, Free collection of 100 all-different Worldwide stamps. New issues of the year—pictorials, commemoratives. Get Togo "Sumit" stamp, Netherlands KLM, South African, Antarctic, many more. Send for this valuable collection and other stamp offers on approval today. Rush reply 10¢ for *handling to Garcelon*, Dept. CR4X, Calais, Me.

NOW! A NEW WAY TO EARN MONEY

At home, full or part-time with new Photo Painting Pencils. Earn money now by coloring photos, snapshots, and Polaroid prints. Studios and friends will pay to have photos colored. Rush $4.98 for complete coloring Kit (includes 18 pencils) or send for Free instructions. Marshall's, 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn. 11, N. Y. At photo, art & hobby stores everywhere.



AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Does your scalp itch? Do you have dandruff? These are first symptoms of unhealthy scalp. Dand-R-X, a doctor's amazing medical discovery is what you need. Dand-R-X will improve condition of your scalp, probably increase life expectancy of your hair. Jar Dand-R-X plus jar of Health Aids Shampoo both only $5.00. Health Aids Co., Dept. COR, Box 1, Rugby Sta., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

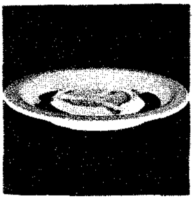
COLOR FILM PROCESSING 33⅓% OFF!

FREE
5 x 7
KODACOLOR
ENLARGEMENT
$1.25 value

New low prices save you ⅓ & more on all Kodacolor processing! Free 5 x 7 offer good with developing & printing of any 8 exp. roll at $2.00 or 12 exp. roll at $3.00 with this ad only. (5 x 7 offer expires July 31, '61.) Orders ret. 1st class mail. Send for free mailers & complete price list. Photo Mail, Box 216 PA, Madison Sq. Station, New York 10.

NON-DRIP SAUCER

New Non-Drip Saucer eliminates messy dripping from bottom of cup. Does away with saucer "puddles." Spilled liquid drains to edge of saucer, leaving cup bottom clean, drip-free. Non-breakable Polypropylene in bronze-tan color. Withstands temp. to 380°. 2 for $1.00, 6 for $2.50, 12 for $4.00 ppd. Non-Drip Saucer, P. O. Box 12101, Fort Worth, Tex.



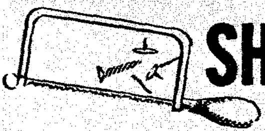
NEW! AMAZING! KANT-BITE!

USED BY MILLIONS
WE SHIP WORLD WIDE

You can't bite nails with Kant-Bite on them! A sensational scientific miracle! Only 1 brushing forms a diamond-hard coat that prevents nail-biting, splitting, chipping, or breaking, at work or play! So hard—it can't be bitten! Now nails can grow glamorously long! Guaranteed! Only $1.50. Kant-Bite Co., *Dept. C-7, Box 75 Rugby* Sta., B'klyn 3, N. Y.

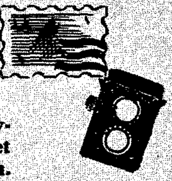
MAGIC FOR NON SWIMMERS "SWIM-PAL"

For men, women, children to use all year round in the open, or swimming pools, fishing, boating, water skiing. Why risk your life for $9.45? Weighs about 4 ozs., is 1/25" thick. Worn under bathing suit or trunks. State waist size. Fully Guar. Send $9.45 (Reg. $10.45). Ppd. George Reppa Imports, 376 Palmetto St., Dept. AC, Brooklyn 27, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 32-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

AAAAAA (6A's!) in fashion shoes to fit the narrow heel; sizes to 12 at no extra charge. Free catalog C-4 shows dozens of Spring-Summer styles from $8.95. Perfect fit or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, Inc., 17 W. 57 St., NYC.

HEAVY Legs! Try new home method to reduce ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips. Leg authority offers tested proven scientific course, only 15 minutes a day. Write for free book in plain wrapper. Modern Methods, Dept. FL 716, 296 Broadway, N. Y. C. 7.

MEXICO'S Best in handmade gifts—silver jewelry, baskets, wood carvings, metal lanterns, onyx bookends, dolls, featherbird pictures, miniatures, leather wallets and coin purses. Catalog 25¢ (refundable). Jacaman, Dept. No. C-4, Box 1342, Laredo, Texas.

HAIR Problem? Write for free catalog showing how to solve your problem with a wig, toupee or human hair piece. Quality workmanship guar. Buy direct from Mfg. & save 20% or more. Fashion Hair Prod., 175 5th Ave., Dept. C4, N. Y.

FREE Cactus . . . Three different rare flowering cacti, including beautiful Mexican Golden Ball. Send 25¢ mailing charges—coin or stamps. Aunt Pat, Route 3, Box 444, Edinburg, Texas.

HOMEWORKERS: Earn Money sewing precut ties for us. We supply materials, instructions. No Selling! Home-Sewing, Inc., Dept. 626A, Box 2107, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 6229 Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

SHOP-A-LOG tells you where to receive enough Free Samples to fill a basket, absolutely without obligation! All "excitingly-free" gifts. Request copy today. It's free, too! Shop-A-Log, 2815-A Vaughn, Ft. Worth 5, Texas.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog and Free list of Baby names! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

KILL the hair root! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send 10¢ for "New Radiant Beauty" booklet to Mahler's, Inc., Dept. 341D, Providence 15, Rhode Island.

OLD MONEY WANTED

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FOR THE MEN

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(Continued on next page)

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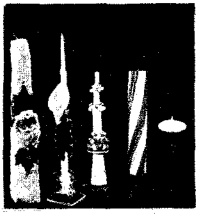

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AGILE ALIBIS

BY WILL BERNARD

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., a man admitted in court that somebody had offered him $2,500 to commit a murder. But he turned it down. "When I got done paying taxes," he explained, "what would I have left?"

IN ARIZONA, a man arrested for drunkenness explained why police found him in a tree: he was looking for a girl to dance with.

IN ALBERTA, a young man booked on a charge of car theft pleaded: "I didn't want to steal cars, but I didn't have transportation to get out in the country and rob stores."

IN MICHIGAN, a man asked a divorce court to forbid him to remarry for two years—as a safeguard against "too many good-looking women."

IN AUSTRIA, a man arrested for robbery told the court: "Not long ago I had a blood transfusion. I must have been given the blood of a thief."

IN ENGLAND, a defense attorney was skeptical of a woman's story of attempted rape. Why had she offered the defendant a drink after the scuffle? She explained: "It's the normal thing in our house to offer people a drink on leaving."

IN OHIO, a man accused of selling policy slips quoted a defense from the Book of Daniel (8:25): "And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand."

IN WISCONSIN, a man had a ready answer when police asked him why he was riding a streetcar on Tuesday morning without his pants: "I thought it was Monday."

IN CALIFORNIA, a man hopeful of collecting his wife's life insurance tried to hire two men to kill her. Arrested, he reasoned: "I loved her so much I couldn't shoot her myself."

IN FLORIDA, a man arrested for stealing a steak explained he was going into the restaurant business.

IN PENNSYLVANIA, a man arrested for stealing a streetcar explained: "I asked a man for directions and he told me to go take a trolley."

IN WASHINGTON STATE, a man in whose bedroom police found 41 fifths of whisky and 24 pints of wine pointed out that they were to be used only in the event of an A-bomb attack.

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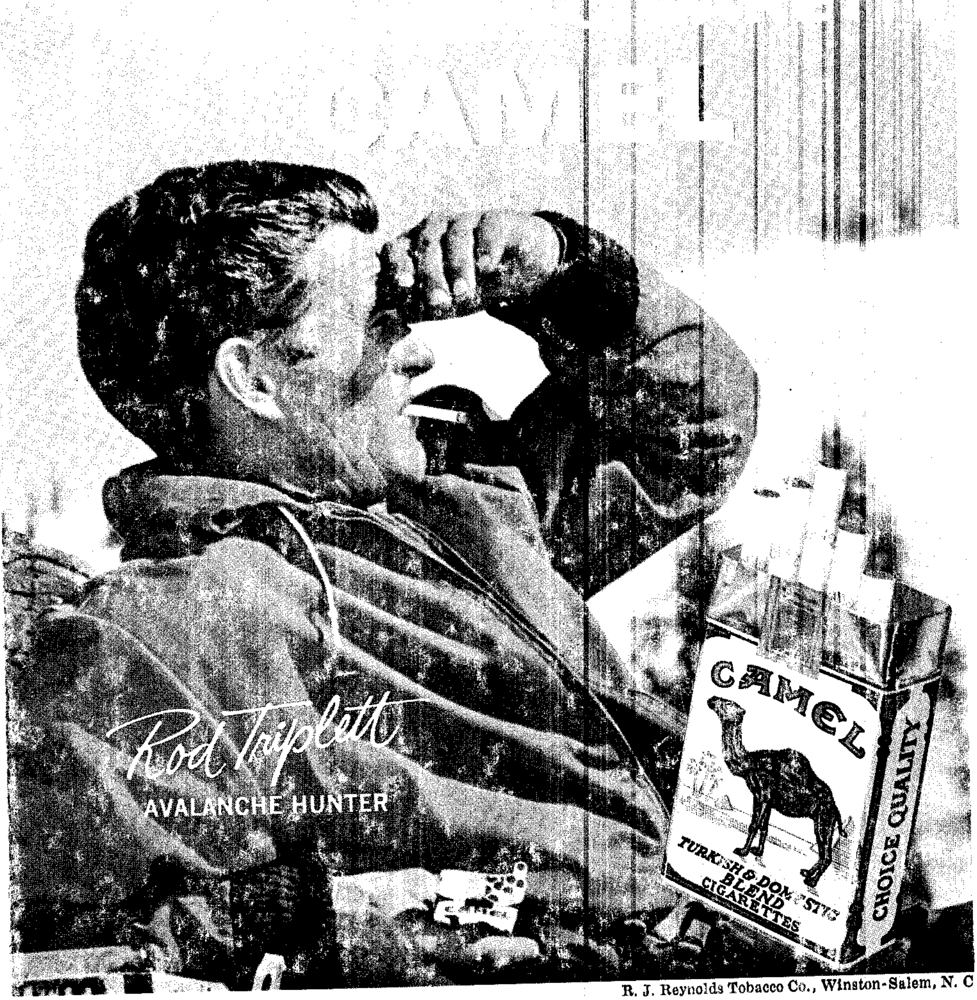
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